

THE PEARL

A JOURNAL OF FACELIAE AND
VOLUPTUOUS READING

No. 13-18



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No. 13

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

July, 1880

LA ROSE D'AMOUR.

*Or the Adventures of a Gentleman in search of Pleasure.
Translated from the French.*

PART IV.

The morning after our arrival, on awakening, I roused up the sleeping beauties who lay around me, and led them to the bathing-apartment.

We all entered the water, and after sporting for an hour or more, we issued from it, and entering the dressing room, made our morning toilets, the girls dressed in cymar, pants and vest, such as those worn by the Odalisques in the East.

This day was made all preparations on a splendid scale for the great sacrifice of the night, the taking of Laura's maidenhead.

We spent the time in roving about the park until noon; running, jumping and tussling, so as to keep up an excited circulation of the blood.

The dinner, which I had ordered three hours later than usual, consisted of all the most highly seasoned dishes and of the richest and most exhilarating wines, of which we partook to a slight excess and at last rose from the table with our amorous propensities aroused to the highest pitch.

We retired to the bedchamber, and stripping ourselves we again sought the bath, which was highly scented with the most costly perfumes.

Remaining but a short time in the bath, we went to the bedchamber, and Rose and Marie having drawn aside the heavy hangings, we entered the state-apartment.

Here Celestine and Manette, with towels of the finest linen, absorbed the water from the body and hair of Laura, while Rosalie and Caroline did the same for me.

While they were combing out the rich auburn tresses which floated in wavy masses over her neck and shoulders, I was on my knees before her, combing out the black silken hair which grew, with a luxuriance seldom seen in girls of seventeen, out of the fattest little hillock I ever saw and almost hid the entrance to the beautiful grotto beneath.

Having combed out her precious locks, *comme il faut*, and parted them from around the mouth of the greedily little maw, which was shortly and for the first time to partake and eat of the flesh, with the tips of my fingers I open the pouting lips and feast my eyes with gazing on the deep carnation of the luscious love-niche, in which I was soon to put the idol. I peep, gaze, look and try to get a further insight into the hidden mysteries of the deep, dark, cavernous recess; but my sight could penetrate no further than a most tempting bit of flesh, somewhat in the shape of a heart, which appeared to be pendant, like a dazzling light from the ceiling of a room, in the centre of the passage to the unexplored cavern, through the folding doors of which I was peeping.

My enraptured eyes still gaze on the tempting titbit before me, till, recalled to my senses by feeling something moving between my thighs, and looking down, I perceive the hand of Celestine clasped around my noble shaft, and slowly drawing her hand up and down it, covering and uncovering its beautiful red head with the fine white skin which lay around the neck in folds.

This at once gave an impetus to my desires, which could not be restrained. I raised up, and catching Laura in my arms, I carried her to the bed and placed her on it, the firm semiglobes of her backside resting on the edge of the bed, supported by a cushion of white satin, covered with an embroidered cloth of fine linen.

Celestine and Caroline support each a leg, while Rose and Marie jump onto the bed, and Manette and Rosalie stand on either side to support me, in case my feelings should overpower me at the close of the performance, and also to serve as pilots for me – the one to open the gate of love, the other to guide the fiery dart aright into the entrance. Fearing somewhat for the little maid, who was to undergo the process of defloration, and knowing that the rose was not without its thorn and that the sting would at first be pretty severe, I anointed my impatient virgin-destroyer with perfumed oil, and marched to the battlefield, determined to conquer or to die.

Her legs were held apart. I enter between and plant a soft kiss on the lips which I was about cruelly to tear open, which seemed to send a thrill of joy through her.

I slightly incline forward; the tips of Manette's fingers part the rosy lips. Rosalie grasps hold of my pego and lodges the head in the entrance.

The two girls, who support her legs, rest them on my hips, and standing behind me, cross their arms with joined hands so that the ankles rest on them as on a cushion. Gathering myself up, I make one fierce lunge forward and gain full an inch.

The sudden distention of the parts cause her to scream with pain and to wriggle her rump in such manner that instead of in any way ridding herself of me, it was a help to me in my endeavours to penetrate still further.

I thrust harder, I penetrate, I pierce her. The blood begins to flow. I feel it on my thighs. Her buttocks are convulsively twitching and wriggling in endeavours to throw me off. In her agony she utters scream after scream.

Poor little maid, it is a rough and thorny way to travel. But once gone over, the road is ever after smooth. Again I thrust forward.

"Ah, my God!" she exclaims, "I shall die! Have mercy on me!"

I have no pity on her and shove harder than ever to put her out of her pain and agony. I tear her open, carrying everything before me, and one last shove sends me crowned with victory into the very sanctum of love amidst the clapping of hands and the shouts of triumph by those who surround us.

No sooner was I buried in her to the extremest point than I lay quivering and gasping on her belly, spending into her womb a flood of boiling sperm.

I soon regained new life and vigour, and drawing myself out to the head, commenced a to-and-fro friction that caused no more than a few "ahs" and deep-drawn sighs, as the sperm I had injected into her had oiled the parts and made the way comparatively easy for the dear creature who lay under me.

She now received my thrusts and shoves with a slight quivering of her rump. She clasps me in her arms, she closes her eyes. A few energetic heaves and the dear girl feels pleasure, despite that pain that a woman experiences in having drawn from her for the first time by a man the milk of human kindness.

I too meet her and again melt away in her, fairly drenching her with the copious draughts of the liquid I spurted into her.

At last I rise up from off my lovely victim, leaving her a bleeding sacrifice on the altar of love.

The girls gathered around Laura congratulating her on being transformed from a maid into a woman. The entrance being forced, she could henceforth drive into the boundless pleasures and joys of love without feeling pain.

They raised her up whilst cleaning her of the blood that dyed her thighs and buttocks, I took up the consecrated cushion and its bloody covering and directed one of them prepare the bed for us. I – but no. I determined to give her a little rest, and ordering the girls to prepare a cold supper, told them to awake me in two hours, and we fell asleep in each other's arms.

After sleeping for some time, Laura awoke much refreshed, but still feeling sore from the severe battering she had received.

The table being laid alongside the bed, we reclined on it, the others sitting around the table on cushions.

Not feeling much inclined to eat, I commenced dallying with my bedfellow, railing her on the feelings she experienced while I was taking her maidenhead, till the spirit began to wax powerful within me, whereupon I laid her down flat on her back and fell with my face downward upon her, and thence followed what the spirit moveth. Yes, verily, we did mighty deeds of fucking that night, and it was not until after the sixth operation, or moving of the spirit, that we lay exhausted in each other's arms and fell asleep.

In a few days after there arrived at the mouth of the creek a fine large steam-brig, which dropped anchor and sent a boat ashore with the captain, who delivered me a letter from my banker, stating who and what the officers and crew were and upon what terms they had been engaged.

I immediately walked down to the creek and going into the boat with the captain, we pulled on board. I examined her decks, masts, etc., and then descended to the cabin, which extended my most sanguine expectations, so magnificently was it fitted up. The cabin contained six staterooms, very large and splendidly fitted up, equalling in style and ornament the most elegant boudoir I had ever seen in Paris.

I questioned the captain, who was English, as well as the whole crew, in regard to the men on board.

He said that he and his men had been employed to serve me in any way I might think proper, so long as I did not command him to commit piracy. That he and the crew were paid enormous wages, and that they were bound and felt ready and willing to follow me to "heaven or hell," if I but showed them the way.

On questioning the stewards, I found the brig to be well stored with all the luxuries that could be procured.

I ascended to the deck with the captain, and passing the word forward for all hands to come aft, I had a crew of most hardy and devil-may-care looking fellows around me in a trice, standing respectfully hats in hand.

I made them a short address, laying open to them my intentions, and stating the service I required of them.

I gave the captain his orders to be in readiness to sail in two days and I returned to the chateau.

Summoning the steward I directed him to prepare everything for our voyage, as I determined to start in two days for Constantinople.

I then directed a page to send the women to me. On their entering, I made them all strip to the skin and examined the cunts and several charms of each of them with a critical eye, endeavouring when all were most lusciously beautiful to select one as my *compagnon de voyage*; but not being able to choose among so many loves I left it to chance.

Taking up a dice-box, I made each throw in her turn. *La Rose D' Amour* and my fair Russian, *Caroline*, made the highest throws and I determined to take both.

After they had cast their dies, I informed them what my object was. Whereupon, *Laura*, my last love, who bye-the-bye, was a great libertine, fell on her knees before me weeping, and begged me to take her with me.

It was impossible for me to take more than two, I told her; it was no use to grieve about the matter as she could not go, but that I would pass all my remaining time with her.

Leaving the chateau in the care of my trusty stewards and followers, I embarked, taking with me over one million in francs in gold, for the purpose of purchasing slaves in Constantinople.

CHAPTER V.

After a pleasant voyage of about two weeks, I arrived at the capital of the Turkish Empire.

At the earliest opportunity I presented my letters to some of the most wealthy and influential foreigners under a fictitious name.

I soon became acquainted with many wealthy Turks and among them three or four slave-merchants.

I then hired an interpreter, and paying a visit to one of the merchants, engaged him as an agent to find out and procure me a lot of the handsomest females to be found in the market. And knowing that the poor class of the inhabitants were in the daily habit of selling their daughters, such as were handsome enough to grace the harems of the rich and lustful Turks, I directed him to send out some of his emissaries to search out all the families among the poor quarters who had beautiful girls and who would be apt to exchange them for gold.

In the course of a few days my agent called on me, stating that he was about to go on a three days' trip from the city to the house of an old broker-merchant of his who was continually in receipt of girls from the interior of the kingdom, and occasionally of a few from Circassia. That for certain reasons he never came to the city, but on receipt of any new beauties he always wrote, and he, my agent, went to his place of residence and either bargained for or took the females to Constantinople and sold them on commission.

He said that when I first called on him he wrote to his correspondent in the country, who replied that he had several very fine girls, one in particular whom he named Ibzaidu, who, he said, was fit to adorn the harem of the Grand Sultan.

I told my agent, Ali Hassan, to start immediately and to bring the lot, if they were beautiful, to the city.

In the interim of his absence, attended by my interpreter, I sauntered day and night through the streets and bazaars, endeavouring to spy out some of the beauties of the place; but all in vain. I could not catch even a glimpse of a female face.

On the evening of the ninth day from his leaving me, Ali called on me, saying that he had brought with him seven slaves, who were safe in his harem, and invited me to call at his house in the morning and examine them.

He ran perfectly wild in his praises of Ibzaidu, whom he pronounced to be more beautiful than a houri, the nee plus ultra of Circassian beauty. About eleven o'clock the following day, I went to Ali's house, and immediately entered on business.

He retired for a few minutes to give orders for the slaves to prepare for my visit.

In the course of half-an-hour a eunuch entered, made a salaam to his master, and retired.

Ali arose, and inviting me to follow, led the way into a large and elegantly furnished apartment in his harem.

On entering, I beheld six girls seated on the cushions at one side of the room, dressed in loose Turkish pants of white satin and vested of rich embroidered stuff.

In the centre of the room was a couch and at one end of it stood two eunuchs. After surveying them as they sat, and noting their different styles of beauty – knowing it to be customary – I told Ali that I wished to examine them in a perfectly naked state to ascertain if they were still virgins, as he represented them to be. And also that I wished to see if the several parts of their bodies corresponded in beauty with their faces.

He immediately led one of them out on the floor beside me, and spoke a few words to her and the others in Turkish. I then made a sign for him and the eunuchs to go out and leave me alone with the females.

They retired, and taking hold of the girl's hand, I signed her to strip, which she refused to do. I entreated and urged her as well as I could by signs to do so; but she crossed her hands over her breast, refusing to do it, I clapped my hands and Ali and his eunuchs entered. I merely nodded my head to him when he pointed his finger at the girl and the eunuchs caught hold of her and in a trice stripped her naked. I then went up to her, laid my hand on her firm round bubbies, pressed and moulded them, felt her waist, rubbed my hand lower down, onto the mossy covering of her cunt, she sprang from me and catching up some of her clothes, wrapped them round her body, and sat down in one corner.

Ali stamped his foot on the floor, and the eunuchs took her and carrying her threw her on her back on the couch.

One held her down by the shoulders, while the other caught hold of one leg and Ali of the other, stretching them wide apart, I fell on my knees between them, and with my fingers opened the lips of her cunt. On attempting to insert one of them into it, and finding that I could barely force the tips in, which caused her to wince and cry out, and to twist her backside about, I desisted, firmly persuaded that she had her maidenhead inviolate.

Whilst they held her on the couch, I examined, felt, and kissed every part of her; and having provided myself with such things on purpose, I placed on her wrist, neck, and finger, a bracelet, necklace, and ring. Making a sign they let her rise, and giving

her her clothes, she dressed and sat down much pleased with and examining her jewels.

I now led out another girl, and made a sign for her to undress which she took no notice of, standing with her arms crossed, and her head hanging down. I took her hands and removing them from her breasts proceeded to take her vest, and as she did not resist, I told Ali and his slaves to go and wait outside the room.

I then stripped her of her pants and cymar and was much pleased with her beauty. I led her up to the couch and sitting down drew her to my side, handling her breasts, feeling her arms, belly, thighs, twining my fingers about in the luxurious growth of hair that overgrew the grotto underneath, to all of which she made no resistance.

At last I laid her down on her back and spreading her thighs apart, inspected her cunt, and found she was still possessed of all the signs of virginity. I also gave her jewels, such as I gave the first one, and inspected the balance in the same manner, picking out one after one.

Two I found not to be virgins, and one was bandy-legged although handsome in every other respect.

I called in Ali and enquired where the beautiful Ibzaidu was, desiring him to bring her to me.

Ali clapped his hands and two female slaves entered leading her in. Then they retired leaving her standing before me. She was enveloped in a piece of fine Indian muslin and had a veil over her face.

I raised the veil and started back in amazement at the dazzling beauty of her face.

I then caught hold of the drapery in which she was enveloped, and gently drawing it from her clasp, I threw it on one side and gazed with admiration on the most ravishingly beautiful form and figure I ever beheld.

Hers was one of those oval majestic figures, such as poets and mythologists attribute to Juno.

I much admired her rich jet-black hair which clustered in ringlets over her neck and shoulders, contrasting singularly with the dazzling whiteness of her skin. Her shoulders were finely formed, her arms, plump, beautifully rounded, would cause a sigh of desire to arise in any breast, to be clasped in their embrace. Her breasts,

luxuriously large, hard and firm, white as snow-flakes, tipped with deliciously small nipples, of that fine pink color which so strongly denotes virginity in the possessor.

Her waist was gracefully elegant and tapering; her belly fine, round, and, with the whiteness of alabaster, soft as the finest velvet down. Her hips were very large and wide, whilst her buttocks swelling out behind into two hillocks of snowy-white flesh, firm and springy to the touch, gave token of the vivacity and liveliness with which their owner would enter into the delicious combats of love.

Her thighs were of a largeness and fleshy plumpness seldom seen in a female, with the knees small, while the calf was large in proportion to the thigh. The ankle tapering, and a foot delicately small, spoke plainly to the looker-on that the seat and centre of love, that dear part of woman which takes away the senses of all men, was an equally small and elegant pattern.

Her chin was most charmingly dimpled, her lips, full and pouting, slightly open, gave just a glimpse of two rows of ivory, which appeared set in the deep rosy flesh of her small and elegant mouth. Her nose was of the Grecian cast, her eyes of a sparkling lustrous black, and the forehead was middling high. She was, in fact, the very beau ideal of female beauty.

What ease and grace reigned in every part. With what a sylph-like springy motion she moved, as I led her towards the couch on which I stretched her out. There I examined minutely all her secret charms. I felt and handled every part.

Her cunt was ravishing, beyond all description. The mossy Mount of Venus swelled up into a hillock of firm flesh, surmounted and covered with rich, mossy, coal-black hair, straight and fine as silk. The lips were most luscious, fat, rosy, pouting beauties. On opening them, I felt for her clitoris and found it to be extremely large, while the orifice was narrow and small indeed, apparently not larger than a girl's of eleven or twelve years of age.

"God of love!" I exclaimed on viewing it, "here is a maidenhead that might have tempted Jupiter from Olympus, a prophet from the arms of the houris in Paradise, or an anchorite from his cell."

Handling and examining so many lovely things had set me on fire and I could hardly restrain myself from immolating her on the altar as a sacrificial offering to the god of voluptuous love.

I drew myself away from her and signed her to rise up and resume her drapery.

I then concluded the bargain for the purchase of Ibzaidu, and for the first three I had chosen.

After settling with Ali, I told him that he must let me have the use of a part of his house, including the harem, during my stay, so that I should be able to guard safely my slaves and to have for them proper attendance. Also, that he must instantly purchase for me six or eight mutes and eunuchs, which he immediately set about, whilst I returned to my house to get my money, jewels, etc., and also to bring away Caroline and her companion.

(To be continued.)

DR. TANNER'S FAST OF FORTY DAYS.

A correspondent in New York writes to the Editor of THE PEARL, to say that, for the last three weeks of the terrible experiment, the Doctor's penis, which in its normal condition would be eight and a half inches when in a state of erection, was shriveled up to less than an inch in length, and no handling or frigging could induce either stiffness or emission.

JULIEN'S CONCERT.

Now music being the food of love I thought that I would go
To Julien's concert; for I heard the price was very low.
It being nearly eight o'clock, so in I toddled quick,
To hear the quadrille and see great Julien shake his pr—
The little staff about, and I've been told by jokers
That the ladies they do all agree that he's the prince of pokers.
The ladles they were highly dressed — naked, almost stark,
Their muslin being thin enough to see the watermark;
I gazed on one, a beauteous maid, her smile was bright and sunny,
She'd a nice small mouth and golden hair and a fine full open cunny.
Being so, I introduced myself to her so gentle,
She said, she'd come there for an hour with something instrumental.
I gently sat down by her side while glowing like a fire;
The smile she gave I must admit I really did admire.
Said she: "The band is going to play." Said I: "'Twill shake the walls."
"Oh, no," said she, "that's only when great Julien shakes his ball—
My bunch of rosy locks, his staff so well displayed is,
He knows full well a good long piece is sure to please the ladies."
The names of all the instruments she then enquired about
Especially of that long brass-thing that kept sliding in and out.
The fingering of the double-bass she thought was rather slack,
And wondered Julien should engage a man who'd got the clap—
Pers they were an awful bore, and still she would insist on
Me telling her who'd get the horn, and who the cornet a piston.
She said she liked the clarinet, likewise the German flute—
You know all well such instruments the ladies always suit;
The forty parts they were so off they almost made us start,
And the ophicleide would come in just like a thundering fart

Or peal of thunder, but not so far as India;
And the French horn would pop in, to join those things so windy
The place got overpowering; our ears were tired of drumming;
Said she: "I feel I'm going, you'd better be a-coming."
She took my arm, we left the place, I acted as conductor;
I called a cab, and on the road I freely furnished her with my ideas of Julien's
improvements,
And so wound up with a grand duet with many pleasing movements.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TALE OR MAY'S ACCOUNT OF HER INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF LOVE.

From an unsophisticated Manuscript found amongst the old lady's papers, after her death, supposed to have been written about A.D. 1797.

CHAPTER II.

KATE'S NARRATIVE.

You know I am a native of the West Indies. I was born in Santa Cruz, where my father had a plantation, and lots of slaves.

The little boys and girls were naked until they were eight or nine years old: I remember being greatly struck with the fine little cocks of the boys, and wondered why they differed so from girls.

The son of our overseer was just my age, about ten. He was a smart intelligent boy, and we used to play together. His name was Joe.

One day I caught him piddling and looking at his cock. I laughed and told him he ought to cut it off, it was so ugly.

He said he would be sorry for he would much rather be a man than a woman, "and when I grow to be a man," he said, "this will grow big."

"How do you know?" I said, putting my hand on it.

"Because I have often seen men naked. Do you know what a man calls it?"

"No. What?"

"He calls it a prick."

"Oh?"

"And do you know what he does with it?"

"He piddles with it, I suppose, like yourself."

"Ah!" he said, looking very sly, "he does more than that."

"What?"

"He can put it into a woman between her legs, in that queer little slit you girls have."

"There's no room for it there," I said.

"Yes there is; I'll show you if you'll let me, may I?" he said, lifting my frock.

"You may, just for a minute."

He put his fingers into my cunt and felt about for the opening. At last he found it, and, to my surprise, pushed his forefinger up.

"Stop," I cried, "that hurts."

"I won't hurt you bye-and-bye," he said, with his sly look.

"How, what do you mean?"

"I'll tell you, but mind, it's a great secret. You know Jim who has the cat and flogs the slaves when they misbehave. Well, when the women are sent, he flogs their backs; but when girls are sent he flogs their bottoms. I was near the place when a fine plump girl came from your papa with a note, which I saw afterwards. It had only these words: 'Give this girl twelve lashes. —E. L.'"

"Jim brought her in and shut the door but I stole round to a window on the other side and peeped in. He had her kneel on a bench and tied her hands to the block. Then he threw up her petticoat, uncovering her shining black bum, and took out his cat.

"He said: 'Be quiet, Norry. If you let me have my will of you I won't hurt you, but if you won't I'll give it you.'"

"He opened his pantaloons and out started, oh! such a big one, it would have frightened you as he pushed it against her bottom. She cried more than ever.

"He brought down the cat with a smart stinging blow on her bottom.

"She jumped and yelled.

"'Be quiet now or you'll get more.'"

"She stopped, while he separated her legs as widely as he could. Then stooping, he looked up into her slit, which he kept open with his fingers. I could see that it was very red inside, had plenty of black woolly hair on it.

"Then he put in the head of his prick, and giving a great push, it went in every bit of it. Then he withdrew it out all wet and red looking, and putting his arms round her hips he went on pushing in and out with all his might.

"She did not mind but only poked out her bottom as if to get more of it.

"Then he stopped suddenly, and pressed in hard against her.

"After which he untied her, and giving her a kiss, sent her away."

"That's very odd Joe. It must have hurt her very much."

"Indeed it didn't. She liked it beyond anything. I know it by the way she stuck out her bottom. Will you just try and you'll feel how pleasant it is."

My amorous feelings were aroused, so I did not object to his having a trial.

I kneeled on the seat, as he told me, and juttred out my bottom.

He tried to get his cock into my slit, but failed. I put down my hand and kept the lips open, but whether from my immaturity or his inexperience, he could not succeed.

A few days afterwards he came running up to me in great glee, crying out: "I can do it now, Katie, I can do it now!"

"Stop your noise. What do you mean?"

"Stay, Katie, and I will tell you. You know father and I live in the cottage. He has, however, generally one or two of the slave girls with him in the evening. They like to come to him for they get plenty of rum, and are sure of a half holiday next day.

"He sends me to bed and then produces the rum, sugar and water. Last night he had three with him. He sent me off to bed as usual, but I hid behind the door.

"They soon became very merry over the drink and capered about in style. He threw up their petticoats, slapping their bottoms and tickled their cunts, while they pulled out his prick and handled his balls. Then he made them undress and chased them naked around the room. Whenever he caught one, he felt her cunt, and making

her kneel would stick his prick into it from behind while the others tickled his balls and bottom. In the midst of the fun, one of them suddenly opened the door, and spying on me, seized me, and dragging me into the room, cried out: 'Oh, here's massa Joe playing bo-peep. What shall we do with him?'

"'Let's strip him,' cried another, 'and we will make him fuck Fanny. She is the youngest and her cunt will fit his little prick best.'

"My father only laughed and said: 'All right, he'll be man enough for any of you some of these days.'

"So I was stripped, nothing loath, and placed over Fanny, who was lying on the floor. She had her legs wide apart and with her fingers kept the lips of her cunt open while one of the others, after kissing and sucking my little cock, pushed it in. Then they clapped my bottom, and sat around to watch the performance.

"Oh, Katie, you can't think how easy my prick slipped into her cunt. And I felt it growing bigger when it got in; she was so hot inside. She then hugged me in her arms and jerked up her bottom, while I worked and pushed as I had seen father do until the nice warm feeling came and I nearly fainted with pleasure.

"I was then glad to get away and creep off to bed, for I was tired and sleepy.

"Look at it, Katie, isn't it larger and stronger than before?"

He held it in his hand and drew back the skin until its head stood up round and red as a cherry.

"Put your hand oh it, Katie. Feel how firm it is!"

I took it in my hand and rubbed it up and down.

"Yes, Joe, it is larger and stronger. You may put it in if you like."

He laid me back, lifted my dress and looked at and felt my cunt.

"Yours is much prettier and nicer than Fanny's, Katie. These soft round white lips are beautiful. Hold them open like a dear girl while I push it in."

I put my hands down and opening the lips with one while with the other I directed the head of his prick to the right spot and told him to push. He did so. It entered. He pushed harder. It got in more and more until it was all enclosed and I felt its head far back.

Oh, sweet sensation! Nothing can exceed the pleasure of feeling one's cunt for the first time filled up with a throbbing heaving prick!

His eyes sparkled and his breath came hard and fast as I hugged him in my arms, and told him to push in his prick and fuck me very well.

Having now ascertained for ourselves the wondrous power we each possessed of conferring pleasure on the other, our play always turned on the practice and enjoyment of love.

We were never tired of examining and petting each other's privates.

And our senses being now fully aroused, we were always the watch to enlarge our experience of the ways and means enjoyment.

My father had several slaves almost white, and most of them good-looking. These were all retained in the house and never sent into the fields.

One pretty little girl named Nina was assigned to me as my waiting-maid. She always attended me in my bath, and used to dry me when I came out. She was particularly attentive to my little slit, on which the hair was just beginning to grow. She used to perfume it, and comb it, and kiss it.

"You have a beautiful cunt, Missy, the sight of it would set any young fellow wild!"

"I suppose it is much the same as other girls', your own for instance. Show it to me, Nina."

She lifted her dress, and opening her thighs, gave me a full view of her cunt. It was a pretty little mouth, with a full rosebud clitoris, and the lips covered with brown silky hair. I put my hand on it, and pushing up my finger, said: "Did this ever set any young fellow wild?"

"Oh, Missy, you must not ask me such questions, or I will have to tell you lies."

"Nina, if you want me to be your friend you will tell everything. But this will do for the present."

My father was in the habit of walking in the garden after sunset when it was nearly dark, to smoke his cigar, and I found out that he always had with him one or the other of the white slaves.

One night I missed Nina, and guessing where she was, I threw on my shawl and went out softly into the garden. I heard voices in a sheltered walk, and as it was almost dark, I was able to get within range of hearing without being seen.

"Now, Nina, be kind and you'll be my pet, and I will give you all sorts of pretty things – there, let me feel it, that's a sweet girl, open your legs more, lean against this tree, hold up your dress, give me your hand, place it here, close your fingers round it. That's the way. You have a dear little cunt, very fat and plump. But I wonder you have much hair on it. How old are you, Nina?"

"Just fifteen, sir."

"Now then, press out in front. Hold my prick, while I push it – there it's in – put your arms round me – press my bottom. How do you like the feel of my prick in your cunt?"

"It feels very nice, push it in more."

I heard them kissing and panting as they shoved together, and then they rested in each other's arms.

She soon left him, after promising to go out at that same hour that day every week.

I often followed him out now, and found he always had one of the slave girls with him.

I then learned all the terms and ways of enjoyment, for he was fond of variety, and loved to make them talk, and say all manner of words while he fucked them. And I was astonished to hear how freely they spoke of pricks, cunts, arses, frigging, fucking, pissing, etc.

Joe had been sent to school and my cunt, not having been entered for a long time, was in an aggravated state of longing and desire.

So, when Nina's turn came next, the thought flashed upon me, why not personate her for one occasion.

I was about her height and size, and my cunt was now pretty well furnished with hair. So when the hour came, I set her to a task which would occupy her for some time, and said I was in a hurry to have it done.

Then, going out in the dark I quietly strolled up the walk. Someone met me, put his arm round me, and pushed his knee in between my thighs.

"How is your sweet cunt tonight?"

I said nothing but only pressed against him as he lifted my dress and felt my cunt.

Moving his finger about, he said: "It's very hot and juicy tonight. I am sure it is longing for a fuck. Put your hand here, my love."

I felt his firm upstanding prick. I moved the loose skin up and down as Joe had taught me. I put my other hand below and felt the two soft balls in their hairy bag.

"Take it in your mouth, dear, for a moment."

I had gone too far to recede now, so I stooped and sucked its glowing head while I tickled him behind the balls.

"Oh, Nina, that's delicious! Now lie back on this moss bank, raise your legs, open your dress, that I may press your soft bobbies, while my prick is in your cunt."

He knelt between my uplifted thighs. He leaned over me. He opened the lips of my cunt. He introduced his prick. He moulded my breasts. He kissed me and darted his tongue into my mouth.

"Say you like it, Nina, my love!"

"Oh, yes dear sir!" I whispered heaving up my bottom. "I feel your prick in my cunt – fucking – fucking – oh! so – deliciously!"

The rapturous feeling increased. He pushed and panted. I heaved and gasped: "Oh, yes, push, fuck, oh! oh! oh!"

He lay over me, his face on my shoulder and his prick buried in my cunt.

After a while he said: "I don't know how it is, Nina, but I never enjoyed fucking you so much before, your cunt closes on my prick with such a hot compression, and you nipped the head of my prick when I drove it home as you never did before, and which only a few women can do. Oh! there! I feel it now!"

(Here I interrupted Kate by asking: "What do you mean by nipping the head of his prick?"

"Well, my dear, I'll teach you. When you feel the entire prick driven in as far as it can go, draw up your bottom inside, as hard as you can. If you do it right you will

squeeze the head of the prick as it rests on the mouth of your womb. Try it now while I have my finger in. Yes, that's the way."

"Well, go on, what did he say next?")

He asked me: "Is Miss Kate kind to you?"

"She is," I whispered in reply.

"Don't you attend her in the bath?"

"Yes."

"Does she let you see her cunt?"

"Yes, I dry it and sometimes kiss it."

"Is it a nice little cunt?"

"Very nice."

"Do you think she has any longing to have it fucked?"

"I am sure she has, it is always red and hot."

"I guessed as much. Indeed, I often think of it when I observe her swelling hips. How I would enjoy fucking her, if I could only do it without letting her know who it was."

"Perhaps I could manage it for you. Come to my bed tomorrow night and I'll prevail on her to take my place. I'll tell her I expect a young fellow who will take her for me, and give her the greatest pleasure but without doing her any harm. If you find the door of my room unlocked you will know I succeeded."

Next evening, papa did not go out at all and I saw he was regarding me with a peculiar look in his eyes. He was also more affectionate and made me sit on his knee when I was bidding him good-night and he pressed my bottom and thighs in the warmest way.

Nina readily agreed to my taking her place for the night when I told her I had been restless of late and thought a change of my bed would do me good.

About midnight someone entered the room and felt his way to where he heard me breathing. He quietly put off his clothes, and slipped into bed. He put his arm

over me and felt my cunt. He opened the lips and rubbed about the clitoris and then tried to push his finger up.

I held his hand.

"Oh, you hurt me!"

"Why, you are not my Nina at all."

"No, I am only Nina's friend."

"Well, whoever you are, you have a sweet cunt. Put your hand on this, it won't hurt you."

"But it will do me harm."

"No, trust me, my pet, I won't harm you."

He then got over me and began to push his prick against my cunt.

"Oh, no, I can't, I am afraid. Oh, pray don't, it is too big!"

I held him by the hips and pushed him back.

"I can't bear it – it will kill me!"

Every time he pushed the head of his prick at the entrance, I shrank from him.

He begged me. He prayed me just to let it in and he would be so very gentle.

He got it in a little way inside the entrance.

"Oh, push easily, or you'll kill me. Oh! Oh!"

"There, now – it is quite in. My precious, I shall not hurt you any more."

He moved his prick very slowly in and out, in and out. I began to heave and twist.

"Darling, this is exquisite! Your cunt is delightfully tight, and its soft pressure most delicious. Put your arms round me, my love! I only once before had such a fuck as this."

I pressed him in my arms, thrust up my bottom to meet every thrust of his prick. I raised my thighs and crossed my legs on his back.

He ran his prick with delightful friction in and out of my throbbing, heaving, panting cunt. I felt a soft hand on my bottom and soft fingers playing about my cunt. I knew they were Nina's, I did not mind. I was intoxicated with pleasure. I squeezed in my bottom to nip his prick.

"Oh! That's grand, who taught you that sweet trick – do it again. Oh! That's splendid!"

Nina got into the bed and pressed against his bottom.

"Oh, Nina you are just in time. Let me get on you that I may spend in your cunt."

He drew out his prick, saying to me: "You know I promised not to harm you; but Nina does not mind the risk for she knows she will be well taken care of. Let us get outside the clothes and take off everything, the night is so warm."

He then got between her uplifted thighs, and resting on her breast, told me to put it in.

I felt her cunt, it was very hot and flowing. I took his prick and rubbed its throbbing head between the soft lips, placed it at the entrance. He pushed, it passed in. I went behind him and holding him around the hips rubbed my cunt against his bottom while he fucked.

He discharged immediately and soon afterwards he bid us good-night and went away.

Nina begged me to excuse her. She said she heard all that passed and got so excited that she could not help coming in to us.

I asked: "Did papa know who your friend was?"

She said she was not certain but thought he did.

There was something peculiar about papa's manner the next morning. He put his arms around me several times, called me his sweet girl, his darling pet. He told me he was making arrangements to send me to England, to have my education completed there. He told me that he had taken my passage in a sugar-brig which was to start in a few days, and which was commanded by a friend of his, a Captain Lemberg, who would take good care of me.

I said I would like it very much but would be sorry to leave him and put my arms round his neck kissing him.

He enfolded me in his; he lifted me off the ground, carrying me to a sofa and laid me down. He sat by me and slipping his hand under my dress put it on my naked bottom.

"My darling," he said, "let me pet you, I feel so fond of you and I won't have you long."

"Dearest papa, you may do anything you please with me, I love to give you pleasure."

He kissed me warmly, turned me on my back, lifted my dress, opened my thighs, and looked at my cunt.

"You are beautifully made here. Tell me, my darling, was it you in Nina's bed last night?"

"It was I, dearest papa; was I very wicked?"

"No, my darling, you gave me the sweetest pleasure I ever had in my life. Did you enjoy what I did to you then?"

"I did indeed, it was most delightful."

"Might I do it to you again?"

"You may, dear papa, if you like."

He drew me to the end of the sofa, made me raise my legs and open them as widely as possible. Then kneeling on the floor, he kissed my cunt. He praised its shape and colour. He opened the lips, put in his tongue and licked the inside round and round. He introduced his prick, pushing it slowly up, and fucked me most delightfully.

I tried all I could to increase and intensify his pleasure. I asked if he was enjoying it much.

"Do you like it, papa?"

"Yes, my sweet pet, your cunt is perfection itself. I envy the man who gets you for a wife."

I now ventured on a request I had long in mind.

"Dear papa, I have one thing to ask you for."

"What is it my pet? I would do anything in the world to gratify you."

"Will you give Nina her freedom and send her to England with me?"

"Surely, my pet, I will do more; if she marries with your consent and approbation I will allow you to present her with a £50 dowry, and besides, you may order whatever dress she may require for the voyage."

Need I describe the response I made to these kind words, how I clung to him, how I tightened the pleasure girths within, what a glowing reception I gave to his prick as it darted into my quivering cunt, or how he grunted his satisfaction: "Oh, Katie! Oh! Katie, my pet!"

Nina was overjoyed when she heard that she was to have her freedom. She thanked me on her knees and promised to be the most faithful of servants.

Now, dearest May, I have told you more than ever I told anyone else, because I find in you a kindred soul and I want someone to sympathize with me. Don't judge me too harshly; I was little more than a child and alone, my father has been a widower ever since I could remember. Do you love me less?

"No, dearest Kate, I love you a hundred times more for your confidence and affection; but go on and tell me about the voyage and how you first met papa."

"I will dearest; but not to-night. I am tired and sleepy. Kiss me, my love, good night."

(To be continued.)

That interesting old roadside public-house, "The Cock," at Kennington, has lately been redecorated. The sign-post was surmounted by an effigy of Chanticleer, who shone resplendent in new gold-leaf. Enters Mr. Robinson, a neighbouring pawn-broker, who thus addresses the bar-maid: "Your house now looks charming, my dear! Will you tell the painter who gilt your gov'nor's cock to come and gild my balls?" The bar-maid broke a wine-glass in her blushing confusion.

FLUNKEYANIA; OR BELGRAVIAN MORALS.

BY CHARLES.

CHAPTER I.

It is understood a useful, and it certainly is a commendable, practice, that in bringing a book before the public, the author should say a few words by way of introduction, and of excuse, I presume, for his writing the book at all. But as I have very little to say about my antecedents and even that not of a very exalted or interesting character, I shall plunge at once in medium res, and beg the reader to follow me into the study of the Earl of Pomeroy, who was in the act of investigating my character previously to engaging me in the somewhat anomalous, not to say duplicate, role as his own confidential secretary-valet and body-footman to the Countess.

This, I am aware, is unusual in high families, but it is not without its special utility as I very soon had occasion to find out.

That I had plenty of opportunity offered me of playing the spy, my reader can easily imagine, when I tell him that almost always during the forenoon and generally late in the evening I was in attendance in plain clothes on His Lordship. And in the middle of the day and afternoon dressed in handsome livery, upon the Countess; sometimes at home, sometimes with Her Ladyship's carriage.

That I should give a preference to the service with the lady perhaps was natural, for not only was Her Ladyship's personal attendant, Justine, very pretty, but she showed her admiration for your humble servant in the most distinguished manner.

But moreover, my vanity led me to suppose that my handsome mistress, the Countess, was not altogether insensible to the gratification of being attentively and devotedly waited upon by a good-looking youth, though he might be twenty years old and she thirty at least.

I think we have heard of such things before in the pages of history, dear reader! And I rather fancy we have heard of such charming characters as Catherine of Russia and one or two Queens of Spain!

At any rate, I was not insensible to the advantage of my position, which I was determined to enjoy as long as I could, unless, indeed, anything occurred of so

glaring a nature (such as an elopement for instance) that everybody must as a matter of course become aware of it, in which case it would become my duty to His Lordship (and myself) to be beforehand of everybody else and disclose the plot.

But in the meantime, I was pretty certain that my noble mistress was not quite so virtuous as she was beautiful. But when a woman is so charming as she was, a young man is apt to find excuses for her, and I reflect that if a Spanish or an Italian lady has her Cavalier Servente or a French Marchioness has her very particular friend and nobody finds any fault with it, society need not be so very hard on the Countess, if she deviates slightly from the strict line of duty. But, then, you see, my friends, we are such a very moral people! And Society is hard.

One day I particularly remember, I was on duty to attend Her Ladyship who was going to take a short walk (not a very usual habit of hers).

She was, for her, rather plainly dressed and I noticed that the neighbourhood she selected did not seem to me the most appropriate for a lady of title to take the air on foot. But as long as she was not insulted or otherwise inconvenienced that was no business of mine; but presently I considered it my duty to call the Countess's attention to the fact that it was beginning to rain.

"So it is! How provoking!" was my lady's exclamation. But to my natural suggestion that I should call a cab she replied in the negative, telling me that she was only a few doors from the house of a former servant in the family who lived at number so and so. That she would step in and rest. That I should remain at the public house at the corner for half an hour or so and then, if the rain had not ceased, I should bring a cab for her, asking for her nurse, Mrs. Wilson.

Now, the reader will do my intellectual powers injustice if he considers that I did not understand all this thoroughly well. But I only touched my hat respectfully and repaired to the public-house, where, as the rain had not ceased and I thought it a pity to disturb my lady in her interview with her nurse, I remained about an hour and I am bound to say the Countess did not find fault with my delay. I suppose that she must have enjoyed her nurse's society so much indeed. Nor is it to be wondered at that my suspicions were correct and that the said nurse took the shape of a handsome young man and that, reversing the order of things, instead of he nursing her, she nursed her nurse!

It is to be hoped the nursing did her good; but she certainly did not seem much the better for it as she was very quiet and pale, and on arrival home, passed two or three hours on the sofa.

And on another occasion, I was ordered to accompany her on a short drive, when of course, as the brougham was put in requisition, I sat beside the coachman.

We had not gone far, and were still in the neighbourhood of the park, when I noticed a young lady standing on the footpath, as if in expectation of our arrival.

No sooner did my Lady Pomeroy behold her than she pulled the check-rein and ordered me to let in her young friend, Miss Courtney, whom she wished to take for a drive.

Of course I did so with all speed, and a most outrageously affectionate reception inside the carriage Miss Courtney met with, such a desperate kissing and hugging compressed into the space of a half-minute while I was putting in her skirts and shutting the door, I had never seen equalled!

During the transient glimpse I had of their embrace I am almost sure I saw Miss Courtney thrust her tongue most amorously between the Countess's lips, and also take several indescribable liberties with the sacred person of my mistress.

And yet Justine knew something of the science of kissing and hugging too, and had initiated me into, I supposed, every branch of the mystery.

But on this occasion there was something more – a something almost indelicate, by which, taken in combination with other little matters almost as trifling, my attention was excited most curiously.

It will be easily understood by my judicious readers that I was naturally an adept where ladies were concerned, and had in my capacity as a young footman considerably brightened and improved any previous ideas I may have possessed. And, in this case, I was sharp enough to see that though Miss Courtney was well dressed, she was not very well dressed. That is to say, though her clothes were of rich fashionable materials, they looked as if they had not been fitted by a first-class modiste, or put on by a lady's-maid who was up to her business.

Then she did not step into the carriage like a young lady. She grasped the side-handle and sprang in without touching my arm in the first place. In the second place I have noticed that young ladies in getting in and out of a carriage, however modest, and even prudish they may be, are by no means averse to display their pretty ankles and even – well, Excelsior, up higher – a little peep of legs besides.

In fact, I have seen the mossy grotto itself when the drawers happened to favour me.

Well, there is nothing improper in that, and decidedly nothing unpleasant.

But Miss Courtney exhibited her lower limbs up to the knee, making not the slightest attempt to conceal them, and very fine legs they were too – only, somehow – somehow they did not appear to me like young ladies' legs.

There is a marked difference in this respect, I perfectly well know. For example, I may say without vanity that I have a very handsome pair of legs, well – and so has Mademoiselle Justine; but then there is a great difference.

"Of course there is!" I fancy I hear my reader suggesting.

"Come, none of that, sir!" I reply. "I meant as to legs; simply as to legs."

And to return to my subject. The decidedly manly look of the young lady's legs, taken in conjunction with her dress, her style altogether and the peculiar nature of the caresses exchanged between her and the Countess, all these little incidents put together, I repeat, produced strong suspicions in my mind as to the sex of our young passenger.

But I need not have troubled myself to have entertained any suspicions at all. At any rate, they soon became certainties. For presently, I took upon myself to ask Robert the coachman where he was driving? And why was he driving so horribly slow?

To my first enquiry he replied that he was going to drive along St. John's Wood-Road, and in the second place affirmed that he was too compassionate a disposition to two handsome creatures that had never done him harm.

I stared at him, for I presumed he referred to the handsome pair of chestnut horses. But when he followed up his remark by gravely saying that it did not matter at what pace he drove for there was "nobody in the carriage," I thought at first he must be mad or drunk, but on turning my head round, the whole truth flashed upon me at once!

Sure enough, the carriage was supposed to be empty, for all the blinds were closed!

"Don't you know the peephole," said my friend John. "Our coachbuilder made it on purpose to please me, or I ought to say, Lord Pomeroy. He put me up to it and sometimes rides on the box with me and says it's far more pleasure to see his wife fucked by a fine young fellow than to have the trouble to do it himself."

"You don't mean that," I replied.

"Yes, no humbug between ourselves! Old Pom only cares for page-boys, lady's-maids, or some other man's wife or daughters. 'Nothing like breaking the Ten Commandments' is his favourite saying. You'll find that hole in the roof. A little bit slides back just behind you."

Eager to see something of real life, the slide was noiselessly pushed back, till I could see every part of the interior of the brougham. There sat my lady billing and cooing with Miss Courtney. How flushed they looked as their impassioned kisses too plainly told the depth of their feelings.

They were sitting side by side, and the first act of their little love-drama was evidently just over, but the curtain had not yet fallen for the Countess's dress was raised to her navel and I could see the jewelled hand of Miss Courtney groping between her lovely thighs. But that was nothing to the sight of the manly root with which that young lady was furnished at the bottom of her belly, which although rather drooping, was still glistening with the cream of love, as the Countess continued to caress it in her milk-white hand, gently uncovering the fiery-looking red head of her delight, as the motion of her fingers seemed to make a mute appeal to its further gallantry. My curiosity was quite satisfied and we let them enjoy themselves in peace for the rest of the drive.

(To be continued.)

LADY POKINGHAM, OR THEY ALL DO IT;

*Giving an Account of her Luxurious Adventures, both before
and after her Marriage with Lord Crim-Con*

PART V.

(Continued.)

My peephole afforded me the sight of many more luscious scenes between Lady Cecilia and her husband before I left town to take up my residence at Hastings for the benefit of my health.

My agent had secured and furnished for me a pretty little detached residence of thirteen or fourteen rooms, surrounded by gardens and orchards, so as to be delightfully free from the prying curiosity of my neighbours.

The household consisted of a cook and housekeeper, both young persons, not exceeding twenty-four or -five years of age, the latter being the daughter of a decayed merchant, a most pleasant and intelligent companion, but up to the time I engaged her, strictly prudish, virtuous.

Being naturally fond of young boys and girls, we had also two very pretty page-boys of about the age of fifteen or sixteen and two beautiful young girls about the same age, instead of housemaid and lady's-maid.

At first I felt considerably enervated by the little excesses I had been a party to, or witnessed, whilst staying with the new Earl, but the soft bracing air of the southern coast soon made me feel more like myself again, and long to indulge in the delicious dalliances of love, to which my warm temperament made me always so inclined.

The result was that I determined to seduce every member of my virgin household, each one of whom I believed to be thoroughly virtuous up to their entering my service.

The two youngest girls, as my special attendants, slept in the next room to mine, and had a door of communication by which the two rooms entered into the other without the necessity of going into the corridor.

I had quite a passion come over me to gamahuche these two pretty young things, and make them thoroughly subservient to my purposes.

You may be sure I was not long in putting my plans in operation as soon as I had sketched them all out in my brain. That very same evening, after my two pretty demoiselles had put the finishing touches to my toilet and left me sitting in my chemise de nuit, in front of a cosy fire with my feet resting on the fender, as I pretended to be reading a thrilling romance.

"Leave that door open, my dears," I said, as they respectfully bid me good night. "I feel so dull perhaps I shall call for you to keep me company, if I feel that I cannot go to sleep."

In a few minutes I heard them tittering and laughing.

"Now, girls," I cried, "come here this moment. I want to know what you are having such fun about. Come just as you are, no putting anything more on or waiting to hide your blushes. Annie! Patty! Do you hear?"

Afraid of making me angry, the two girls came blushing into my room just as they were, in their nightgowns.

"Well now, what is it that is amusing you so?"

"Please, my Lady, it was Patty," said Annie with a wicked look at her companion.

"Ah, no, you fibber! My Lady, it was Annie began it," retorted the other, looking quite abashed.

Nothing could be got out of them, each saying it was the other.

At last I said: "I can guess pretty well what you two girls were amusing yourselves about; now tell me truly, were you looking at each other's privates in the glass?"

This question hit the mark, and seeing how shame-faced and blushing they both were, I went on: "No doubt, examining to see which one showed most signs of hair on her little pussey. Let me see Annie," as I suddenly caught the bottom of her nightdress and in an instant had it reversed over her head, so as to cover up her face and expose all the rest of her beautiful little figure. "Why, the impudent little thing hasn't a hair to boast of! Give her bottom a good slapping, Patty!"

Patty was only too pleased to do it, and the slaps fairly echoed through the room, mingling with Annie's piteous cries to let her go.

My blood was up. The sight of her beautiful bum, all flushed and rosy under the sharply administered slaps, made me fairly lust to take further liberties. So I let the little victim go, whispering in her ear, and her tearful eyes were brightened in a moment. She darted at Patty and sooner than it takes to write was dragging her about the room fully exposed, with her head and arms secured in her reversed night- dress.

I amused myself by slapping poor Patty's pretty posteriors till they were almost black and blue, regardless of her sobbing and crying for mercy.

At last we let her go, and I took her on my lap to kiss away her tears. She soon smiled again and nestled herself to my body quite lovingly. This seemed to make her companion almost jealous as she appealed to me with a flushed face to kiss her also, which I readily did in the most loving manner, and I asked her to fetch a decanter of wine and some glasses from a cabinet, saying I felt so dull and sleepless I must have something to cheer me.

"Ah, my dear lady," exclaimed Patty, kissing me again and again, "you don't know how we all love you and feel for you, being left alone and unhappy. There is nothing we wouldn't do to bring a smile to your pale face."

"Then we'll sleep together and have a romp on the bed. Only mind, you are good girls, and never tell your mistress's doings," I replied, taking a glass of wine, and ordering them to do the same.

A second and a third glass seemed to open their eyes immensely; the least touch or joke sent them into fits of laughter. They blushed and seemed quite excited. In fact Patty, who had remained on my knee, was almost ready to faint with emotion as she caressed my face and bosom, the cause being a hand I had managed to slip under her nightdress, so that one finger had been tickling and playing with her almost hairless slit and gradually working her up to a state of excitement she was at a loss to comprehend.

"Let us all be naked. Throw off every rag, my dear ones, I want to feel your soft warm flesh next to mine, to cuddle you and feel you all over. Shall I read a pretty little piece of poetry about a potter who married your namesake, Patty?" I said, and seeing they were ready for anything, told Annie to bring me a manuscript called "The Haunted House" from a drawer in the cabinet.

"Now listen to 'The Tale of a Potter' and don't laugh till it is finished. You will find it rather free but nothing more than big girls like you ought to know." Then I commenced:

Young Hodge, he was a worthy wise,
A potter he by trade;
He fell in love with Martha Price,
She was a parson's maid.

This Hodge worked amongst his pans,
His pots, his mugs, his delf;
He said: "A sad fate is a man's
When he is by himself.

Now soon I'll marry Martha Price,
A nice snug home I've got;
The parson soon the knot shall splice,
And we'll both piss in one pot."

Then Hodge he made a pretty pot,
And took it to his love;
Said he: "I've brought this pot to show,
I mean your love to prove.

Now name the day, the happy day,
Whose night shall bring me bliss;
When your sweet cunt and my stiff prick
Shall mingle in this their piss."

They married were within a week,
And Hodge he was in luck;
He took sweet Patty's maidenhead
With his first vigorous fuck.

Then in her arms he fell asleep,
But started with affright;
And in the middle of the bed
He sat up bold and white.

"Oh, love! oh, love! I've had a dream,
A dream to cause me fright;
I dreamed we both were in my shop
And there I hugged you tight.

I dreamed I went your cheek to kiss,
We romped with hugs and squeezes;
When down I knocked the pots and pans
And broke them all in pieces."

Then Martha answered with a laugh:
 "No pots you've broke, good man;
But much I fear this very night,
 You've cracked a Patty Pan."

And from that night unto this day
 Hodge in that crack would pop,
A prick as thick as any brick,
 But the crack he cannot stop.

So maids beware, heed well your pans.
 With this my tale is ended;
If your pan's cracked by prick of man,
 It never can be mended.

Throwing down the manuscript, I had a finger in each of their cracks sooner than it takes to write. "What darling little pans each of you has! I long to throw you on the bed and kiss them. What do you think of mine with its soft curly hair? Only it's a broken pan, you know, my dears, as I've of course had my husband."

"La, and was that really so nice, dear lady? Oh, I love you so, do let me look," exclaimed Patty, slipping off my knee and kneeling between my legs to get a better sight of the object of her curiosity, which she first kissed most lovingly, and then, parting the hair, put a couple of fingers light up my cunt. This so tickled and delighted me that I leant back in the chair and pulled Annie close to my bosom as I hugged and kissed her, whilst I still had a finger in her little slit, as far as it would go. My legs also mechanically opened to facilitate inspection, as Patty exclaimed, "How deep my two fingers can go right up and it is so warm and moist. It makes me feel I could eat it!"

In a few minutes we were all tossing on my bed in a state of nature. They laughed, screamed and blushed as I excitedly examined and kissed their respective cunnies. How my tongue revelled around their budding clitorises till they rewarded me with those first virgin emissions which are always so deliciously thick and creamy. How lovingly they both repaid all my caresses, Patty paying the most ardent attentions to my cunt, which delighted her more and more every moment, whilst Annie seemed to prefer sucking my bobbies as I gamahuched her.

"What a treat it would be to see you both lose your maidenheads at once," I exclaimed.

"Ah! couldn't the pages do it for us, dear lady? I do love that Charlie so!" appealed Patty without consideration in her excitement.

"I'll try and manage it; but we must be careful not to let them into our secrets before I can find out how they are disposed," I replied.

"Oh, I know Charlie is a rude, bold little fellow, wicked enough for anything if he had the chance. What do you think, I once actually caught him handling his affair in the pantry when he thought no one was looking and when I happened to enter suddenly; it was sticking out straight and red-looking at the top. His face was quite red and he seemed rather short of breath; but the impudent fellow, like the dare-devil he is, shook it fairly in my face as he asked me to give him a kiss, saying: 'What do you think of this, Patty? That's how it gets, when' – oh, mistress I can't tell you all he said."

But I pressed her and at last she told me: "It was when we had been waiting on his mistress. 'Oh, Patty,' he said, 'isn't she lovely, such mouth and teeth and loving eyes, I feel as if I could jump at her, I do!'"

"Very well, Master Charlie," I laughed, "perhaps I shouldn't so much mind if you did, when we are alone someday I will give him the chance and let you two dears know all about it. But I will first read you another song from 'The Haunted House' and to-morrow I will give you a copy, and I expect both to be able to sing it soon."

"LIVE AND LEARN."

Tune:— Drops of Brandy

When I was little and good,
A long time ago 'm afraid, Miss;
A stiff prick was not understood,
I was a quiet little, shy little maid, Miss.
I knew but one use for my cunt,
I knew not what joy 'twould afford me.
The sight of a cock would affront,
And talk about fucking have bored me.
But now, oh, much wiser I've grown!
I'll stretch my legs open for any,
My modest shy feelings have flown.
And fucks, why, I can't get too many!
I like a stiff prick up my arse.
Though too much of that makes you bandy.
When I look at my quim in the glass,
It always pouts red and looks randy.
I like a fuck – morn, noon, and night,
On every weekday and Sunday:
If I'm fucked on the Sabbath, all right!

But I want to be buggered on Monday.
Oh! Let it be hot or be cold,
I'm always alive for a cock, Miss;
Men, fair, dark, young or old,
Here's a hole that'll take in their jock, Miss!
I can spend for an hour at a time.
My cunt is as hot as fire, Sir;
The man that says: "Fucking is crime,"
I say to his face, he's a liar, Sir.
Then give me a prick in each hand,
Turn my arse north, my cunt to the south;
And get an your jocks well to stand,
One in each hole and one in my mouth;
I'll fuck and I'll suck and I'll frig,
Until you're all quite bloody well spent, Sir!
Then I'll take in the lodgers again,
And never once ask them for rent, Sir!
Hurrah! for my cunt, my best friend.
Hurrah! for a cock to kiss, Sir;
I'll fuck till this life comes to end,
I hope too, there's fucking in bliss, Sir!"

When we awoke in the morning it was too late for a repetition of our tribadism, so I made them get up quickly and bring in breakfast, promising to look after Master Charlie during the day.

(To be continued.)

OVERHEARD AT THE AQUARIUM.

Swell.— "Damn it! all the same flaghopping faces, not a fresh bit of cunt here, I'd give anything if I could fuck the Princess Amuzulu, and bugger the "Old Man of the Woods!"

Just as we were going to press an anonymous correspondent in board Admiral Seymour's ship at Ragusa has favoured the editor with the following:

A PROPOS OF THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.

Who'll bugger the Turk?
"I," said Gladstone, "as Chief of the Nation,
And Premier of England, to gain reputation.
I'll bugger the Turk,
And ne'er let him shirk
My prick's Grand Demonstration!"

THE PEARL,

A Journal of Faceliae and Voluptuous Reading.

No. 14

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Aug, 1880

LA ROSE D'AMOUR.

*Or the Adventures of a Gentleman in search of Pleasure.
Translated from the French.*

PART V.

In the evening I had arranged everything and was seated on a pile of rich cushions in one of the apartments of Ali's harem, my head reclining on the breast of the voluptuous Circassian, Ibzaidu, or Cluster of Pearls, as her name signified, surrounded by my other slaves whom I gave to Ibzaidu for servants and who, I was determined, should reign supreme until such time as I should find someone more beautiful than herself.

I had opened my caskets of jewels, and adorned her wrists, arms, neck, head and ankles with jewels of massy gold of Western and Oriental workmanship, and it seemed that she would never tire looking at and playing with them as a child would with a painted bauble.

Before night my host came in, bringing with him mutes and eunuchs, and he showed me through the suite of apartments devoted to my service, one of which I found to be a bedchamber, fitted up with the utmost elegance, containing twenty single beds.

Here it was that I slept among my concubines, or rather I should say that I lay with them, for I deserted all the others with whom I ought to have had sexual connection to repose, in the arms of Ibzaidu, who, when she saw me advancing to her bedside, stretched out her arms to me and kicking off the cover, moved to the further side of the bed to make room for me.

I entered her bed, and lay with my cheek resting on her bosom the night long. And although my prick was in splendid condition, firm and erect as a rod of ivory, yet I never once thought of letting it force an entrance through the delicate and narrow passage into the inner court of the temple of love.

I spent about three weeks before I met with any more prizes, partly in the city, part of the time at the villa of Ali's on the banks of the Bosphorus in the company of Ibzaidu alone, leaving the other females in the city, under the care of the eunuchs.

During one of my visits at the villa, I was surprised one evening, while walking along the terrace of the garden, to see Ali dashing up the road at full speed, mounted on a full-blood Arabian. I descended to the gate and met him, to enquire the news, thinking that something might be wrong at the house I occupied in the city.

On enquiring, he informed me that there was a large lot of females ordered to be sold in a few days, by order of the Grand Sultan.

Ali said they were the females composing the harem of some officer of the State who had been dead about one year, whose only heirs, two nephews, had been quarreling about the possession of them ever since and that the Sultan had just ordered them to be sold and the proceeds to be divided among the two heirs; and he said that from reports circulating in the city, there must be some beautiful slaves amongst them, and he advised me to start directly for my own house, and that he would by bribery manage to get me a private interview with them, so that I could examine them at my leisure and choose such as I would like to have, and on the day of sale he would purchase them for me.

On the succeeding day I accompanied Ali to the house of the trader in whose keeping were the slaves.

The trader met us at the door, and took me at once into a room in which were the females. They were all enveloped in large white drapery which covered them from head to foot.

Mustapha, the trader, spoke to them, and they arranged themselves in a row round the room, then he retired, telling me that as soon as he left the room, they would all drop their mantles, and I could examine them at leisure.

Leaving me, he went out, locking the door behind him.

Stepping up to the female nearest me she cast her covering behind her. So did the others and I feasted my eyes with a picture of voluptuousness greater than I had ever dreamt of.

There stood before me about sixty females, perfectly naked, that I think could not be excelled in any harem in the East. There were the women of Circassia with their dark flowing tresses, eyes of piercing black and skin of dazzling whiteness, mostly contrasted by the deep carnation of their lips, the nipples of their breasts and the jet-black, bushy hair that surmounted their cunts.

Again, there were the languishing mild blue-eyed beauties ravished from the isles of Greece, and the voluptuous Georgians; even Africa had yielded up her sable beauties to the lusts of the sometime owner of all the lovely slaves who stood about me.

I minutely criticized each one separately, going over their respective claims to beauty with the eye of a connoisseur. Oh, how I feasted my sight on the row of lovely, luscious cunts that ran around the room. I look at, feel, touch them all, and stroke down the bushy hair that surrounds their notches.

I became so much excited from the handling of so many cunts that I put my arm around the waist of one charming little creature, who by her looks must have been a great libertine, and led her into a small side-apartment where, presenting her with a fine gold chain which I wore, I laid her down on a pile of cushions, and twice gave her to experience the most ecstatic pleasures before I got off her.

I gave her some time to recover from the confusion I had thrown her into, ere we returned to the apartment in which the women were standing, who took no further notice of our absence than to raise their heads and to look at the chain which I had hung around her neck.

I marched the one I had just been fucking with to one side and picked out ten others, among which number was one black, a young African about fifteen years of age, who still retained her virginal rose, and who was, on the whole, the most voluptuously formed female I had ever seen and apparently better fitted for enjoying the pleasure of love than any female in my possession. Her hair was quite straight and black as a raven's wing; her breasts were full and large, as though of ivory. Her waist was slender, while her hips were spread out to a width I had never before seen. Her thighs were of a largeness to put to shame anything I had ever lain with.

Having stood on one side those whom I wished to purchase, I called in the merchant and Ali and showed them to him, and as the sale was to take place the following day, I ordered him to be punctual in attendance to purchase them for me, and left.

On the following day by noon Ali had conveyed to my apartments all the slaves that I had chosen that night. I put four of them to the test, giving them, for the first time, to know the difference between lying in an old goat of a Turk's arms to that of

being well fucked by a young and lively Frenchman, overflowing with the precious aquavita, which all women are so greedy after.

I now spent about two weeks in enjoying these new beauties that I had bought, with the exception of those who had not been deflowered of their virginal rose by the horny-headed old lecher, their late master, and those were but three out of the number.

Whilst I was thus idling away my time in the arms of my handsome slaves, my interpreter called on me one morning, and on being admitted into my presence told me that he found one of the loveliest girls in Constantinople in the house of a poor mechanic and that on enquiry he had refused to part with her on any account, or for any amount of money, but he said it might be barely possible to steal her off, if I was so inclined.

I promised him a large sum if he would procure her for me, and calling on Ali, my agent consulted with him as to the best means of bringing her off.

They agreed to go and stay about the house at night, until they saw the old man go out, and then, with the assistance of a couple of eunuchs, rush into the house, gag her, carry her out, and put her into a litter and bring her to me, all of which I approved, promising them a rich reward if they succeeded.

It was not until the third night that they were able to carry her off and I was agreeably surprised one night while reclining in the arms of one of my lovely slaves to see a couple of my mutes come into my room bearing in their arms the beautiful stolen prize.

I took her out of their arms, and seating her on a cushion, I uncovered her face and took the gag from her mouth. I found her to be a lovely creature as far back as I could see and I began stripping her so that I might have a full view of her naked and view all her hidden charms.

Oh! what charms, what beauty met my fiery glance.

I had to call on several of the women to help me hold her while I was feeling and admiring her charms. I burned with desire to enjoy her, I lavished my eager kisses on every part of her body. I fastened my lips to hers. I sucked the rosy nipples of her breasts; the lips of her cunt received more than their share.

I was about to throw myself on her, but reflecting that I had determined to reserve all that had their maidenheads till after my return to France, I sprang from her, threw myself in the arms of Celestine and buried myself up to the hilt in her, just in time to prevent the liquor from spurting all over the floor.

Shortly after, Ali got me two more females, both of whom had been taken from one of the isles of the Hellespont.

I had now nearly run out of money and was preparing to start home, when, by accident, I found out that Ali was reputed to have a daughter more beautiful than any female in Constantinople, and I determined to wait a while and get possession of her by some means or other.

I had not money enough left to think of offering a sum large enough to tempt his cupidity, so I made all arrangements to steal her off, for which purpose I despatched him into the country.

The same day I found out the part of the house in which Ali had shut up his daughter in the hopes of keeping her from my sight; and I made everything ready for stealing her off the same night as soon as it was dark.

I sent all my baggage and the females with the eunuchs and the mutes on board the brig.

I got a litter, and with the assistance of the interpreter whom I largely paid to aid me in the enterprise, I succeeded in gaining the apartment of Selina, whom I saw to be asleep. Without any noise we gagged her and putting her into the litter soon had her on board the brig with my other treasures, when we instantly steered out of the harbour and made all haste; nor did I think myself in perfect safety until we floated once more in the Mediterranean.

Selina, on being released, at first made a great outcry at being carried off, and I kept out of her sight until we had been under weigh a couple of days, when the seasickness had tamed her wondrously, and I could approach her without having torrents of abuse and Turkish execrations heaped on my head. In fact, the whole of my passengers were sick, with the exception of Caroline, Celestine, and the Nubian slave.

These three attended the rest, till they got over their seasickness, which was not until the third or fourth day with some. Then all was mirth, jollity, luscious love.

After all were perfectly recovered, we ran up to a small, verdant but uninhabited island in the Mediterranean and lay to for one day and night.

In the evening I had let down into the water a very large sheet of canvas, made on purpose, supported by the corners of the yard-arms of the vessel, for the purpose of letting women have a bath. Ordering them to change their rich dresses for pants and shirts of plain white cotton, I took them on deck and having stationed the sailors

in the boats a yards distant from the canvas, I plunged them one after the other into the water in the belly of the sheet.

Here they amused and enjoyed themselves amazingly for an hour or more. They were then twisted up in an armchair, rigged for the purpose, and after dressing themselves, I again brought them on deck, where they romped and played about like so many young kittens or monkeys.

Calling on a eunuch, I ordered him to bring up some musical instruments that I had procured in Constantinople.

Ibzaidu and two others played on the guzla and sang some plaintive songs of home in a rich mellow voice that cast a sadness and gloom on the spirits of all, till Celestine seized the guitar and sang me some of the songs of our own dear France.

Thus we amused ourselves until late at night, having supper brought up on the deck which we partook of by moonlight.

Stopping and enjoying myself by the way as I listed, it was nearly five weeks after sailing before I anchored in the harbour of the little creek close to the chateau in Brittany, where, after safely stowing away in the old castle my goods, women etc., I made preparation for that which you may know in next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

The first thing I did after one day's rest was to assign the eunuchs and mutes I had brought with me to their separate duties, which consisted solely in guarding and attending the females, either when in their apartment or when roving about in the garden or shrubberies attached to the chateau, so that they were never from under the sight of some of the slaves.

After having made these arrangements I made preparations for giving a grand entertainment to the captain and the crew of the steamer, who had conducted themselves very much to my satisfaction during the voyage, never having once intruded or infringed their privileges, always acting with great delicacy.

On the evening in the Mediterranean that I had the women on the deck to bathe, the sailors would have all retired below had I not called them back and sent them in the boats, and now I determined to repay them their good conduct by giving them an entertainment fit for princes.

In the evening I sent word to the captain and the crew to come up to the castle. In half an hour they were admitted and having shut up the women in an apartment out of the way, I showed them through the shrubberies and garden, all of which they viewed with amazement, wondering at the richness and taste displayed in the fitting up of the castle of beauties, as they termed it.

About six o'clock a servant made his appearance saying that supper was ready. I had ordered the supper to be served in the hall of the fountains and led my guests there.

We entered and sat down at the tables and directly came trooping in all the females of my harem and seated themselves opposite to the men.

After the supper was over, Ibzaidu and some of the other women I had brought from Turkey took their instruments and gave us a concert of Oriental music. After which Caroline went to the piano, and Celestine sat down to a harp and played some brilliant and lively pieces of French and Italian music. Upon which, those of my lovely slaves who belonged to the Grecian isles got up and danced the romaika and other dances peculiar to the country.

They were followed by Ibzaidu and two other Circassians, who were attired in the costumes of their native land, and danced some of the native dances.

These were in their turn followed by the Georgians, after which came my sable mistress, the Nubian, dressed in petticoats reaching the knees with an overdress of fine blue gauze. Her dance was wild and pleasing and in throwing herself about over the floor, as her legs were bare, would show her thighs, her bare buttocks and sometimes her black bushy notch.

Celestine and Caroline rose up and stepped out on the floor to dance, and Laura sat down at the piano.

They were dressed in short petticoats and dress, the same as the Nubian, and performed some lascivious dances, showing every charm which nature had graced them with.

The officers and crew of the brig applauded the dance very much.

About twelve o'clock I sent off the common seamen, retaining only the officers, five in number.

After the seamen left us the company became mixed, officers sitting in the midst of the women, some of whom I had not friggd for a long time, and who looked with

a wistful and longing eye on the men about them, and it very clear to me that were I not present they would soon be engaged in the soft pleasures of love.

Clapping my hands, a couple of eunuchs entered and pointing out Rose, Marie and Manette, and two others they then away to an apartment I had fitted up with beds. When they came back I took leave of the officers, and the eunuchs left the room with them to where they had put the five girls.

What a pleasant surprise to both parties! The men to find the beds occupied by the five girls and the girls to find same number of men enter to them. Oh, how they panted with the pleasure of the sight.

Instantly did they know why I had sent them to that apartment. After the men were gone I sent all the women to the chamber except a lovely Georgian, and repaired to an adjoining apartment to where the five couples were.

Here I had a place so constructed that I could see all was going on in the other room without being seen.

After the men had got into the room they ran up to the beds and would have clasped the women to their breasts, but they all jumped out of bed naked, and began to undress the men, who were speedily divested of all clothing. Then what a scene of love followed! The men threw the girls on the beds, who opened wide their thighs as they fell on their necks, and then jumped on them with pricks stiff as iron rods, piercing through the tender folds of the cunts under them, sending joy and pleasure to their very vitals, and I could judge from the exclamations and the writhing about, and the wriggling of backsides, the hot kisses and the amorous bites on the neck that not one had but received a double or triple dose of the sacred liquor injected into them. I think I never saw men and women fuck with greater zest, or derive more pleasure and enjoyment from frigging than they did.

Looking at them had such an effect on myself and companion that we were obliged to retire to the bedchamber for the purpose of enjoying ourselves in like manner.

In ascending a flight of stairs, my slave tripped, and falling hurt herself, so that on entering the room I had to seek another in whom to pour the extra liquor from the magic spring, and which was about to run over for the want of pumping.

The first bed I cast my eye on contained the luxurious Nubian slave, and I determined to offer up her maidenhead as the sacrificial offering to the god of love.

Approaching, I motioned her to rise and follow me to the state-bed whither I went.

We entered the bed together both stark naked, and placing her at once in a favourable position with a cushion under her large fat bottom, I lay my length on her and guiding the head of my prick tried to insert it between the lips of her slit, but could not succeed.

I got up, and oiling it well with ointment I again freed the entrance and succeeded in ripping and tearing up the works and barriers that defended her virgin rose, and found her a dish fit for the gods! Heavens! with what transports of delight did I squeeze her in my arms as I drove the arrow of love into the deepest recess of the luscious quivering flesh through which I had forced a passage for it.

Despite the pain which my forcible entrance into her must have caused, the moment I began working in her, Celeste, the name I had given her, began moving up to me with vigour, elasticity, and a sense of pleasure utterly impossible to be looked for in one in her situation.

So young, not quite fifteen, and then with a notch of such a lusciously tight smallness that even after entering her to the full length, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could work in and out of her, but with the suction caused by the tightness with which the flesh worked around the piston rod, I soon drew open the sluice of love's reservoir and thence gushed forth a stream of fiery fluid which completely drenched her inmost parts, causing a shudder of pleasure to run through her whole body that at once proclaimed to me that she was about to give proof of the joy and ecstasy with which she had received from me the terrible lance thrust which had given her such a wound and was causing her to pour down the essence of her very soul through the gaping orifice.

The oiling which her parts had received from the mutual flow of our sperm made the entrance somewhat easy, but still very tight.

Towards morning she began to realize the full enjoyment of the luscious pleasure of being well frigged as the folds of her cunt from the constant friction had stretched somewhat more, causing no more than a delicious tightness, perfectly agreeable to me and which greatly enhanced the pleasure, as the first three or four times that I entered her I found it too tight for the full enjoyment of perfect bliss, as it almost tore the foreskin off my pego when entering, thus causing pain which detracted from the pleasure.

In the morning when I descended to the breakfast table I found those whom I had sent to spend the night with the officers of the brig so sore that they could hardly walk from the tremendous battering they had received from their companions during the night.

I rode out through the surrounding country during the day and on my return in the evening in passing one of the rooms I heard considerable whispering, and listening I overheard one of the women in conversation with some men.

I slyly opened the door and imagine my astonishment at beholding Caroline, Celestine, Rosalie and Laura in company with the four lubbery country-boors I had engaged at the chateau.

They were all lying on the floor, the girls with their clothes tossed up to their waists and the men with their prickles out of their breeches and the girls playing with them, trying to instill new life and vigour into the drooping instruments which had apparently just done good service.

Not being seen by them I retired, softly closing the door, to meditate on what I should do with the guilty ones.

After thinking over the subject for some time I came to the conclusion that I had no right to do or say anything on the subject, knowing that it was the instinct of nature which prompted them to act as they had done, and recollecting that I had promised to each of them that they should never want for that, to which they were then treating themselves, I decided to say nothing about the matter unless merely to give them all a severe fright.

After supper, as I was sitting in the midst of my girls in the hall of fountains, watching some of the Grecian women as they wended through the mazes of the voluptuous romaika, to the music of the guzla, I clapped my hands and four mutes entered.

I pointed out the four I had caught frigging with the servants and ordered the mutes to seize them.

They bound their wrists with silken sashes and led them up to me. I put on a savage frown and accused them of having debased themselves to the embraces of menials.

This they denied and persisted in denying.

I ordered the mutes to strip them and taking a slender riding switch I began tapping Celestine with it on her bare buttocks very lightly just so as to cause them to blush till they became a beautiful carmine hue, mixed in with the clear alabaster, and they all four cast themselves on their knees before me and acknowledged their fault. I then told them that it demanded a more serious punishment and that they should receive it.

Now, I had ordered up from the village four of the finest-looking stout peasants to be found, and making a sign to the mutes they went out and returned leading them in blind-folded.

After they were in the room I conversed with them, and ordered some chocolate to be served which I had prepared with certain drugs that would cause their amorous propensities to rise every few minutes for four hours.

They were stark naked, and shortly after drinking, their lances stood erect against their bellies.

I then untied the wrists of the four girls and told them to lie down on cushions prepared for the purpose. I then led a man to each and put them in one another's arms, telling the men to go in. The men instantly mounted the women and for three hours kept them working in a dead heat.

Fourteen times did those men frig the women under them, changing women every now and then.

At first the women enjoyed it very much but at last got tired to death, perfectly worn out, battered and bruised to pieces, the lips of their slits gaping wide open, flabby and swollen, with a perfect little lake of sperm between their thighs.

As soon as I saw the chocolate began to lose the effect on them I had them taken out and there lay the girls so befucked that they could hardly move hand or foot.

I myself was not idle during their performance, for I had three times dissolved myself in the Nubian slave. I spent the night in her arms, arising in the morning with the intention of husbanding myself for a couple of days, so as to be able to do justice to the maidenhead of Ibzaidu, which I intended sacrificing to my amorous and fierce desires.

CHAPTER VII.

On the evening of the second day after, I made grand preparations for the event about to be celebrated. I had an elegant supper served such as would have tempted old Epicurus himself. All the inmates of the seraglio were at the table and I plied them so well with wine that not one except Ibzaidu arose from it sober.

When I gave the signal for retiring to the bedchamber they reeled and staggered about like so many drunken sailors. Arrived at the bedchamber we all stripped to the skin and catching Ibzaidu in my arms I carried her to the state-bed and threw her

down on it, and being somewhat fearful of my powers, as I had been sucked nearly dry by the Nubian, I called for and drank a cup of my magic chocolate which I knew would enable me to go through the acts like a conqueror.

I gave the word and all the girls came round the bed with their instruments playing, and sang a beautiful song which I had composed for the occasion.

I gave the word and getting on the bed fixed my victim in the best position, got between her thighs and giving a bunch of switches to one of the girls I directed her to lash my backside with them so as to smart much.

I took hold of my battering-ram and strove to force an entrance. The head is in, the soft flesh yields to my fierce thrusts. I drive in, she screams with pain but I heed it not. It is music to my ears. It tells me that I am about to arrive at the seat of bliss. I shove and thrust harder, everything gives way to me, the lashing on my buttocks gives me double force, and one fierce lunge sends it into the furthest extremity of her grotto and at the same moment I oiled the mangled tender flesh of her dear little bleeding slit with such a stream of burning sperm as never woman sucked from man before, I thought my very prick and stones were dissolving in pearly liquid.

After resting myself on her bosom for a few moments, I found that my battering-ram was prepared for another assault and I fiercely drove him into the breach.

Three times before I got off did I spend the juice of my body into her without calling from her any return.

She lay and moaned in her agony and pain, and on looking, I saw that I had terribly battered and bruised the entrance of the seat of pleasure.

I raised her up and had her put into a warm bath and after drying her I again put her to bed. After giving her some wine and taking some myself, I found that again I was in trim for another bout.

With a spring I placed myself between her thighs. I entered her, not without a good deal of hard work.

God of voluptuous love, what a heat reigned through her body!

How lusciously did the sweet flesh clasp around my rod!

A few thrusts and a few moves in and out awaken her to a sense of pleasure.

She moves up to me, she catches the fever that runs through me. Quicker, quicker she heaves up to me to meet my fierce lunges as I drive my foaming steed

through her gap into the rich pasturage. She clasps me in her arms, and throws her snowy thighs around my back, the bounces of her bottom fairly spring me off her. I feel she is coming. Ah, my god, she comes – she spends! The sperm comes from her in a shower. I, too – I again – I spend! It runs from me. Great God! It's too much! I die! Oh–h! And then I breathed my spirit away in a sigh soft and gentle as a zephyr.

My God, how voluptuous, how luscious was the beautiful Circassian! What warmth! With what fire, what energy did she meet all my efforts at procuring and dispensing pleasure! How lusciously did she squeeze me when in her! How plentifully did she let down the milk when the agony of pleasure seized her!

We swam in a perfect sea of voluptuousness totally indescribable. Man cannot imagine, pen cannot describe it, it was an intoxication of delight – pleasure wrought up to agony, bliss inexpressible, more exquisitely delicious than that enjoyed by the houris of Paradise when in the arms of true Mohammedans, or that enjoyed by the spirits of the Elysian fields.

(To be continued.)

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TALE OR MAY'S ACCOUNT OF HER INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF LOVE.

From an unsophisticated Manuscript found amongst the old lady's papers, after her death, supposed to have been written about A.D. 1797.

CHAPTER IV.

KATE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED; THE VOYAGE; CAPTAIN LEMBERG AND HIS NIECE
HILDA.

On the next occasion that May and her friend Kate were snugly stretched in bed, their arms fondly circling one another and their hands tenderly plucking the hair of each other's cunt, they soon grew so excited that she, throwing off everything and May reversing her position, lay over her friend and gamahuched her most lovingly, Kate's tongue returning those fiery kisses of love with such interest that in a few minutes both were dissolved in a balmy emission.

As soon as they were recovered a little and more composed, May said softly: "Now, dear Katie, proceed with your most interesting and exciting narrative."

Well, when the time came, papa brought me word to board the brig, and after taking a most affectionate leave he left me in charge of Captain Lemberg and his niece, Hilda. I was delighted to have her as a companion for she was a merry, spritely girl, and had made the voyage before.

I had a little cabin adjoining hers and opening on the salon.

Nina was accommodated in the forepart of the ship and was with a soldier's wife, a Mrs. S and her sister Jenny. The vessel sailed early the next morning and soon began to pitch and roll. The motion made us all sick. Nina was not able to leave her berth and Hilda was nearly as bad. As for me I never felt so bad in my life.

About noon the Captain came into my cabin. I was lying down, only half dressed and so sick that I did not care what was done to me.

He said he was so sorry to find me so bad; but that if I would allow him to prescribe for me he knew what would be sure to give relief.

I said I would take anything he gave for I could not be worse than I was.

He went out and soon returned with a tumbler of hot brandy and water. When I tasted it I said: "I cannot take this, it is too strong."

"All the better, my dear, it will do you more good. Come, trust an old sailor."

He put his arm round me and supported me while I gulped it down. Then he laid me back. It relieved the sickness but threw me into a stupor.

Before he left he arranged my dress and was very particular in setting it over my breast. Seeing I did not move he passed his hand down over my stomach and pressed the mound at the bottom of my belly. Then he lightly kissed my forehead and went away.

After a short time he returned and finding me tossing about, but still in a state of stupor he softly rubbed my stomach over my chemise, bringing his hand lower and lower, until he reached my cunt. Finding I did not mind him, he passed his hands up under my chemise and boldly grasped my cunt.

"Oh, Captain," I muttered, but could say no more.

He pushed his hand between my thighs so as to feel the lips. He separated my thighs more and felt them round about. Indeed I don't know what he did, I was so stupefied, but I think he kissed it.

In the evening the sea calmed down and I felt much better.

He brought me a cup of coffee, which roused me up. He supported me with his arm while I was drinking and then stooped to kiss me. I could not refuse him my lips, he so kind.

In a few days I recovered from the effects of my sickness, and I began to feel at home in the vessel.

Hilda brought me about and showed me everything.

At the opposite side of the salon the Captain and the mate, Mr. Carle, occupied cabins corresponding to ours.

Mr. Carle was a young man, good-looking and very agreeable. He was most attentive to Hilda and did not mind me much. But the Captain was unremitting in his attentions to me. He got into the way of kissing me every night and used to squeeze my bottom when I passed near him.

With Hilda he was still more free, but then she was his niece.

In arranging my cabin I found there was a sliding panel between Hilda's cabin and mine which, when open, gave a full view either way.

The Captain generally kept the first night-watch and remained on deck until after twelve; then he would come down, take grog, and turn in.

One night I was awakened by talking in Hilda's cabin and I heard her say "Now behave yourself, I won't have you coming this way into my cabin at night. Ah, stop, I will call out, if you don't let me alone."

"Hildy, my pet, let me, just a moment."

"No, you mustn't put your hand there – you mustn't raise my shift – you mustn't open my thighs. Oh, Uncle, do – take it away. You are a terrible man, why don't you go and fuck Kate? What would Carle say if he knew you did this to me?"

I got up, opened the panel and peeped in. Her lamp was burning. I could see that he had drawn her to the edge of her berth, over which her naked bottom projected. Her legs were raised up and resting on his arms while his large prick was darting in and out of her open cunt. I could see that she was beginning to enjoy it for she wriggled her bum and threw her arms around his neck.

"Press it, dear Uncle! You make me like it in spite of myself."

At every thrust he banged against her rump, crying: "There, there, you have it all."

Before he left I heard him talking of me and telling her to show me some books and pictures.

The next day, coming suddenly out of my cabin I caught her sitting in Mr. Carle's lap. He had his arm round her and was kissing her. They started and blushed when they saw me and he got up and went on deck.

She then told me that they were engaged to be married at the end of the voyage. "And do you know, Kate, though I am fond of Carle I dread it."

"Why?", I asked.

"Oh, don't you know what a man does to a woman when they are in bed together?"

"No," I said, looking very innocent, "What?"

"Oh, you must know that he has something that he puts into her stomach."

"What is it like, Hilda? Tell me about it."

"It's a thing called a prick, eight or nine inches long, with a purple head. It hangs between his legs and when it stiffens he can push it into our slits, which are called cunts, you know. Then after working it in and out, something comes out, and it makes the child."

"How queer! Did you ever see it, Hilda?"

"I have often seen pictures of it. Uncle has curious books with pictures, that tell all about it. Would you like to see it? I was looking over his books and I came upon a secret drawer which was open, and there I found them; come, I'll show them to you."

We went into his cabin and on opening the drawer saw a number of books full of coloured pictures of the most lascivious evolutions of love.

There were naked men and naked women with their cunts and pricks and bottoms displayed in every kind of attitude and position. They were frigging, sucking and fucking in all varied positions.

There were some large French prints also. One depicted a beautiful girl with her bare shoulders and legs, seated on the lap of her lover. Between her voluptuous thighs her cunt is seen delightfully gorged with his standing prick. Her arms are round his neck and her face is turned up, beaming with the satisfaction she experiences in her well-filled cunt.

Another showed a fat nun with her frock up and her breasts bare, stretched on a couch before a large mirror; she had been working a dildo, that is, an artificial prick, into her voluptuous cunt. She has obtained an emission and is now lying back in delicious languor, while two randy monks, peeping round the curtain, and beholding the luscious scene reflected in the glass, have pulled out their pricks and contend who shall be the first into her lustful orifice.

Then there was a scene in a café in Paris: a number of naked men and women dancing together. As they circle round, their pricks and cunts are presented in most exciting points of view; one is pressing the soft buttocks of his partner, while she holds with loving grasp his standing prick. Another squeezes the breasts of his beloved, while she supports his pendant balls. Another couple falls, but they so manage that he falls between her extended thighs and his eager prick soon finds

lodgement in her expectant cunt. Some are lying their partners, nothing loath, upon the surrounding couches and relieving their excitement by plunging into their melting cunts. While others again regale their senses of taste and smell between the voluptuous thighs of their delighted fair ones.

These pictures excited me greatly. I had never seen anything like them before. "Oh, Hilda," I muttered as I pressed together my thighs, while she pointed out each lascivious detail.

"But we must not remain here," she said. "Let us take some of these books into your cabin and there we can observe them at our leisure."

So, taking three, we shut the drawer and made off.

When we had comfortably settled ourselves on a little sofa at the side of my cabin, we opened the first. It contained a thrilling description of a doctor's exploits with a buxom young widow. How he gained her confidence and then excited her amorous feelings, until he succeeded in raising her snowy smock and in feasting his eyes on the ripe beauties of her voluptuous form. The next depicts her standing thus at his side with her splendid cunt protruding its full rounded lips from the midst of a thick covering of crisp curling hair, while the crimson line between gives promise of a warm reception to his prick.

He has put her hand on his standing prick, which she looks at with shy pleasure as she draws the skin down from its glowing red head.

In the next plate she is seen lying across his lap, her beautifully rounded bottom with its milk-white globes is turned up to meet his amorous gaze. He pats the cheeks and titillates the furrow between, while his prick is luxuriating in the soft folds of her melting cunt.

In another plate she is represented as astride of him, her bottom rubbing against his belly as he leans back. By the sweet suction of her mouth she has restored his prick to vigorous life, and, as it now stands up between her widely separated thighs, she presses it warmly against the lips of her longing cunt.

"How would you like to be in her place, Kate? And to feel a fine lusty prick pressing against your cunt and then pushing up into it filling you with rapture and delight?"

"I am sure it would be very pleasant if it were the prick of one I loved."

"No doubt that would vastly increase the pleasure; but don't you feel when your cunt gets excited that any prick, if it were in the right condition, would give you

pleasure? How does your cunt feel now? Would you mind my putting my hand on it, Kate?"

"Not in the least, Hilda, if you want to."

"Lean back, dear, open your thighs. Might I see it?"

"I have no objection."

I now became aware that the sliding panel was slightly open and though I saw something like an eye peering through the slit, I pretended to take no notice. I replied: "You may, Hilda, provided you let me see yours afterwards."

She quickly raised my petticoats, uncovering all my belly and thighs right up before the panel, which was now opened a little further. She played with my hairy turf and praised its colour. Then, separating my legs as far as possible she drew the lips apart. "You have a sweet little cunt, Kate, with a wonderful clitoris, and a deep red recess. Oh, how hot it is inside! And how it sucks and presses my finger. If I only had a prick I would like to fuck you myself." She stooped and kissed the lips and sucked the clitoris. I then got up and made her display her secret charms before the panel, which made her blush for she well knew what was there.

She had a very pretty cunt, daintily fringed with light red hair and the inside hot and juicy.

That night the Captain changed watches with Mr. Carle and before he went to our cabins made us take some of his grog. Hilda took it very freely and made me take more than I wished; in fact, when I stood up I felt quite giddy.

The Captain took me in his arms and made me sit on his knee. While I was warding off his kisses he slipped his hand under my dress and pushed it up between my thighs.

"Oh, Captain! Stop. Take your hand away – no, I won't allow it!"

"What is he doing?" Hilda asked, laughing.

"No matter, I won't allow it – stop! Oh, stop, how can you be so impudent?"

"Don't be angry, Kate, my pet. I won't harm you. Sure every pretty girl likes to have her cunt tickled. Doesn't she, Hilda?"

"Well, I don't, and I won't let you. Oh, Hilda, don't let him raise my dress – don't let him – you make me ashamed – how can you be so wicked?"

I was now stretched on my back and he over me holding my arms and stifling me with kisses.

"Hilda! What are you doing? don't let him push it in! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Hilda with her sly cunning had trapped me. It was she that opened the lips of my cunt, pushed in the head of his prick and then held it by the roots.

At each thrust he cried: "Sweet Katie – sweet pet – you have it now – in your delicious cunt – fuck – fuck – fuck! Hold my balls Hilda! Slap my arse, slap hard!"

At every smack she gave his bottom I felt his prick rush up with increased vigour into my cunt. I began to wriggle and heave.

"Ah, little one, you like it now – ah – oh, it comes – there – there it is."

He then put himself in order and hurried on deck to take his share of the night duty.

When I stood up I could hardly walk, so Hilda supported me into my cabin and helped me to undress.

When she had settled me in my berth she kissed me and wished me good night.

I stopped her and said: "It was a shame, Hilda, to allow me to be so treated."

"Don't mind, dear," she replied, laughing. "You are nothing the worse. And if I am not much mistaken you will enjoy it better before you leave the ship. Good night."

Though I was tired yet I was too excited to be sleepy.

After a short time I heard someone open the door of Hilda's cabin.

"Oh, Carle, what do you want here at this time of the night?"

"I want you, my pet, I can't live without you."

"Sure you have me all day."

"But I want you all night, too."

"But that you can't have yet, you know."

"Why not, love, don't you trust me?"

"Wait until we are married, Carle. You will have enough of me then. Go away now, there's a dear fellow. There, you've kissed me enough already to serve for a month. Well, I will sit on your knee just for a moment, if you promise to go away at once. Ah, where is your hand stealing?"

"Let me, my pet, I am curious to know if you are as nice here as I expected."

"And if I am not, what then?"

"Well, let me try anyway – there – open."

"Will you swear on your soul that you will marry me at the end of this voyage?"

"I will, indeed, dearest, on my soul. Thanks Hilda. Now I love you more than ever because you have confidence in me. You are very nice indeed, my sweet pet, you have a darling little pussey. Oh, how soft and warm it is. Now put your hand here and you will find something that is just made for it. Move it up and down, my love, it is all your own. Feel how strong and hot it is; it's longing to make acquaintance with its friend here. Won't you let them kiss, just to touch those loving lips?"

"Ah, Carle, it's not kind of you; you know I am so fond of you! You won't hurt me?"

"Open your legs more – there – it's in – in your sweet cunt. Darling Hilda, don't you like to feel my prick there, fucking, fucking?"

"Yes, but push gently, there's a dear."

"My love – oh, my love! – How my prick loves to fuck your sweet cunt."

Then they went on hugging and kissing for ever so long. After a while I heard her asking questions about his prick and balls. "Now it is beginning to get large again. There, see how it has stiffened up. Would you like me to put it into my mouth and suck it?"

"Yes, my love, that would give me great pleasure. Thanks, darling Hilda, your mouth is almost equal to your cunt. That's delicious."

"But who can tell what queer places this has been in. How many girls have you had, Carle?"

"Ah, Hilda, don't be getting jealous. I have fucked, as you know, a good many girls. And if you are a wise little wife you won't object to my fucking a few more besides yourself, even after we are married. Now, let us make an agreement, love, which I am certain will tend to our mutual happiness. Give me perfect liberty and I will promise never to do anything without your knowledge and consent. I will give you the same liberty to have anyone you please and as often as you please, on the same conditions. I am satisfied we will love each other better and enjoy each other more than ever when we are not tied up exclusively to each other. Do you agree?"

"Well, Carle, I don't desire any liberty myself but if it will make you happier and cause you to love me more, I agree. But, remember, the condition must be carried out."

("Just a moment, Kate! Were they married afterwards, and did they follow that agreement?"

"They were, and the last time I met them, I thought I never saw a happier or more loving couple."

"Another word: what do you think of the arrangement yourself, Kate? I ask you because Mr. T has proposed the same thing to myself, that is, if I marry him."

"Well, dear, it is hard to give an opinion. Most women like to have a man all to themselves and as a rule they are satisfied with one; but in cases where either party has led a free life before marriage, I can quite understand that such an arrangement would be expedient and wise. But you may have an opportunity of judging for yourself as your papa intends inviting them here as soon as Carle returns from his present voyage."

"Oh, that will be delightful. I am longing to see Hilda and we may have Mr. T also, for he says he can't wait any longer for me and he has written to papa. But go on, dear Kate, and tell me what happened next.")

Just this: The following day Carle told the Captain of his engagement with his niece and that he had promised to marry her as soon as they arrived in port.

The Captain replied: "All right, old fellow, I congratulate you. She is a thorough good girl and will make a jolly wife. But you may have her at once so far as I am concerned, if you sign the marriage contract in my presence, which you know has legal force in Danish law."

Carle jumped at the idea. So the contract was drawn up and signed by Hilda and himself, the Captain and I adding our names as witnesses.

"Now," said the Captain, "I pronounce you man and wife together, etc. Have at her as soon as you like, my boy! And as we have witnessed the wedding it would be only fair that we should witness the bedding too."

Carle found her in his arms and placed her on his knee. The Captain caught hold of me and moving his leg under me, said: "Kate, you will have to be my niece now." And in spite of my struggles he forced his hand up between my legs.

Carle was not slow in following his example, and soon amidst many "Ah, Carle," "Stop Charlie" our cunts were taken in full possession of by exploring hands while two standing pricks boldly upreared their rosy tips.

Finding that they were bent on enjoying us openly, we saw no use in further resistance and so let them have their way.

The Captain smiled when he saw how skillfully and lovingly Hilda caressed Carle's noble tool, and under cover of a kiss placed my fingers on his own. "Now, Carle, lay her on the locker and don't spare her maiden-trap. Kate will guide the bird into the nest and I will look on, and see fair play and no favour."

Carle laid her back and tenderly lifting her dress uncovered her belly and thighs. Then raising her legs, he spread her thighs widely apart and paused to admire her cunt, fringed with golden hair, and cosily placed himself between her luxuriant thighs. He then leaned over her so as to place his prick upon its opened lips.

"Kate, now pop it in and hold it firmly."

I stooped forward and taking hold of Carle's bounding tool pushed its head into her soft recess. In doing so my bare bottom became exposed to the Captain's view.

He caught me round the hips and cried: "Oh, lovely arse!" He kissed it and I felt his warm pliant tongue playing in and about my cunt and penetrating my bottom-hole itself. Then quickly rising up he thrust his rampant prick into my cunt and fucked away all the while leaning over my back, watching Carle and crying out at every thrust: "That's the way, fellow! Send it home – rattle your bullocks against her arse! – fuck – fuck – fuck – ah, oh!" And we all fell together, our cunts overflowing with the discharge from their excited pricks.

After lying over her for a few moments Carle began to heave his bottom again and gave her the benefit of a second fuck, without taking out his prick.

This pleased the Captain greatly. He stooped over his niece and kissing her asked how she liked being fucked.

She smiled, and stretching out her hand took hold of his prick, now soft and hanging down.

Carle laughed to see her frigging her uncle's prick and went on slowly driving his own in and out of her cunt.

The Captain's prick began to stand; he pushed it towards her face. She drew it to her lips and calling me, raised my clothes and placed Carle's hand on my cunt, then looking up she said: "Now we are quits."

He kissed her and said: "Darling Hilda, you are the best and sweetest of wives, you will never regret it."

Then bending down he asked me to lean back and open my thighs. He kissed my cunt and sucked the clitoris all the while with a slow and measured stroke, fucking Hilda's cunt.

"What are you doing to Kate, Carle?"

"I am sucking her sweet cunt while I am flicking yours. And what are you doing to the Captain?"

"I am sucking his prick and squeezing yours in my cunt."

The Captain now heaved his great heavy bum and worked his prick in and out of her mouth, just as Carle with increasing vigour drove his prick in and out of her cunt. She heaved up and down, and in the height of her excitement, grasped one of the cheeks of my bottom and at every thrust of Carle's prick gave me such a squeeze that I could hardly suppress a shout.

But I felt nearly as excited as herself, for the action of Carle's lips and tongue in my cunt was almost as exciting as that of his prick in hers, while the view of his fine bottom rising and falling between her wide-spread thighs, and the Captain's tool darting in and out of her mouth, caused me fully to share in the general form of excitement.

The Captain feeling the tide of pleasure rising to the flood, cried: "Fuck her, Carle – fuck her cunt."

Carle replied: "Suck him, Hilda – suck his prick."

Whilst I, I pressed my cunt against Carle's mouth and spent on his tongue, called out the names – prick – cunt – arse – frigging – sucking – fucking – oh!

Carle went on deck and the Captain soon after tumbled into his berth. Hilda and I retired to our cabins and were soon fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

THE GOOD NOBLEMAN.
Air – "There was a Little Man."

Respected near and far,
There was a noble
Marquis, and Wallsend was the title that he bore, bore, bore,
Who left his brother-swells
To follow little girls,
And tell 'em not to do it any more, more, more.

Said he: "A man's affair
Isn't meant to go in there!"
And his Lordship put his finger on the spot, spot, spot;
But the wicked girls appalled
The nobleman, and called
On God to paralyse each limb they'd got, got, got.

"Your private parts, or cunny,
Should not be let for money,
They're only meant to pee with," did he preach, preach preach,
His ears he almost doubted,
When the little creatures shouted:
"God blind us into bloody corpses, each, each, each!"

"You always should endeavour
To stop a young man ever
On any grounds from creeping up behind, hind, hind."
And this noble thought he dreamed,
When the little creatures screamed:
"God strike us deaf, lame, dumb and blind, blind, blind!"

"You dissembling, bleeding, rotten,
Bloody, cankered, misbegotten
Lump of shit, rubbed over with a little spend, spend, spend!"
The little children cried,
For a cockstand they espied
Within the noble breeches of their friend, friend, friend.

They were tearing down his breeches,
And his bitter cries and screeches,
And his blushes would have melted hearts of snow, snow, snow.
And the little creatures found,
When they dragged him to the ground,
That, while lecturing, he'd shot his noble roe, roe, roe.

FLUNKEYANIA; OR BELGRAVIAN MORALS.

BY CHARLES.

CHAPTER II.

It was rather late in the afternoon when we arrived home, and I was in my apartment making some slight alteration in my attire before attending my lady at the dinner table, when enters Justine! Without tapping or giving any other intimation of her approach.

I remonstrated with her, with mock gravity on her great impudence, representing to her that under the present circumstances my attire was grossly disarranged and that there was a great possibility that she might have found me in a state totally unfit to be seen by any young woman whatever.

To which the saucy girl replied that she did not know what state that was, unless I was sewn up to the neck in a strong sack; and even then, she continued, she thought that loving woman with a sharp pair of scissors might overcome the difficulty and make me a presentable member of society – fit to be seen by herself anyway.

I think I was going to put this experiment to the practical test, and that without the adjuncts of the sack and the scissors, when Justine stopped me by saying that she had a very particular message for me from Her Ladyship.

This appeared to be that I was not to mention to anyone, least of all to the Earl, the circumstances of the Countess's having taken "Miss Courtney for a drive."

"For a *ride*," said I, correcting her with all possible gravity.

"Well, then, for a ride, if you like, you saucy boy," replied the sweet girl, giving me a slight box on the ear. "You know a great deal too much, sir; but you will promise not to tell Ernest, darling, won't you?"

Now, I was resolved to tease her a little. So I said that really I considered Miss Courtney a very fine girl. That she had given me a couple of sovereigns when she got out of the carriage. That she was just the sort of a girl that I was sure His Lordship would like: tall and long-legged, in fact exactly like a young fellow in girl's clothes. He's very fond of boys and would be delighted in finding Adam's needle instead of Eve's bit of old hat, when he put his hand up her clothes – and I was

chafing away at a great rate when my pretty visitor stamped her foot with vexation, and then began to cry!

Of course upon this there was only one thing to do, and that was to comfort my young lady in every way that I could, and I succeeded so well that from sobbing, pouting, pushing me away and calling me a tantalizing, cross wretch, she began to return my kisses after the most approved fashion. Then she clasped me round the neck, sighing on my shoulder and murmuring incoherently all the loving epithets that suggested themselves on the spur of the moment, yielding herself as she did so to the loving clasp of my arms.

Almost undressed as I was, my natural feeling got the better of my discretion. It was too plain what the Countess's soubrette sighed for at the moment, and could any young fellow refuse such an appeal to his gallantry, especially that engine of love which knows no conscience was burning with impatience.

My hands raised her clothes as I threw her back on the edge of my bed and for a few minutes we revelled in the delights of love.

When we were getting more composed and able to converse like reasonable beings, I gave Justine willingly enough the promise her mistress had told her to get from me. While she informed me that the Earl was particular, almost to jealousy, of anyone using his beautiful chestnuts, unless they who used them belonged to the family.

I could not help wondering if he would be equally jealous of anyone "using" his beautiful chestnut-haired wife! And whether I was to be considered "one of the family"?

I could not help hinting something to this effect to Justine, in as discreet a way as the object admitted of. And to my surprise instead of being exposed to a lecture, for my brazen impudence, for daring to entertain such ideas, or a storm of jealous reproaches for my cruelty in so thinking of anybody but herself, after what had just passed between us – and that not for the first time – instead of this I received from the faithful *femme de chambre* no slight encouragement.

She told me that she was sure the Countess was very fond of me. That she had questioned her (Justine) about my private habits, how I looked when in dishabille.

"You see, Ernest," said the arch girl laughingly, "that she supposes that I know all about it."

Then she told me that the Earl, although not at all an unkind husband, was habitually neglectful, and that, as the girl very shrewdly remarked, ladies considered

even worse. That they will bear with a great deal of flirting, infidelity, and other bad conduct on the part of their lovers or husbands, as long as they themselves are not neglected. But that the one offence not to be forgiven.

I do not mean to say that Justine expressed this sentiment precisely in these words, but this was the sense of what she said, and very good sense, too.

The upshot of her conversation was that I was to be ready and bold; but not too knowing or forward. To look my best, and to watch for a favourable opportunity which she felt sure my Lady would afford me when she could. Indeed, Justine went on to say that the present occasion would not be at all an unfavourable one, when I could take the opportunity of assuring my mistress of my inviolable secrecy as to the "Miss" Courtney transaction, and my eternal devotion to her service.

"But," said Justine, "I dare say my Lady may feel rather fatigued with the exercises she has taken today – and as for you, sir; it is, or ought to be entirely out of the question!"

I begged to assure Justine that she was never more mistaken in her life, for the taste of love she had just given me only whetted my appetite for a fuller feast, which was perfectly true; for what, with the girl's beauty before me, and the peep which I had had that afternoon into the closed carriage, the warm blood throbbed in my veins so that between reality and imagination I was in a highly efficient state; and all of this I might have given Mademoiselle Justine another and immediate proof of, had not the Countess's bell rung just at this juncture.

Our tete-a-tete was interrupted, Justine exclaiming: "Let me go directly, you dear, naughty fellow – don't you hear my Lady's bell? I promised her to be back in five minutes, and here I've been five and twenty! How you have tumbled my dress, to be sure! Do get along with you! But I must kiss the dear boy first, who has given me such a proof of his vigour!"

Her hand was under my shirt in a moment, and grasping the reanimated object of her desires, she stooped and took it in her mouth for a moment or two, tickling the ruby head with her lascivious tongue as her cherry lips pressed deliciously around it. But just as I felt the crisis coming on, she suddenly rose from her stooping position and, slapping my posteriors with no light hand, exclaimed with a laugh: "Ah, would you, sir? I know what you are going to do!" and bounced out of my room, saying as she closed the door, to be ready for Her Ladyship's commands in half-an-hour.

Reader, what could I do in the excited state in which she left me, but pass my hand two or three times up and down on my bursting affair, till the seed spurted over the floor satisfied my raging lust for that moment.

(To be continued.)

LADY POKINGHAM, OR THEY ALL DO IT;

*Giving an Account of her Luxurious Adventures, both before
and after her Marriage with Lord Crim-Con*

PART VI.

After luncheon I ordered Charles to take several shawls and a floor-stool into the summer-house of the garden, as I wished to take a nap, and was sure the open air was more conducive to refreshing sleep than the close atmosphere of a room on a warm sunny day.

Annie and Patty exchanged significant glances as I gave the order, but my uplifted finger stopped any further manifestation of intelligence.

We had a fine large garden at the back of the house, in some parts beautifully shaded by umbrageous elms of a venerable age, especially on the banks of a small circular pond about twenty yards in diameter, where, facing the south, the summer-house stood under the trees by the side of the small lakelet.

I followed Charles as he carried out my orders, and arriving at our destination, ordered him to spread the shawls over a sofa which stood there, for fear the leather might be damp. Then he fetched a pillow, and placed the foot-stool at my feet.

I had nothing on but a loose morning-wrapper, with my chemise and drawers underneath.

"How very oppressive it is," I exclaimed, as I languidly sank back on the couch as soon as he had prepared it, allowing as I did so, a most negligent exposure of my neck and slight glimpse of the orbs of love beneath.

"Ah! Oh, oh! My goodness; the dreadful cramp!" I almost screamed, as bending down in great apparent pain, I pulled the robe to rub the calf of my right leg. "Ah, oh! what torture!"

Charles was on his knees at my feet in a moment.

"Oh, my Lady, is it so very bad? Let me bend up your toes!"

"No, no, not there, rub the calf, as hard as you can, Charles, there's a good boy!" I replied, my face wincing under the pain. "Higher, rub along my leg, the foot's no use!"

Somehow the toe of my bad foot touched his trousers just outside the most interesting part of his anatomy; the slipper had fallen off and I could feel his prick quickly harden and throb under my toes, whilst his face flushed all over, and I thought quite a perceptible tremor passed through his frame, as he went on rubbing my leg below the knee, and I need not say how my own lustful temperament was affected by the contact.

My robe had opened down the front so that he had a full view of legs, drawers and bosom, perhaps the wrinkle of love itself.

My blood was in a boil and I could no longer resist the impulse to enjoy such a beautiful Adonis.

"Get up, Charles, it's better now." I said in a low voice, "and pray don't tell what you've seen by accident. That cramp threw me into such an awful agony I did not know how I tossed about!"

"Dear Lady, your secrets are always safe with me." he replied, looking down bashfully as he rose to his feet. "I could kiss the ground under your feet to prove my devotion!"

"No, you are such a kind boy that just for this once, Charles, only this once, mind, I will give you a kiss myself instead. Come closer to me! What a fine boy you are. Now don't be bashful, really I mean to kiss you, if you promise never to tell."

"Ah, Madame, how kind of a great lady to a poor page-boy like me! I shall never forget such a favour and would die for you any time!" he said with bashful excitement.

"Come then," and I took his handsome face between my hands and kissed him repeatedly. "Why don't you kiss me, Charles?"

"Oh, lady, and may I take that liberty?" he asked, his warm lips almost sucking the breath from me, so earnest his kissing.

"Yes, yes," I murmured, "you may kiss me now, dear boy! And would you be faithful, Charles, if I trusted my life, my honour to your keeping?"

"Those kisses have made me your slave forever, dear Lady. Nothing could ever wring a secret of yours from me."

"Then, Charles, I will tell you I'm in love with your figure! I know you must be a perfect Cupid, and should you like to strip quite naked, that I may enjoy the sight of a living statue? Will you do so, no one will ever know?" I asked.

His face was crimson and I could see that he actually trembled under my gaze. "Now Charles, make haste, and if you do that for me I'll give you a sovereign and a new suit of clothes."

Slipping off his jacket I began to unbutton his trousers. Turning them down, my eager hands wandered under his shirt, feeling the firmness of the ivory-like flesh of his deliciously rounded buttocks whilst my eyes did not fail to detect how his linen stood out in front and was saturated with spendings.

He seemed to understand me now and almost quicker than I can write it, he was naked as Adam in Paradise.

My roving hands took possession of his beautiful little prick, quite six inches long, and ornamented round the tight looking balls by just a shade of curly brown hair.

"What's this, Charles, are you often wet like this?" as I called his attention to the glistening sperm on my fingers. "What a big fellow this is, quite enough for a man. Did you ever make love with a girl?"

"No, my Lady, but I wanted to try it with Patty, only she never would."

"Then you shall with me, Charles, now. And I'll try to get Patty for you afterwards, I should so like to see you two together," I said, drawing his prick to my lips and sucking it deliciously for a moment or two till I felt he was getting near a second spend.

"Now, sir, kneel down and kiss me," I said, letting him go as I reclined on the sofa and opened my legs whilst his hands opened the slit in my drawers and exposed the lips of my cunt to view. His mouth was glued to it in a moment, and ah! oh! how his lascivious tongue made me spend in a second or two whilst my unslipped foot was rolling his prick on his thigh. But I was afraid of losing the next emission of his love juice, so I gently drew him over my body and directed his dart of love into my cunt.

He was hardly up to his business, but the instinct of nature seemed to prompt him to shove in.

What ecstasy as I felt the slow insertion of his virgin prick! How it seemed to swell inside the luscious sheath which received it lovingly.

At first we lay motionless, billing and cooing with our lips, till I began a slight motion with my buttocks, to which he was not slow to respond.

How I enjoyed that boy! The knowledge that I had a really virgin prick within me added such a piquancy to my enjoyment that I fairly screamed from excess of emotion as I spent and felt his balsam of life shoot into my longing womb.

He had to fuck me three times before I would let him dress and go about his business. He had been with me over two hours, but the time was well spent in making love and worming out of him all about himself and the other page who slept with him, Sam, who although good-looking had so much Indian blood in him that his complexion was almost black.

In answer to my questions Charlie informed me that they often played with each other, and rubbed their cocks together till the thick white stuff squirted out, and he added: "Dear Lady, would you believe it, his affair is two inches longer than mine; besides, it is the blackest part about him!"

"Do you think he would like a game with us?" I asked.

"Oh, certainly. He is just the fellow! It was he who taught me all I know, and I must tell you what he told me, that his last master, Colonel Culo, who had brought him over from Calcutta, had him sleep in his cabin all the way home and seduced him by handling and sucking his prick, which was so nice that at last Sam let the Colonel fuck him in the bottom-hole. The Colonel wasn't very big, you know, and easily got into him by using a little pomade. Then, when Sam left him because the Colonel was afraid he might get about his daughters if he kept him in his service, he was presented with a present of fifty pounds. He often wants me to let him get into my bottom as he said it felt very nice, but I never would go further than playing with cocks."

"Well then, this very night, about an hour after all the rest are in bed, bring him with you to the girls' door. You will find it ajar and mind only to come in your shirts and be sure not to disturb the cook and housekeeper."

With these orders I kissed and let him go, then went in to dress for dinner.

Just before we went to bed I treated Cookie and the housekeeper to a good glass of port in which I put a rather stiff narcotic to make them sleep well so that in case our revels with the two pages should prove noisy they would be too sound asleep to hear anything of it.

Patty and Annie were all nervous excitement and expectation after I told them of my arrangement. We were already naked and they hot as possible, and could not

resist pressing their naked bodies against me, while with tears and blushes they expressed their fears of the pain of losing their troublesome virginities.

At last I heard a slight noise in their bedroom which so startled them that they flew to go and hide themselves underneath the bed, whilst I opened the door and entering their room, which was in darkness, found my two young men in the dark hesitating to tap at the door.

"Slip off your shirts and slippers," I whispered in a low voice. "Feel, I am quite naked myself, all is to be free between us now," as my hands groped for their pricks. I found them to be as stiff as possible, and could not resist pressing their naked bodies against my own belly, where the contact of their throbbing pricks had such an effect on me that selecting Sam by the size of his affair, I backed towards the girls' bed and drew him upon me. What a luscious bit it was! So large that my cunt was fairly gorged with the delicious morsel, which spent almost before it was well into me. My arms held him firmly round the waist as my body rested against the edge of the bed so that without withdrawing he had to go on with the delicious fuck, and I begged Charlie to put his prick into Sam's behind, to make him do his work well with me. The latter was nothing loath, and although the want of lubricant was rather an obstacle, Charlie soon succeeded in spite of his wincing and flinching a little.

The effect was to give my cavalier quite double energy. My hands passed behind him and played with Charlie's prick and appendages as he fucked Sam's bottom delightedly.

This was another virgin prick I was enjoying. Fancy taking the maidenheads of two handsome youths in one day. It fired me with the most lustful sensations! How my cunt throbbed on his glorious black prick. How we spent in torrents of that elixir of love which makes us die in ecstasy at each fresh emission. What heavenly joys to spend together, as we did, three times without withdrawing. I knew such excesses were only tending to shorten my life, but reason is powerless to resist the attraction of such Cytherian joys.

At last it was finished and we entered my room where the lights of a dozen candles showed everything to the best advantage. The figures of the two youths reflected in the looking-glasses round the room seemed to fill my apartment with lusty young fellows, half dark and half fair, all with limp and glistening pricks, just as they had withdrawn from the combat of love.

"Listen, my dears, cannot you hear the heavy breathing of the two girls under my bed? I'll wager they've been frigging each other whilst we had that glorious fuck in the other room!" I exclaimed. "But let us first refresh our affairs with a cold douche and have a glass of champagne! Then see if we won't drag them out in the light, my boys!"

We laved ourselves, and a couple of glasses apiece immensely revived our flagging energies. I had a nice little dog-whip with a long lash on it. So telling the boys to lift up the curtains of the bed, I slashed under on the surprised and timid beauties so effectually that I had only time to give about a half-dozen cuts before they sprang from their concealment and ran screaming round the room as I followed and plied my whip smartly over their tender bottoms. The sight of the thin weals which every cut drew on their tender skin, the shrieks of pain and the blushing effects on both faces and bums, so excited us that the boys' pricks stood again immediately and I longed to see the two pages ravish them as roughly as possible. Yes, I confess, that at that moment I felt awfully cruel and should have liked to see them suffer the most dreadful agonies under their defloration.

I know that with many men their delight is intensified if they can only inflict pain on the victims they ravish, but for a woman to gloat over such a sight is almost incomprehensible. Yet it is so, I was literally mad with lust of blood and torture!

At last I made them kneel down and kiss the boys' pricks as they begged of them to take their maidenheads.

Charlie had Patty and Sam had Annie. I ordered them to lay the girls on the soft Turkey carpet in the middle of the room with pillows under their buttocks. Then my two young champions, kneeling between their legs, opened the lips the girls' spending cunts and proceeded to insert the heads of their pegos within the vermilion clefts of the victims.

It was a most delightful sight for me as I witnessed the blushes and enjoyed every painful contortion of their faces as the pricks were ruthlessly shoved into them under the influence of my whip, which I used without pity to push the boys on to victory. At last it was done and I could see that the boys had spent into them and I was sorry it was so soon over.

The tears of the girls were changed to loving smiles as by my directions they all had another wash. Then we sat down to jellies and wine, indulging in all manner of freedoms and jokes, till my young men began to feel their feet again and I could see that both of them were enjoying and eyeing me most amorously.

My blood was up and nothing would do but I must enjoy them both at once with the girls joining in the best way they could.

Sam and Charles sat on either side of me, and I could feel both pricks ready for action. So I made the former sit on the edge of the bed and take me on his lap, and as soon as I felt properly seated on the fine black prick, I called Charlie to shove his cock into me from behind, along with Sam's. This was not quite so easy to do, as Sam quite filled my sheath. Yet I was determined to have it so, and with the

assistance of the girls, Charles succeeded in accomplishing my erotic fancy. Then by my orders, Annie and Patty tickled my clitoris and the lips of my distended cunt, as well as the cocks and balls of my two lovers.

(To be continued.)

THE PEARL,

A Journal of Faceliae and Voluptuous Reading.

No. 15

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Sept, 1880

LA ROSE D'AMOUR.

*Or the Adventures of a Gentleman in search of Pleasure.
Translated from the French.*

PART VII.

(Continued.)

I FELT CONSIDERABLY ENERVATED FOR A DAY OR TWO AND REFRAINED FROM AGAIN ENTERING THE LISTS OF VENUS UNTIL I HAD FAIRLY SET SAIL ON MY PROJECTED CRUISE IN SEARCH OF LOVE AND BEAUTY IN THE HESPERIAN CLIMES, WHERE I HOPED FOR THE MOST EXQUISITE PLEASURES IN THE ARMS OF THE ARDENT LADIES OF CUBA AND SPANISH MAIN.

I coasted round and put into Bordeaux for the purpose of giving the sailors a chance of getting themselves girls.

In two days they were all mated, and we put off for Havana, intending to stop there a short time, as I had heard much of the beauty of the women of the island.

Arriving at Havana, I took some rooms at one of the best hotels, giving orders to the Captain to keep the brig in sailing order so as to be able to sail at a moment's notice.

At the *table d'hote* I noticed a handsome, vivacious brunette, evidently an inhabitant of the island. Her eyes were fairly hidden under a mass of deep black hair which overshadowed them; but I could perceive whilst at the table, she was

continually glancing at me, and the moment my eyes met hers she would suddenly drop her eyes on the plate or look in another direction. From this I augured favourably and deemed success certain, thinking that I had made a conquest.

In the evening I attended the theatre accompanied by the Captain, and both of us well armed. I there saw the lady in a box in company with a couple of elderly gentlemen.

The one whom I took to be her husband was a cross-grained, ugly looking fellow.

I followed her home with the intent to win her.

In the morning I got an introduction to Senor Don Manuel Vasquer, the husband of Donna Isabel, my lovely vis-a-vis at the table.

I told him I was a gentleman of rank and fortune, traveling for the pleasure with a vessel of my own, and invited him down to the harbour to look at the brig.

He accepted the invitation and was very much pleased with the neat cleanliness of everything on deck, and with the luxury displayed in the fittings of the cabin.

I had a lunch set out and plied him well with champagne so that when he left the vessel, he was in very high spirits. On reaching the hotel he invited me up to his apartment and introduced me to his wife and a couple of other ladies we found with her.

I endeavoured as well as my looks could express to let her see that I had taken particular notice of her, and was much smitten by her charms.

After conversing for a short time I retired to my room to dress for dinner and penned a declaration to the Donna Isabel, declaring my passion for her and imploring her grant me an interview, as I had read in her eyes that I was not disagreeable to her.

After dinner I joined her and her husband and slipped my note into her hand, which she immediately hid in the folds of her dress. I then went to my room to wait for an answer, which I felt sure would soon be sent to me. Nor had I to wait long, for in a couple of hours a negro-wench opened the door, poking her head in to ascertain if I was in the room, threw a note to me, and shutting the door without saying a word, retired.

I hastily picked up the note and opening it found my expectations confirmed!

She granted me an interview. Her note stated that her husband would go out to his plantations the next day and that at three o'clock in the afternoon she would be alone taking her siesta.

The evening, night and morning hung heavily on me, and after dining, I retired to my room, laid my watch on the table and sat gazing at the dial to see the weary hours pass away; but as the minute-hand pointed to three; the same black wench again opened the door, poked her head in, looked round and drew back, leaving the door open.

I jumped up and followed her to the rooms of her mistress.

Here I found Donna Isabel reclining in an elegant dishabille, on a sofa. She held out her hand to me in welcome, which I took and pressed to my lips.

She invited me to be seated and I placed myself on a foot-stool at her side. Taking her hand between mine, I disclosed my passion for her, imploring her not to refuse my love. At first she pretended to be much surprised that I should make a declaration of my love to her and appeared half angry. But as I proceeded with my tale of love and pressed her for an answer favourable to the passion which was consuming me, she appeared to relent, and rising from her reclining position made room for me to sit beside her on the couch.

As I sat down by her side I dropped an arm round her waist and drawing her to my bosom I implored her to grant me her love – even to leave her husband and fly with me to some remote corner of the earth where we could while away our years in the soft dalliance of love.

I told her that her husband was an old man with whom she could not enjoy life, and from whom a young woman like herself could not receive those tender attentions, and the soft and real pleasure which she could enjoy in the arms of a young and devoted lover.

She sighed and hung her head on her breast, saying she never knew what it was to receive those delicious and tender pleasures from her husband that I had just spoken of. That from the time of her marriage to the present moment, her whole time was taken up with drinking and gambling. That he left her to amuse herself as best she could in the house, he was so jealous that he would never allow her to go out except in his company. She sighed again and wished that heaven had given her such a man as myself.

I know not how it was, but when she stopped, I found one of my hands had opened the front of her dress and slipped beneath her shift and was moulding one of her large hard breasts, and my lips were pressed on hers.

My leaning against her had insensibly moved her backwards till, without our knowing it, her head was resting on the cushion of the sofa and I was lying on top of her.

Whilst I was assuring her of eternal love and constancy and begging her to allow me to give her a convincing proof of my tenderness and affection, and also to let me convince her that as yet she had had the mere shadow of the ecstatic pleasure of love, but that if she would allow me I would give her the real substance and a surfeit of those pleasures of which I felt convinced she had received but a taste from her husband, I had been gradually drawing up her clothes, till my hand rested on a large, firm, fleshy thigh. Isabel had closed her eyes, her head hanging to one side, her lips slightly apart and her breast rising and falling rapidly from the quick pulsations of the blood caused by her fierce and amorous desires.

I raised her shift still higher till it disclosed to my sight a large tuft of long black hair. I then unbuttoned my pantaloons and with a little gentle force parted her legs, and got between her thighs.

Parting the lips with my fingers, I inserted the head of my engine of love, and in a few moments we both died away amidst the most exquisite transports of love.

I lay heaving and panting on her bosom while she lay motionless under me, till finding that my stiffness had scarcely diminished and knowing by the short motions and jerks of the head that he was once more ready for the field and impatient for the word to start again, I commenced moving in her.

"Beautiful creature," I cried, "what delicious sensations! What pleasure! My God!" said I, "you are almost virgin. How lusciously tight your sweet flesh clasps my rod!"

Her arms were clasped around my neck, her thighs around my back, her moist rosy lips glued to mine. Our tongues met. With what vivacity, what voluptuousness she moves up to me, giving me energetic heaves for my thrusts. I felt from the increased motion of her bottom that again she is about to dissolve herself into bliss. I too feel it.

"Ah, my God! Oh! what pleasure! I come; there, there, dear love, you have it now – joy, love, bliss unbearable!" And I was swimming in a sea of pleasure, in a perfect agony of bliss.

When we recovered from our delirium, I arose and drawing her clothes down slowly over her legs, I pressed her to my side. Planting a soft kiss on her pouting lips I folded her in my arms and asked her how she liked the reality after being fed

for more than a year on the mere shadow of that delicious substance she had just largely partaken.

The answer was a kiss that sent a thrill of pleasure through every vein.

"Oh, my dear, this is nothing to what you would enjoy were you to link your fortune to mine and fly with me to France. Then we would live a life of love and pleasure such as you have just tasted. Our whole lives would be nothing but love and pleasure, morn, noon and night it would be love, all love. There should be nothing around us but love – nothing but pleasure!"

Isabel rang a small bell and the same piece of ebony who had twice placed her head in and out of my chamber-door entered.

Her mistress told her to bring in some lunch and she soon returned with an elegant cold repast and some delicious wine.

After eating and drinking we again turned our attention to love. Rising from the chair I led her to the sofa, and drawing her on my knees, I stripped her dress and shift from her shoulder and loosening the strings of her petticoats toyed and played with her breasts, which were really beautiful, large and firm, and tipped with two most tempting strawberry nipples.

Nor was my companion idle, for whilst I was thus engaged she had unbuttoned my pantaloons and taken out my genitals, which she admired and toyed with, capping and uncapping its red head till she had brought it to a most beautiful state of erection.

I raised her on her feet and all her clothing slipping on to the floor, she stood in all her naked beauty before me.

What charms, what beauties did my eyes and lips feast on as I turned her round and round. Her soft round belly, her plump bottom and then her dear little cleft, that masterpiece of beauty, how I hugged it to me. What kisses I lavished on it, all of which she repaid with interest.

She sinks down on the floor between my legs. She caresses my pego, she presses it to her lips. They pout and she puts its large red head between them. I push a little forward, it enters her mouth, she sucks it, her soft tongue rolls it over and over. She continues tickling it with her tongue. Feeling that if she continues I must spend, I jerk back and drag it from her mouth. She again wants to keep it. I lay her down on the floor with the cushions under her buttocks. I get on with my head between her thighs, my prick and stones hanging over her face. Again she takes it in

her mouth, while I put my tongue between the lips of her cunt and frig her clitoris with it.

The motion of her rump increases! I find she is about to spend and I suddenly rise up, seat myself on the sofa, and she sprang after me, jumped on the sofa, her cunt touching my face, tightly clasping her arms round my neck.

She slowly let her bottom come down, till it touched the head of my pego. I directed it aright and she impaled herself on it.

A few motions and I most plentifully bedewed her with the nectar as she was paying down her own tribute to the God of Love. .

When she rose off me, the sperm dropped from her salacious slit in large goutts upon me, attesting the bountiful measure with which nature had endowed both of us with the elixir of life.

In the evening she sent her maid to order her supper to be sent up into her rooms, and after quietly supping we retired to bed and I spent the most agreeable night that I ever passed with any woman.

Her husband returned the next day, but I found an opportunity to meet his wife in the evening and renewed for a short time the transport we had enjoyed the day before.

A few days later, her husband had invited a party of six young ladies and the same number of young men to visit his wife and take dinner with them. I also was invited.

Immediately after receiving the invitation I sent word to the Captain to raise steam and be ready to sail at a moment's warning.

I joined the party at dinner and found three of the invited girls to be very handsome and the other three very good-looking.

After the dinner was over, I invited the party to visit my yacht and take an evening's excursion with me.

The husband of my mistress was very loud in his praises the beauty of the yacht and of the rich and elegant manner in which she was fitted up and joined his solicitations to mine; the party consenting, we ordered carriages and drove down to where the yacht lay. Getting aboard we sailed up the harbour and ran up the island.

After we were out of sight of the city, I took the Captain aside and told him that towards night I wanted him to run the brig in towards the shore; and that I intended to seize the seven men and land them in a boat and make off with the women. I told him to go and speak to the crew about the matter and have them in readiness to obey my signal.

A little before dusk, we ran close in shore at a place where there was no plantation visible. I had ordered some lumber to be strewn about the greater deck and commanded the Captain to send the sailors to carry it away.

Sixteen stalwart fellows came aft and suddenly seized on the men and bound their arms and legs. I then told them what I intended to do, ordering the men at the same time to the women below. Their execrations and implorings for the girls who were their relatives, I would not listen to, but I had them put in a boat and sent ashore. They were unbound and let loose. The boat returned to the brig and we set sail for France.

The girls did nothing but sob and weep for a day or two but I soon brought them to their senses. Immediately after setting their companions ashore I went into the cabin, and bringing Ibzaidu and Mary out of their hiding places, I introduced them to the company.

When supper was served they all refused to sit at the table and eat. But I told them if they did not comply with all my wishes that I would hand them over to the sailors to be used by them as they chose. This had its effect on them and they seated themselves at the table.

I rang a bell and two of the handsomest women belonging to the sailors entered stark naked, as I had ordered them to wait on the table.

The Spanish girls were all about to rise up, but putting on a fierce aspect, I threatened them the first who should rise should be passed forward to the men. This had effect on them and they sat still.

Whilst the servant was pouring out the coffee I arose and went to the side-table as if to fetch something, but in reality to pour a few drops of a certain liquid into each cup of coffee.

The quantity put in each cup was enough to set any woman's amorous and licentious desires on fire.

They all drank their coffee and in about half-an-hour the effect was very visible, as all the coyness of modesty had disappeared and they languishingly cast their lascivious glances at me, joking the servant-girls on their nudity, and whenever they

came in reach of them, pinching, slapping them, etc., so great was the effect produced by the drug I put in the coffee.

When the supper was over and the tables were cleared, I commenced playing and tussling with them. Rolling them about on the floor and playing them a thousand amorous tricks which they repaid with interest – throwing me on floor, falling in a heap on top of me while I would catch a kiss from them, squeeze a fine bubby, slide my hand along a thigh, or slip it up under their petticoats and grasp a large calf or a well-turned knee. I ordered in some wine of a very strong quality, well drugged with the love-potion.

I plied them with the wine of which they drank very freely and in a couple of hours all reserve and modesty had left them.

I took the Senora – the wife I had seduced at the hotel and whose husband I had set ashore with the others – on one side and invited her to step into one of the staterooms with me, I then asked her if she could forgive me for robbing her from her old cuckold of a husband. She threw herself into my arms and with a fervent embrace and kiss sealed my pardon with her lips.

(To be continued.)

It has without doubt been Truscott's ambition
To get the new Temple Bar in position.
He thought of it by day, dreamt of it by night,
And one morning woke in a terrible fright.
"I dreamt, my dear love, that this thing came to pass,
That the public had shoved Temple Bar up my arse;
That they greeted me loudly with hisses and calls
And the dragon grew lively and bit off my balls."

AN UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.

Miss Jones, whose father was a wealthy alderman, and thought nobody but a rich city man was good enough for his daughter, took the precaution to allow young Brown to get her in the family way.

When the youngster was about three months on the road she one morning appealed to her papa to sanction their engagement and she asked for a speedy marriage:

"Egad! Do you think I'll ever have that penniless puppy?"

"Oh, oh, Papa! But the puppy's had me and there's a baby coming!" sobbed Miss Jones, covering her crimson face with her hands.

"Well, I'm buggered!" exclaimed the alderman.

"Father! Father! Don't say that; we're such an unfortunate family!"

HOAR FROST.

A Yankee travelling on the London and North Eastern Railway the other day, had for his vis-a-vis a gentleman who had lost his nose. The disfigured countenance so fascinated his gaze that at last his fellow-passenger, getting impatient at what he

considered an impertinence, exclaimed in a rage: "Really, sir, you are very rude and insulting to look at me so! Did you ever see a person before who had had the misfortune to have his nose frost-bitten?"

The Yankee apologized for his seeming want of manners, and reassured the annoyed person by informing him that he was going to alight at the next station. However, after leaving the train he continued to walk up and down the station-platform in seeming thought, till just as the train was on the move, his curiosity again came over him and thrusting his head through the carriage window with a meaning grin on his face, he said: "I guess, stranger, that must have been a darn sharp Hoar Frost!"

Lord E. T-e, when a youth, asked his mother the following question: "Mama dear," said he, "what is the meaning of the word bugger?"

"Bugger, my child? Why do you ask?"

"Because I heard my tutor call the coachman a damned bugger."

"Well, my child," replied the Marchioness, "a bugger is a person who does his fellow an injury behind his back."

—Cough.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TALE OR MAY'S ACCOUNT OF HER INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF LOVE.

From an unsophisticated Manuscript found amongst the old lady's papers, after her death, supposed to have been written about A.D. 1797.

CHAPTER II.

KATE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED; THE VOYAGE;
CAPTAIN LEMBERG AND HIS NIECE HILDA

I need not tell you that after all reserve was laid aside amongst us we certainly enjoyed ourselves amazingly.

Carle and the Captain seemed to delight in fucking us turn and turn about, but everything was done openly and by general consent.

The books and pictures were freely used and we tried to act the scenes depicted or described.

The Captain would lay Hilda on her back across the table. Then, placing me over her so that her face was between my thighs while my feet rested on the floor, he would produce his prick, and Hilda looking up, would pop it into her cunt and hold it while he fucked.

Carle would beat the other side of the table between Hilda's uplifted thighs, while I, stooping forward, would take his prick and stick it into her open cunt and then handle his bottom and balls. The Captain leaning over my back would watch the operation with great interest, and, waiting until Carle's prick was all absorbed within the hairy lips, would cry:

"Now, old fellow, let us make a fair start! Draw out first, and when I say one, push."

"ONE."— The two bottoms heaved, driving the two pricks into the deep recesses of our cunts.

"TWO."— Another energetic shove, making our breasts and bellies rub together.

"THREE."— A vehement push; the Captain's belly smacked against my bottom, and Carle's balls banged against Hilda's rump.

"FOUR."— The two excited pricks rushed with delicious force into our throbbing cunts, making us bound to meet them.

"FIVE."— We felt the pricks rammed home, they seemed to reach our very hearts.

"SIX."— A flood of boiling seed burst into our cunts and filled our reservoirs so that they overflowed and the hot sperm poured out, saturating pricks, ballocks, and cunts in love's sweet juice.

The next time that Hilda and I were alone she pointed to some whipping scenes among the pictures and suggested that we should make a trial of the boasted efficacy of the birch rod in producing emotion.

"But where shall we get a rod on board ship?" I asked.

She at once replied: "Oh, I know where there is a broom without a handle. I can easily abstract some of the twigs and tie up a rod with enough for our purpose."

So, that evening, when I was in my nightdress, Hilda came into my cabin and showed me a rod which she had prepared and neatly tied with ribbon.

I was a little frightened at the sight of it and said:

"Won't it hurt?"

"Oh, it may a little at first, but when one begins to get the feel, the pain will be turned into pleasure. However, begin with me, I am not afraid."

She then placed herself on the sofa with her naked bottom up, and making me tuck up my shift, she put her arm round my hip and told me to whip away.

I touched up her beautiful white posteriors while she played with my cunt.

"You may hit harder than that, Kate," she said, wriggling her bottom about.

I began to enter into the sport and struck her so smartly that the cheeks of her bottom assumed a rosy hue like two blooming apples.

"Oh," she cried, as she rolled over, "my cunt is on fire – put your finger into it, Kate. How I would enjoy being fucked now. How I wish Carle was here."

"Well, you have your wish," he said, as he stepped in quite naked and holding in his hand his fine red-headed prick in stiff erection.

He seized her round the waist and making her stoop forward he plunged his prick into her cunt from behind.

"Stay a moment, Carle," she said. "Kate is to get her whipping now, and lest you should cover it with your hands let me tie them here."

And without asking my leave she secured my wrists and tied them firmly to the legs of the sofa, and then to keep my legs apart, she tied my ankles, too. I did not quite like my position but as I was helpless I only said:

"Remember, you must stop when I tell you."

Then she leaned forward and Carle introduced his prick into her cunt from behind.

They both laughed while she played away at my poor innocent bum. At first I tried to bear it as patiently as I could but Carle became more energetic in his strokes, and she imported more force to her blows. At last I said: "I say – Hilda – stop! Hilda, you wretch, what do you mean? You cruel girl, let me up, you are torturing me!"

My whole bottom felt in a flame. I made frantic efforts to release my hands and I began to sob. Just then she fell forward, and Carle pressing against her bottom discharged into her cunt. Then, coming to me, she untied my hands and laying her cheek against mine, said: "Forgive me, dear Kate, I was so excited. I am just burning!"

"Oh, Hilda, you cruel girl, how could you? Oh, I am hot; I am just burning!"

"Where are you so hot, darling Kate?"

And I felt a hand slip up between my thighs and press the lips of my cunt. Looking up I saw the Captain's good-humoured cheery face.

"Never mind, Kate, we will punish her for this. Let me give you what relief I can."

Then, gently separating my thighs he pushed in his prick while Hilda kissed away my tears. The soft head of his prick had a most soothing effect on the terribly excited folds of my cunt and as it gradually passed up I forgot the pain of the whipping in the intensely amorous excitement I now experienced. I never felt anything more delicious than the sweet friction of the Captain's cock in my fevered cunt; it made every nerve thrill again with pleasure.

"Does not that repay you?" Hilda whispered.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "Push it in; drive it home, fuck me – fuck me. Oh, fuck – fuck – fuck!"

The Captain now declared that Hilda ought to be well whipped for her cruel treatment of my poor bottom.

"Very well," said Carle, "but as I am the real offender I will bear it in her place."

So putting the rod into my hand he leaned over the berth and stuck out his great fleshy rump, while Hilda sat below him, holding his prick and sucking it in her mouth.

"Now, Kate," said the Captain, "lay it on strongly; don't spare his impudent backside, hit him, hit him hard! Don't mind, he used to be flogged every day at school!"

I whipped away and soon his bottom began to glow, his balls were tightened up and his prick swelled and stiffened. He heaved gently so as to work it in and out of her mouth and then with a tremendous "Oh!" he spurted his seed down her throat.

Now, sweet May, that must do for the present. Good night, my love, good night.

CHAPTER V KATE'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

Before I resume Kate's narrative I must tell something that happened to myself the following night.

Kate was later than usual in coming and when she did I was in bed, my lamp out and the room quite dark. When she got into bed she put her hand on my cunt, and asked if I had ever any longing for a prick now. I told her I had but that I was waiting for my lover to come and then I should have plenty of fucking.

"But would not any other prick do you as well as his," she asked, all the while frigging my cunt until she had it in a glow.

"Well, Kate, you have so excited my cunt with your finger that I could enjoy being fucked by most any prick."

"Well dear, your finger has done the same for me. Let us try to relieve each other and as the night is hot let us get outside the clothes. Come, lie over me."

And placing herself on the edge of the bed with her feet on the floor, she put me astride over her, my breast and belly resting on hers, and my bottom turned out. Then she threw her arms around me and thrusting her tongue in my mouth held me firm. I felt something touch my bottom and then a soft round stiff thing poked against my cunt. I spluttered "Let me up, Kate, I am sure there is someone behind us."

"Nonsense," said Kate, "it is only your own overheated imaginative mind."

"I tell you it is no imagination. Oh! – it is pushing in – let me up – there is someone fucking me. Oh, Kate, I feel his prick, my cunt is filled with it, do let me up."

But she held me tighter than ever.

"Don't be foolish, keep your bottom quiet. It is only my finger."

"No, it is a prick, I feel its head – in – ever so far. Oh!"

"What is it doing?"

"It is fucking, fucking, fucking, fucking. Oh, there the feeling comes, how delicious!" And I lay motionless on her bosom. Then the prick was suddenly drawn out and must have been thrust into her for I felt a belly with hair on rubbing against my bottom as the prick was worked in and out.

Then a pair of strong arms clasped us both together and after holding us for a moment, quickly withdrew.

After we had returned to our usual places in the bed I asked: "Who was it, Kate?"

"Oh, never mind, let me go on with my story."

"Both the Captain and the mate had good voices and they sometimes sang for us when taking their grog in the evening.

"Our custom was to sit reclining on the broad stern locker which was well covered with cushions. Carle was generally between Hilda and me, and with a hand on each of our cunts. I would be occupied petting his prick and balls while she would be similarly engaged with the Captain. The latter while sipping his grog

would strike up one of his favourite ditties in a bold rollicking tone, and Carle would quickly follow suit. After which there would be a general fuck such as I have already described.

"I only remember two of their songs, which I will repeat you as specimens if you like."

"Do please, I would like to hear them."

THE CAPTAIN'S SONG.

I care not what squeamish lovers may say,
The maiden that best suits my mind
Is the sweet girl that will meet me half way;
And while she is free, be as kind.
With her rich beauties I never am cloyed,
Fresh pleasures I find at her side;
I don't love her less because she's enjoyed
By many another beside.

Shall I try to describe all her merit,
I feel that I'd never have done;
She is brimful of sweetness and spirit,
And sparkles with freedom and fun.
It is bliss then to hold her and win her,
She never proves peevish or coy;
But the farther and deeper I'm in her
The fuller she fills me with joy.

She opens her thighs without fear or dread,
She points to her sweet little crack,
Its lips are so red, and all overspread
With hair of the glossiest black.
Reclined on her breast, and clasped in her arms,
With her my soft moments I spend;
And revel the more in her melting charms,
Because they are shared with a friend.

THE MATE'S SONG.

My Jamie is a lover gay,
He is so very funny.
When last we met to sport and play,
He took me by the cunny.
Then drawing out his sturdy prick,
Right in my hand he placed it,
And said 'twould be a jolly trick,
If in my mouth I'd taste it.

I kissed its bright and rosy head,
And then began to suck it;
He felt about my cunt, and said,
He wanted now to fuck it.
Down on the bed he laid me,
With bursting balls, and prick's round head,
Love's sweetest debt he paid me.

Let maidens of a tim'rous mind
Refuse what most they're wanting;
Since we for fucking were designed,
We surely should be granting.
So when your lover feels your cunt,
Do not be coy, nor grieve him;
But spread your thighs and heave your front,
For fucking is like heaven.

When Kate had repeated these songs she asked me what I thought of them.

I told her they were excellent, especially the mate's, and that I certainly should learn that one and sing it to Mr. Trevor. Kate then continued her narrative:

I ought to tell you that during our voyage my maid Nina had not been idle. She attended me every morning to assist in giving me a sponge-bath and in dressing me. She amused me by the recital of her adventures with the sailors who coaxed her to come to them at night in their hammocks. She said fucking in that position was quite new.

She had an adventure which I must repeat to you. Our passengers were a sailor, Jim Murphy, sent home on sick-leave, his wife and her daughter Jenny, a buxom damsel about twenty.

Now, Mrs. Murphy kept a sharp look-out on Jenny, with whom the boatswain soon fell in love, and he tried to find opportunities of being alone with her to press his suit, or in plain language, to get a fuck out of her.

Mrs. Murphy had at times to be in her husband's cabin to give him medicine or attend to his wants, so she told Nina in her absence never to leave Jenny alone with the boatswain. Nina faithfully promised and kept her word in the following manner.

One evening Mrs. Murphy was sent for to attend to her husband and the moment she was out of sight the boatswain came and sat down by the side of Jenny and Nina and asked Jenny to sew a button on his shirt.

"Yes," said Jenny.

"Then come to my cabin and I will give it to you."

Nina said: "Yes, Jenny, we will both go."

So all three went into the boatswain's little cabin and Nina said: "Now if you want to show Jenny your prick Mr. Boatswain, now's your chance, and I will unbutton your breeches for you." And suiting the action to the word she did so, and released his noble pego from prison. His swelling head stood proudly erect, and Nina, taking hold of it, said: "Look, Miss Jenny, here's a noble plaything for you to put in your cunt."

Jenny blushed scarlet all over neck and face, and said: "Oh, for shame, Nina, to talk about such names!"

BOATSWAIN.— "Well said, Nina! You know a thing or two and pretty Jenny here will soon know how pleasant it is to make love. Come sit on my knee, darling, and give me a kiss before your mother comes back. You know, I want to make you my wife if you will marry me as soon as we get ashore. And then I have a nice little house of my own we can live in. Give me a kiss and sit on my knee, there's a darling."

Jenny did both and the boatswain made her grasp his prick with one of her hands while one of his own quickly slipped under her dress and touched her knee. Jenny called out, "Don't, don't," but the hand goes further up until the bower of bliss is reached and one finger gently intrudes and tickles her slit.

"Say yes, darling Jenny, and I swear to marry you and to give you a silk dress and a home of your own. For I am very sure your mother is cross to you."

JENNY.— "Yes, that is true, she is cross, but I'm afraid."

NINA.— "Now Jenny don't be a fool! Do you expect to get a better husband than the boatswain who earns more than a pound a week? You do all he asks and I will be a witness for fair play! You will find it most delicious to have his sugar-stick stirring you up – you will like it so much that you will ask for it afterwards."

"But will you be certain to marry me, Mr. Boatswain?"

"Yes, by the Holy Virgin, I will, as soon as ever we get on shore and can find a priest to marry us."

"I should like a house of my own and to live away from mother, for she is very cross at all times."

"Then that is all settled, darling Jenny! I consider you my wife; and now I will teach you a wife's duty. Lay down on my bed here, dear Jenny, I suppose you know a wife and husband occupy one bed?"

JENNY.— "Yes."

BOATSWAIN.— "Now, Nina, keep watch at the door. There now, my prick is getting into Jenny's cunt. Oh, it's heavenly! Why, Jenny, what is the meaning of this? Where's your maidenhead?"

"Oh, the priest took that when I had my first communion. Mother knows all about that."

"Well, I'm going to have a good fuck now."

And Nina said it was half-an-hour before he left off and she saw Mrs. Murphy coming. I went into the boatswain's cabin and Mrs. Murphy followed me and saw him fucking her daughter. "

"Oh, you villain, you dirty blackguard!" she exclaimed: "you have ruined my daughter, my precious Jenny! Stop your fucking this minute," trying to pull him off and turning to, me: "As to you, you promised to keep a close watch over Jenny, you wretch!" And she gave Jenny a look and Nina a blow on the shoulder with her fist that stretched her on the floor.

(To be continued.)

FLUNKEYANIA; OR BELGRAVIAN MORALS.

BY CHARLES.

CHAPTER III.

It may seem an extraordinary circumstance to some of my readers, and did not at first seem natural to me, that a spoony girl, such as Justine, should not only have not felt jealous at the prospect of a liaison between her mistress and myself, but should even do her best to foster and encourage it. But moments of reflection will, I think, serve to dispel partially, if not entirely, the idea of there being anything peculiarly uncommon about the matter.

In the first place, Justine regarded the Countess of Pomeroy as quite a superior being, so far above her as to render anything like rivalry out of the question. Moreover, in a certain way, she perfectly adored her and regarded everything Her Ladyship did as right.

Then again, the shrewd girl had sense enough to know that neither she nor I had any money to speak about, and that if we left the Countess under Her Ladyship's displeasure, we were neither likely to get any other situations. Whereas, if we were serviceable to my Lady, especially in the way of amours or secret fancies, our devotion and faithful attachment would very likely be rewarded in our ultimate marriage and an establishment in the shape of a good shop or perchance a fine boarding-house where we hoped not only to reap substantial profits but get an occasional cut in with our superiors, as we ministered to their lecherous appetites by favouring assignations for amorous dalliance.

These ideas floated through my brain as I dressed myself with more than usual care to attend upon my Lady. Adding, however, to my reflections a pretty strong conjecture that if my dear little soubrette were to catch me visiting anybody but her Lady with such ideas in my head – say Sophie, the pretty chambermaid for instance, the young woman's cheeks and my hair and even a more sensitive part would most likely come to grief.

These meditations brought me to the door of my Lady's dressing-room where Justine admitted me, and I found my noble mistress lying on her sofa, attired in a most graceful dishabille, dressed in a morning-robe of light blue silk so negligently open at the front that I could see the orbs of love, whilst one beautiful leg, hanging carelessly over the side of the sofa, as she reached sideways, displayed to my gaze a

ravishing calf, ankle, and tiny foot encased in pink silk stockings and Turkish slippers, for she did not intend to appear at the dinner-table that day.

She looked rather pale and languid but my entrance caused a slight perceptible flush to pass over her beautiful features and I also perceived an increase of palpitation on the part of those ivory bosoms as she seemed to draw a long breath before addressing me. She began by saying:

"Justine has told me, Ernest, that you have promised to be true and faithful and to keep secret my clandestine interview with Miss Courtney today; I have a particular wish that it should not be known." Here she slightly coloured again. Then she continued:

"May I depend on you faithfully?"

With this she extended her white hand to me which I kissed with as much devotion as if it had been a Queen's, indeed I should say with a great deal more. This did not seem to cause her any displeasure, for she remarked that it seemed on my part an act of homage, devoting my service.

To this I replied that if kissing her feet could better express my devotion I should be happy to do so.

As she smiled at this and did not object, I took silence for consent and proceeded to kiss her lovely foot and ankle and, well – perhaps a little higher. At any rate, my lady readers must form their own opinion from the Countess's saying to me, half laughingly:

"I perceive, Master Ernest, you are one of those greedy people who, when given an inch, must take it all."

"My Lady, I would rather give you all than take an inch," I exclaimed, to which she replied:

"If this kind of thing goes on you must submit to have your eyes bandaged! Justine, bandage his eyes with your handkerchief!"

Now, the truth of the matter is I was grossly infringing on my tacitly permitted privilege of foot-kissing, having slightly raised the blue silk robe, till I found she was minus underskirt or drawers and I almost saw the heaven of love itself while my bursting pego felt the soft slippered foot gently pressing upon it, but as Justine seemed in no hurry to obey the cruel order of her Lady – indeed, I strongly suspect that her binding would not have been effectual – I availed myself of the delay to beseech the Countess in the most devotedly affectionate terms that I could use

consistent with respect, not to be so cruel, that as I had already been partially admitted to the gate of paradise, it was very great severity to deprive me of a glimpse of it, with some more extravagant nonsense to the same effect which seemed to amuse Justine amazingly, and actually did not seem to displease Her Ladyship, for she said something, if I recollect rightly (for I was very far from being in a condition to pay correct attention to what was said) about my being a foolish boy, but that as I had vowed myself to secrecy and her interests, and as it would be an insult to offer me money – why, why I must choose my own reward!

At least I know if I have not exactly reported my Lady's words, that was the practical termination of her speech; indeed I fear I took advantage of the kind tendency of her words before she had quite brought them to an end.

My fingers had already got possession of her clitoris and were revelling in the juicy moisture with which the vermilion lips of her aristocratic crack was already bedewed in anticipation of the fresh bit of meat it was her intention to devour. The effect was electrical. Justine had guessed the propitious moment and her busy fingers let loose the engine of love from the restraint of my breeches. With a bound I threw myself on Her Ladyship as I raised or opened the robe which had hitherto presented a slight obstacle to my view. Her legs mechanically opened and I was in paradise, Justine keeping her fingers busy titillating the parts in conjunction, as she knelt by the side of the sofa, and really seemed to enjoy the sight of our transports. And what was my astonishment when, after three emissions I withdrew exhausted for the moment, to see the soubrette bury her face between the thighs of her mistress and greedily suck from the love-spot all that her tongue could lick up of the mingled sperm which oozed from that delicious aperture. It was a scene of voluptuous enjoyment such as my youthful ideas had not previously entertained.

The ice fairly broken, all ceremony (except outward form) was at an end. But these it was of course highly necessary to observe, if possible, with more strictness than before, so that in the course of an hour or so I was sent with an order to the housekeeper to provide something light and delicate for her Lady, who was an invalid and would not dine at the family table. This of course was promptly supplied but I was sorry to observe (for I was retained to wait on Her Ladyship,) that the order had been so literally observed that the Countess, who was really only languid and no invalid at all, actually required nourishment and was likely to come off second best under this sick-room regimen.

I suggested this at once to Justine, who perceived the error made and volunteered to supply the deficiency. She showed herself a capital forager, for she returned speedily, bringing not only several dainties herself, but also accompanied by one of the under-footmen who bore a tray containing a capital supper with a bottle or two of wine.

This, the clever girl asserted, had been ordered by the Countess for her two attendants who were, after their duties were over, to have supper in the anteroom.

By this manoeuvre the Countess obtained the supper she absolutely required, but there was also plenty left over for Justine and myself, when (Her Ladyship having concluded her repast) we sat down to enjoy it in the anteroom.

I mention this little circumstance to show how familiarity was cemented and kept up between the Countess and us two, her special servants. Indeed, she expressed herself warmly on the subject to me for suggesting the idea and to Justine for executing it. There was yet another cause for mutual congratulation and it was this.

What our beloved, but supposed to be invalid, Lady would have done on a wing of chicken, some jelly and the ghost of a glass of wine and water, I cannot tell, and shudder to think of, but I think we all three congratulated ourselves upon the effect produced by such condiments as tongue, potted meats, to say nothing of two or three bottles of good wine.

The colour returned to my Lady's pale cheeks, her languor gave way to vivacity and high spirits, and her eyes sparkled with the combined fire of passion and champagne. Justine exhibited similar symptoms in a modified degree while I, thanks to my youth, strength and strong constitution, felt as if nothing particular had happened.

I had reason to bless my stars that I had partaken of a good supper, for after a little laughing talk, the Countess dispatched Justine to my room with orders to lock the door and bring her the key, exclaiming: "Now, Ernest, where do you suppose you are to pass the night?"

Under any other circumstances this might have been a puzzling question, but as Her Ladyship asked it, flung herself upon my knee and began kissing and hugging and fondling me in a style more becoming to her passion than her rank as a Countess, her question answered itself or rather her behaviour supplied an answer to it.

Not that I was ungrateful, however, for these proofs of endearment, far from it; on the contrary, I reciprocated them with all my heart and soul and repaid them with interest both physically and mentally. So that when Justine arrived with my bedroom key she was not at all surprised to receive an order to prepare her mistress for bed, to prepare another for herself in the anteroom and to call me at five o'clock in the morning, before any of the household were up. However, as the Earl was absent on a visit to the Duke of Dashwood, and nobody else had claim on my services, there was little fear of my being wanted or of any exposure consequent thereon.

I rather suspect that putting the Countess to bed was a longer business than usual, and I am afraid that Justine found me a nuisance rather than otherwise, for I was so proud of my newly invested privileges and other important offices, which I considered myself entitled to, that I insisted on acting the part of a chambermaid to a somewhat indefensible extent. And the beauty of it (in every sense of the word) was that the Countess rather backed me up in my vagaries than otherwise, until at last Justine lost all patience and vowed that if I did not retire into the anteroom and leave her alone with her mistress for a few minutes, I should go back to my own room as I deserved.

"Now, she's jealous, throw her on the bed, Ernest," ordered the Countess, "and do her over at once. I shall be delighted to see two such handsome persons playing the Adam and Eve game: besides, I've got a little tickler here to increase the fun and add to our enjoyment."

My affair was again in prime condition. So, throwing Justine over the edge of the bed I was into her in a moment. "Ah! ah! oh! Pray don't, my Lady!" I called out almost in a scream, as one, two, three slashing cuts of a heavy birch rod warmed my bottom behind. Justine held me to herself like a vice and I could hear the Countess laugh as she plied the merciless rod, till presently such a beautiful glowing sensation added to an extraordinary bursting stiffness in my piston-rod, drowned all sense of pain as I shot such a profuse emission into my sweetheart that I almost fainted from excess of emotion.

And here it was my intention to draw the veil, or more correctly speaking, to drop the curtain and to balk the necessity of my friends by giving no further record of the proceedings of that delicious night; but I think in common gratitude to my beautiful Lady Pomeroy I ought to acknowledge that I was in a state of exquisite bliss and I may say with vanity that my lovely companion owned to something very like that enviable state herself.

We were both a little *too* happy, for when Justine came to call me in the morning I was almost exhausted. And the faithful girl could only rouse me by insisting that her mistress was faint, that I must leave the room while she administered restoratives.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD DILDOE.
Tune— "The Mistletoe Bough."

The beds were all made in the bawdy house fine,
And the whores were rejoicing in gin and wine;
And the old bawd herself, dressed out so gay,
Was making them drunk on Xmas day.
And there was "Peg Watkins" the brothel's delight,
Got lewd on a cove, as was there that night.
And said she to herself: "If I don't have a go.
I'll content myself with the old Dildoe."

Chorus— Oh! the old Dildoe, oh, the old whore's Dildoe.

"Oh! I am weary of lashing," Peg now did cry,
"Come upstairs with me Joey, and let's have a shie."
But Joey determined to stick to the gin,
And wouldn't leave his liquor to have put in.
And Peg cursed him and told him to go to hell;
But drunk as a fart, from the chair he fell.
So away she ran with her blood in a glow;
Determined to try the old Dildoe.

Chorus— Oh! the old Dildoe, oh! the old whore's Dildoe.

To the old bawd's bedroom at once she went,
To seize upon the implement.
She looked in the cupboard, she looked in the pot,
She searched high and low but found it not.
She rushed to the couch, she searched the bed,
Underneath the pillow she spied its head.
She seized it and cried: "Full well I know,
Far better than Joe's the old Dildoe."

Chorus— Oh! the old Dildoe, oh, the old whore's Dildoe.

She flew with the treasure into her room
(Its size was the handle of a broom).
Oh! what ecstatic moments she passed there,
As she threw up her legs on the back of a chair.
Through each vein in her body the fire lurked,

Surely and quickly the engine worked;
Face her, back her, stop her no! no!
Faster and faster flew the old Dildoe.

Chorus– Oh! the old Dildoe, oh! the old whore's Dildoe.

Minutes soon passed and the hours flew by,
When there suddenly came a fearful cry,
Which was followed at once by a fearful scream,
Which awoke the whores from their drunken dream.
They all jumped up in a hell of a fright,
In an empty gin-bottle they stuck a light;
And the old whore herself away did go
To look after the safety of the old Dildoe.

Chorus– Oh! the old Dildoe, oh! the old whore's Dildoe.

But the old whore very soon did return
With a look of agony and deep concern;
For her heart was filled with dire remorse,
As she told the whores of her fearful loss;
She questioned them all and implored them to tell,
Where the treasure had gone that she loved so well;
When one of them said: "I think I know,
Peg Watkins is using your old Dildoe."

Chorus– Oh! the old Dildoe, oh! the old whore's Dildoe.

Away they all flew to Peggy's room.
But, ho! 'twas filled with smoke and fume,
And a terrible stench came forth from the bed,
Where poor Peggy lay all burnt and dead.
Sad, sad, was her fate, when, instead of a fuck,
With the old Dildoe she had tried her luck;
And when at the short digs she so hard did go,
It caught fire with the friction – the old Dildoe.

Chorus– Oh! the old Dildoe, oh! the old whore's Dildoe.

An old and favoured servant of two maiden ladies had been frequently reprimanded by them for his free behaviour with the female servants. Caught one day in *flagrante delicto*, he was summoned to their presence, and while the girl was sacked, he was told that if he did not do better and turn over a new leaf, much as they valued him – his next escapade would be the last. He promised amendment and matters went on very well for a time. One evening, he was not to be found when wanted, and on a search being made, was discovered in the beer-cellar, bugging the page boy.

"How now," he was asked, "is this your amendment? You promised to turn over a new leaf."

"So I have" said he, "only I have begun at the bottom of the page!"

History does not give the conclusion of the matter.

LADY POKINGHAM, OR THEY ALL DO IT;

*Giving an Account of her Luxurious Adventures, both before
and after her Marriage with Lord Crim-Con*

PART VI.

(Concluded.)

Description fails me in endeavouring to picture the excessive voluptuousness of this conjunction, trio in uno. My profuse spendings so lubricated their pricks that they were soon quite comfortably rubbing together up and down, up and down inside my delighted cunt, and then: "Ah! Oh! Oh! I spend! I die in ecstasy! Where am I? Ah! heavens! Oh! God, what bliss!" That is how I screamed out and then almost fainted from excess of emotion, only to awaken directly to find them also in the frenzy of their emission.

The excitement was so great that my champions retained their stiffness and kept their place whilst the girls, not to be outdone, jumped up on the bed, and Patty, turning her bottom to my face, buried Sam's face between her thighs as she pressed her cunt to his mouth for a gamahuche; Annie straddling and lying over her to present her cunt and bottom to my lascivious tongue, which did not fail to seize the opportunity to revel both in her cunt and little wrinkled pink bum-hole.

This went on until sheer exhaustion compelled us to separate, and how I hugged and kissed them all, when at last I let them retire to their respective rooms.

Next day I was very ill and the day after that a medical man had to be called in, Patty going by my express desire to a doctor with very limited practice whom I thought would not be exhausted by his lady patients.

As soon as he arrived my servants all retired and left us alone.

"My dear lady," said Mr. Loveshaft, "what has brought you to this state of unnaturally prostrating excitement? Tell me all. Don't keep anything back if you wish me to do you any good."

"Oh, Doctor," I replied in a whisper, "pray, put out the light, the fire is quite enough to see by, and put out your ears close to my lips. I can only whisper my confession, and don't want you to see my blushes."

This was done and his face was close to mine when I threw my arms nervously round his neck and drew his face to my feverish lips and I kissed him more wantonly, saying:

"I want love; there's no one to love me. Oh! Oh! Fuck me first and physic me afterwards. I know you must be a gallant man, and mine's a real case of nymphomania!"

Whilst one hand still held him in a most amorous embrace, the other wandered to his prick, which my impassioned appeal had brought to a sense of its duty in a moment. What a fine fellow he was too, both long and thick, as opening his trousers without resistance he let me take it.

"Throw off your clothes, there's a love of a man, and let me have this first, and the medicine afterwards," I exclaimed, thrusting my tongue into his mouth.

He was a most amiable doctor and it was nearly an hour before the consultation was over.

I rapidly declined after this and in spite of the doctor's unremitting attentions, both to my health as well as my cunt, I grew worse and worse and had to be sent to Madeira for the winter. So I shall conclude my long tale with my adventure on shipboard on the voyage out.

My housekeeper, whom I shall call Miss Prude, went with me as a companion. We had arranged to have a fine large state-cabin in the stern of the steamer, with sleeping beds, or more strictly speaking, berths for four, as I engaged Patty and Annie to accompany us as servants. At any rate, Miss Prude thought so, but I had a deep design to seduce that virtuous young lady in spite of herself. So, by a little bribery, Annie was induced to stay behind and let my dear Charlie take her place in female attire.

As you journey to Southampton at night, we embarked at a very early hour before daylight, my companion being with me in a first-class carriage whilst the servants travelled in another part of the train and looked after the shipment of our luggage. Miss Prude never for a moment suspected the change while she and I retired to our berths as soon as we got on board, leaving everything to the girls.

For the first two days sea-sickness quite prostrated us all, especially my companion, but on the third day she was quite lively and the supposed Annie kept as much as possible out of sight till we all retired to rest. The servants had got into their berths and appeared to be asleep. Miss Prude and myself were both undressed and sitting side by side on the ottoman. I asked her to put out the lamp and as she did so I put my arm around her waist and drew her gently down by my side.

"Isn't it lovely now we've got over the sickness? What a beautiful sensation the motion of the vessel gives. Oh, if you were but a nice young man now, my dear!" I said kissing her most amorously and thrusting my tongue into her mouth whilst one of my hands wandered under her nightdress and invaded all those delicious hairy parts, so sacred to virginity.

"Oh, for shame, my Lady! How can you be so rude?" she exclaimed in a loud whisper.

Still I found she did not repulse me and from the heaving of her bosom she was evidently in considerable confusion.

"What is your Christian name, darling? Miss Prude is so cold," I asked, between my lascivious kisses.

"Selina, but pray, don't, my Lady!" she said almost with a sigh as my fingers found out her little clitoris between the pouting lips which her yielding legs had allowed me to titillate.

"What a love of a name; Selina! and you must call me Beatrice, will you – there's a darling? And we must sleep together in the same berth, there's room for both. I must kiss you all over to prove my love – even there, darling," I said, indicating her pussey with my finger, which was on the spot at the time, "and you shall do the same to me. Or, if you don't like, you shall see how Patty loves to kiss my crack. Ah! Ah! you'll soon learn Selina, to know what is nice, even if it seems horribly rude to think of."

"Did you never guess, my dear," I continued, "why some girls are so awfully fond of each other? Well, I will tell you – it is because they are in the habit of procuring from each other all those forbidden joys which married people alone are supposed to enjoy."

She was all atremble. My fingers were fairly buried in her slit, as far as they would go, and making her spend deliciously.

"Oh! Oh! I must suck it, every pearly drop that distills from your virgin recess is worth its weight in diamonds!" I said excitedly, throwing her back at full length on the ottoman, whilst I fell on my knees between her yielding thighs and glued my lips to her cunt. My tongue revelled in that thick creamy emission which only real virgins give down, for when their love-juices have not secreted so long, they are far more creamy than the spending of a woman is after often being fucked or frigged.

She enjoyed it immensely. How she wriggled and twisted in the excess of her excitement.

At last I got up and woke Patty. Then returning to my ladylove, I whispered in her ear: "Selina, darling, I am going to give you a real taste of what a man is like. Patty is going to put on my dildo and fuck you with it, while she tickles my bottom-hole and you gamahuche my cunt. Won't that be a delightful conjunction, my love?"

"You frighten me, Beatrice dear. What is a dildo, will it hurt?" she whispered in a low tone.

"Exactly like a man's affair, Selina! And although it can shoot a delicious soothing emission into you at the ecstatic moment, there is no fear of getting in the family way," I softly replied. "Now Patty is ready; let me straddle over your face and present my cunny to your sweet lips for a sucking kiss. You will like it. It will excite you so, to the unmistakable joy the dildo will give when it once gets in," suiting the action to the word by placing myself over her.

Her blood was in a boil. She eagerly thrust her tongue into my longing cunt which almost instantly rewarded it by a copious spend which Selina seemed to relish as much as any epicurean gamahucher would have done; her legs lasciviously wide apart, which Master Charlie was not slow to avail himself of; the position in which I was over her effectually preventing the longing virgin from seeing the impending ruin.

Opening the lips of her spending cunt gently with his fingers, the fellow cunningly frigged her with the ruby head of his prick, until poor Selina got so excited that she began to bite me and wriggle about in such an extraordinary way, as well as moan and sob out: "Oh! Ah! shove, shove! Do push it in further, Patty dear! I feel I must have it. Oh! Oh! Ah-h! It hurts now! Pray, don't!" as he commenced to force the maidenhead in earnest. I pressed my cunt upon her mouth so that she could not scream and intensely enjoyed the pain we put her to; for she was awfully tight and Charlie was not to be denied. He pushed and rammed at her in lustful fury, spending, but still going on, till he got the whole of his manhood fairly into her sheath, then he rested for a few moments, making his prick throb in its tight receptacle till all sense of pain seemed to be lost to our victim; and the natural lubricity of her nature asserted itself once more, and answered with a wanton heave of her bottom to every thrust of her partner. There seemed no satisfying her greedy cunt, now it had once got a taste of the real thing.

At last we got off her, and lighted the lamps once again, let her see the dildo for herself and guess! How astonished she was to find it was real life, instead of a hateful substitute, but she forgave us for the deception which had afforded her such exquisite pleasure.

After refreshing our parts with cold water, she thoroughly enjoyed the sight of Charlie fucking the amorous Patty, and with her own hands handled his balls and tickled them as well as Patty's cunt during their encounter.

As we could not expect to have more than another two nights on board ship, I determined to make the best of the time, especially as I had a particular fancy for a good-looking youth in preference to men; and there were a couple of young middies on board I had quite fallen in love with as they had shown me many delicate attentions when I was so ill for the first few days.

A fine bright morning saw us on deck directly after breakfast.

"Good morning, my Lady," said young Simpson raising his cap with a knowing, wistful look.

"Come here, you impudent-looking boy," I laughed, and as he approached, said, in a whisper: "Can you keep a secret?"

"My bosom is as safe as an iron chest, if Your Ladyship has anything to confide," was the reply.

"I am going to leave you soon, you know, and would like to give you and young William a treat in my cabin tonight, if you can manage to come after all are retired and you are off duty then, I think."

"Yes," he replied, "from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M. and you may depend on us being very quiet."

Putting a finger to my lips as a sign of strict secrecy, I glided away from him and sat on the poop for the greater part of the day, looking at the water in a dream anticipation of the fun I hoped for at night.

I had made ample preparation for them and bribed the stewards not to take any notice if they heard noises in my cabin, as I was going to give a little party to two or three young lady passengers before going ashore at Funchal, the port of Madeira.

After supper, myself and companions lay down to rest in our clothes, leaving the lamps burning and the refreshments all ready to hand. After a while, when all was quiet, our cabin door opened softly and the two handsome boys in their best uniforms quietly saluted us as they entered, both of them kissing me before I could rise from the couch. The door was bolted by Patty, who laughingly told them to mind how they behaved, or they would get served out. In reply to which both of them caught her and kissed her in spite of her pretended resistance.

The middies were hungry and soon did ample justice to a game-pie washed down with several bumpers of champagne as they toasted us, from the servants to myself.

I drank glass for glass with them. My veins were on fire, consumed by my lustful longings to enjoy two such handsome youths, and as soon as they had finished their repast, I begged them to sit by my side on the ottoman. And just as Simpson was in the act of sitting down I drew him upon my lap, saying with a laugh:

"What a nice baby he was to nurse, what a pretty little dear; kiss its dear mama."

My lips met his in a long-drawn osculation which seemed to make him quiver all over with emotion as he lay on my bosom.

"Did you ever have a sweetheart, dear boy?" I asked.

"Yes; such a pretty girl at the Cape. I have rare fun with her when I go ashore."

"What! Are you impudent enough to take liberties with her?"

"Yes, she even let me get into bed with her."

"You impertinent little fellow to mention such a thing to me! Here, Miss Prude, and you girls, tie him up and pull down his breeches! I've got a tickler that will make his bottom smart for this!" I exclaimed, pushing him from me with great apparent disgust.

"What a lark! I should like to see them do it. Here, Peter old boy, help us or these girls will really master me," and he began to find himself rather overmatched.

A smile and a gesture from me only turned his chum Peter Williams to our side and it was fun to see how foolish he looked when he found himself really tied up to one of the berths and his breeches pulled down in spite of all he could do. How he blushed as they tucked up the tail of his shirt and exposed a very pretty white-skinned bum which was soon rosy enough under the hand-slapping he got from the whole party, thoroughly enjoying the joke.

"Stand aside, all of you," I said sternly, "and let me pay him the desserts for his impudence," advancing birch in hand.

He was a plucky little fellow and distained to cry out although I saw two or three big tears roll down his crimson face under my infliction, and I could also see that his cock was as stiff as a poker. He was released, and without even waiting to pull his breeches up, rushed forward to help us as we stretched his friend Peter on the

ottoman, and then by my direction he sat on his back, whilst I gleefully let him have a due share of the birch till he begged hard to be let off.

When they thought to adjust their clothes we all began to laugh and joke them about the beautiful red weals we could see, pulling up their shirt-tails and taking such liberties that in a short time they were quite undressed and we had two youths in a state of nature with standing pricks to look at.

"Well, I wouldn't give much for those toys of yours if that is all you have to show the girls!" I said laughingly, as I switched the parts indicated with my rod. "Why Annie here has a better cock than any of you. We'll all strip and you shall see."

This was the expected signal and all further restraint on our impulsive passions was thrown aside in a moment.

I think those two handsome middies had never really had a girl before and that I really took their maidenheads. In fact, I indulged in my letch for having two pricks in my cunt at once, whilst Charlie fucked Miss Prude before our eyes, till she had hysterics from excessive lubricity.

We kept it up till nearly five o'clock, fucking, gamahuching and indulging in every fancy we could think of. I even made Charlie get into my bottom with Simpson in him. Peter Williams also postillioning her companion with his prick in his fundament, whilst Miss Prude and Patty tickled and helped to excite us the very best way they could.

At last they were obliged to leave us and I may say that was the last lustful orgy I was ever able to indulge in, for my constitution broke down rapidly even during my stay at Madeira and I returned to England in the following May, since when, dear Walter, you have been my constant and loving attendant, and seen how rapidly this consumption is carrying me to my grave. Oh! I would that I had strength to do it once more and that you were my manly champion in that combat of bliss which I shall never taste again. Would to Heaven I might die in spending as I felt your very soul shoot into my vitals, but, alas! it cannot be! Still, if there is bliss in the world to be, I feel assured of an everlasting fuck.

Amen! I am unable to hold my pen any longer.

CONCLUSION.

SWEET POLLY.

Oh, do you remember sweet Polly, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Polly with a cunt soft and brown;
How she'd grin with delight when you gave her a quid,
And how quickly she'd fetch a prick down?
That girl has now gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
That soft, luscious quim is now dry;
And that lump of delight is now a bag of dry bones,
That wouldn't please you, Ben, or I.
Had she stuck to the Navy, I vow, Ben Bolt,
She'd alive be and kicking today;
But a bloody big soldier got round our poor girl,
And turned the poor mot into clay.
He gave her no coin, but he gave her the pox,
He whacked her while we were away;
He fucked her to death, and true to his set,
He often got in the back way.
Now she's gone dead, and he's off abroad,
And there the cuss had better stay;
For if he comes near me, my toe in his arse
Will remind him of his comrade's play.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN THOMAS.

Not a sound was heard, but the ottoman shook,
And my darling looked awfully worried,
As round her fair form I a firm hold took,
And John Thomas I silently buried.

We buried him deeply at dead of night,
The tails of our night-shirts upturning;
With struggling raptures and fits of delight,
The night-lights dimly burning.

No useless French Letters enclosed his crest,
For ne'er in such rubbish we bound him;

But he went like a warrior taking his test,
With naught but his fur coat around him.

Few and short were the sighs we gave,
Though we oftentimes groaned as in sorrow,
As at each stroke for the joy we'd rave,
Ne'er giving a thought for the morrow.

But as yet he had not nearly done,
And ne'er had a thought of retiring,
When suddenly to groan we again had begun
Through John Thomas silently firing.

And we thought, as he came from his narrow bed,
As lifeless and limp as a willow,
How lowly he hung down his diminished head,
And how gladly he'd rest on his pillow.

THE PEARL,

A Journal of Faceliae and Voluptuous Reading.

No. 16

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Oct, 1880

LA ROSE D'AMOUR.

*Or the Adventures of a Gentleman in search of Pleasure.
Translated from the French.*

I then asked her to undress, and told her that in a moment I would return to her. I went out and gave an order to Mary and returned, finding my mistress stripped to her shift.

I undressed, and taking off my shirt, gave her a kiss, and drew her shift over her head and we both stood naked. I opened the room-door and picking her up carried her into the cabin amongst the girls.

Isabel had by this time got drunk as well as the girls who had come on board with her. With what shouts of laughter did they receive us, tickling us, pinching us, slapping us against one another, catching at my genitals and pulling the hair that surmounted the notch of my mistress, patting our bare backsides, throwing us on the floor, putting us on top of each other, etc., whilst I would catch them, pull up their petticoats, pinch their buttocks, flap the head of my enormous machine against the lips of their hairy little slits, force it into their hands and make them play with it.

I caught one and with the help of Ibzaidu and my mistress soon stripped her naked, handing her clothes to Mary, whom I ordered with Ibzaidu to put away her clothes, and who were as naked as I, who locked them up in one of the rooms, and in a few minutes I had stripped the whole of them stark naked.

Oh! then what amorous, wanton tricks we sportively played each other, they tickling my large bags and stones, playing with my penis and rubbing it, I moulding their beautiful titties and with the tip of my finger tickling their cunts.

One little devil who could not have been over fourteen I made spend. What fun this was to the rest, to see her recline her head on my shoulder, spread apart her thighs, and gasp out her exclamations of delight. Her oh's and ah's and me's, as she gave down the generous fluid which ran down my fingers and wet my whole hand.

While I was thus with my finger frigging the dear little maid, Isabel had squatted herself down between my legs and had taken my pego in her mouth and was frigging me in that way. I did not notice it until the delicious creature who was reclining on my shoulder had done spending. But I felt that I too was about to spend, and trying to draw my penis from, her mouth, she clasped her hands around my buttocks and squeezed me up close to her mouth, till my stones and bags tingled against her chin and neck.

I exclaimed: "My God! Let go. I'm going to spend!"

But instead of doing so she hugged me still more and tickled its head with her tongue more and more.

The crisis seized me, the short convulsive jerks of my backside announce that the fluid is coming.

"I'm spending; here it is. Ah, my God! what pleasure! How exquisite! What bliss! Oh, God, quicker! Oh, bliss! Heavenly joy! I'm spending," and I fell to the floor fairly fainting away through excess of pleasure. My flesh quivered and danced, my whole body was in motion, as though attacked with St. Vitus' dance.

Never, no, never in the world was a man so frigged by woman. Never before did man experience such voluptuous pleasure. Never was there such bliss so heavenly, so ecstatic, imparted to man by woman, as I received from my mistress as I let flow the pearly liquid into her mouth. Never did the most exquisite sucking and friction of a cunt produce the same amount of such intense ecstasy as I felt when spending. As the pearly liquid spurted from me she placed her tongue on the head, rolling it over and over it, producing in me feelings of bliss so delicious as to throw me into convulsions of pleasure.

It was some time ere I recovered myself, and then it was through the teasings and ticklings of my lovely tormentors. I had a pallet made on the floor of the cabin from the beds in the staterooms, and putting the lights out, we lay down. I was in the arms of Isabel and soon well repaid her for the pleasure she had given just before.

Thrice did I spend into the most secret recesses of her notch the warm and generous fluid which acts so powerfully on women, and then composed myself for sleep.

After sleeping for I should judge about two hours, I was awakened by feeling someone rubbing and playing with my member, which was in fine standing order.

I found it was Isabel, who had her rump stuck close to the hollow of my thighs and was rubbing the head of my penis against her culo. She wet it every now and then and the sliding of it between her fat buttocks caused a most agreeable tingling sensation to pervade my whole corporeal system.

Wishing to aid her in her intentions, still pretending to be asleep, I aided her all in my power so far as regarded position, etc.

I clasped my arms around her waist and one thigh, which I lightly raised.

"Oh," she said, "you are awake and want more pleasure!"

I made no answer and guided the head of my prick to her little hole au derriere. I thrust forward but it would not penetrate. With her fingers she moistened its head with spittle and again placed it aright; but as it was an awkward position to lie in I rolled her on to her belly, placing a cushion under her to raise her rump high up. I opened her thighs, got between them and tried the back entrance. I forced it in. She squirmed and wriggled about gasping with pleasure and I could hardly keep in her.

Her wriggling about and the delicious contractions of her culo brought down from me a copious discharge of the electric fluid which I injected into her.

"Oh, God!" she exclaimed, "what pleasure. I feel it rushing into me! How hot it is, my dear love. Again, and quicker. Now I come, too; it is running from me. My God! 'tis heaven! What pleasure. Ah, what lus – lus – luscious pleas – ure!"

The words died on her lips. As I was fucking her in her slit, and had frigged her clitoris at the same time, thus procuring her the double pleasure.

Here was an entirely new source of pleasure opened to me by the libertinism of my new mistress. Already I had enjoyed her in three different places, and I found that she had penetrated into the inmost recesses of my breast, creating a sensation there which I felt could never be effaced by any other female.

What a luxury it was to see the wild, stupefied astonishment of the charming girls who surrounded me to find themselves lying with me stark naked, and it was somehow increased, I venture to say, by seeing me on top of Isabel, giving her an appetite for her breakfast with the morning draught which she sucked in with great delight.

They all sprang up looking for their clothes or something with which to hide their nakedness, but in vain; no clothes were to be seen, as I had them safe under lock and key.

The ravishing little creature in whose arms I had spent the night nearly laughed herself into fits at witnessing the dumb terror of the girls and commenced railing them, telling them everything that had occurred during the night, recalling to their minds all the follies and extravagances they had been guilty of, and tried to induce them to take their good luck, as she said, with fortitude, describing to them all the pleasure she had received from me during the night and begging them to submit to whatever I would desire with good grace and it was better for them. I then spoke to them, telling them where I was taking them to, and that at the least resistance made by them I would hand them back to the fierce desires of the common sailors; but on the contrary, if they acted as I wished them, everything should be well with them. That they could not form the slightest desire but what would be instantly complied with. The most delicate attentions should be paid them, and I ended by telling them of the life of luxury and blissful love they would lead with me, and on the contrary, of the dreadful life they would spend if by remaining refractory they caused me to give them away to the brutal lusts of the sailors.

This had considerable effect on them as I could see fear and horror plainly depicted on their countenances.

I then rang a bell for a servant and told her to bring me a bottle of wine, telling the girl where to get it.

When she brought it in I filled the glasses and asked the girls, who were huddled together in one corner, to come and take a glass each.

They did not stir, and putting on a frowning aspect, I commanded them to come and drink.

They came forward to the table and drank the wine.

I told them to seat themselves on the sofa while breakfast was being laid. I seated four on one sofa and attempted to lay myself down across their knees, but they all jumped up and ran into a corner. I determined to terrify them at once, so they would be perfectly subservient to my desires. Calling a servant, I sent her to call my mate, one who officiated as my valet.

When he entered the cabin I ordered the girls to resume their places on the sofa, which they tremblingly did.

Then I told the mate to seize on the first one of them who attempted to move, drag her on the deck and give her to the sailors.

I went up to them and sitting on one of them for a moment, lay down with my belly and face towards theirs. The one on whose thighs rested my feet I bade to part her legs and with my toes I tickled the lips of her bushy notch. The one on whose thighs my cheeks rested I also made to part her legs so that I could drop my right arm between them. I then frigged her clitoris occasionally with my little finger, tickling her just inside the lips; she began to wriggle about on the sofa. The girls on whom rested my buttocks and thighs I made play, one with my stones and the other with my Jacob's staff.

At breakfast I put into the cup of one of the youngest and prettiest girls enough of the tincture of cantharides to make her libidinous desires show themselves pretty strongly.

After we had finished eating I took her to a sofa and drew her on my knees, and as the drug began to take effect on her, I took all the liberties I desired with her, kissing and sucking her pretty lips, the nipples of her breasts, handling her buttocks, frigging her clitoris, drawing my grand machine up between her thighs and rubbing the lips of her pussey, till I felt myself able to succeed in making an entrance into any place no matter how small. She the while hugged me in her arms, giving me kiss for kiss, rubbing and screwing her bottom on my thighs, giving evidence of the raging fever which was consuming that part of her.

Her companions, none of whom had seen me drop the tincture into her coffee, regarded her manoeuvres with me in perfect wonder; little thinking that they each would do the same before they were two days older.

I fixed a cushion and pillow on the sofa so as to properly support her head and bottom, and laying the lecherous little devil down I opened wide her legs and laid myself down between them. She aided me with good will in getting it well fixed, so as better to operate.

Mary and Ibzaidu came to act as pilots to steer my noble craft safe into the harbour of Cytheria. The entrance to the haven was very narrow, making the way rather difficult till Donna Isabel ran up to me and slapping me hard on the bare buttocks drove me up to the hilt, causing the delicious creature whom I was deflowering to scream out with the pain. The blood flowed from her and the sperm from me, mingling most delightfully.

Resting for a moment, I recommenced the delightful race and soon had the joy to know that the dear girl was reaching the very acme of human enjoyment whilst I

at the same time again drowned my senses in another discharge of that peculiar fluid the flowing of which drowns one in such ecstacies.

Three others did I serve in the same manner before the close of the day, ravishing them of their dear little maidenheads, of no manner of use to a woman, and of which I am particularly fond.

One I forced to give up to me her virginity by the aid of the tincture without taking way her senses. Oh! they were bliss, doubly refined, her fierce struggles to free herself from my lascivious embraces. How sweetly musical to my ears were her yells of agony and shame. With what transports did I force her to resign her sweet body to my fierce desires. How ravishing was the pleasure I felt in ripping and tearing up the tender outworks, the inner gates, the bulwarks, everything. And at last, despite her continued struggling and screaming, to drive full tilt into the very temple of Venus, triumphantly plucking off her virgin rose from its stem, causing the blood to flow in profusion. Oh, how I gloated on the ruins of all that is held dear and honourable by her sex – her virtue.

Ye Gods! it was a fuck so altogether exquisitely delicious that it was a full half-hour before I was sufficiently recovered to enter again into the little grotto of Venus, the road to which I had just opened.

Lovely creature! Three times did I experience in your arms that fierce transporting pleasure which intoxicates the soul and drowns the mind in those voluptuous ecstacies which can only be experienced in the close embrace of the two sexes.

Abstaining from cohabiting with any of the girls for a couple of days, I felt my strength renewed and invigorated, and on the fifth day after carrying them off from the island, I had ravished the whole six of their dear little maidenheads I had cruelly forced them to give up to my lechery. But once having lost them, which they held so guarded, they entered into all my whims and pleasures with the passion and ardor that characterizes the females of the south.

Once the Rubicon was crossed they became the greatest libertines I ever met with. They would hang round me day and night, trying every means in their power to keep my prick in a constant state of erection. They would lay me down on the floor stark naked, like themselves. They would fairly fight for the possession of my genitals. One would gently squeeze my stones, while another would be playing with my penis, which she would by the gentle friction of her soft, delicate hand bring to an erection.

Then would she precipitate herself on me and devour the rich morsel, palating it with those exquisite contractions and inward squeezings which at the time women are about to spend render the act of copulation so exquisitely delicious.

Then, when one was mounted on me, would the dear creatures show forth the full fire of their lechery.

Two of them would seize on my hands, one on each, and, running my fingers into their salacious slits, would thus procure for themselves a semblance of the pleasure their more lucky rival was enjoying and receiving from the friction of the stiffly red-tipped horn which sprang out from the bottom of my belly.

Isabel would rush into the arms of Ibzaidu, to whom she had taken a great liking. Tumbling on the floor in each other's arms they would press each other, squeeze breasts, suck nipples, force their tongues into each other's cunts. Their hands would play and twine in the bushy hair that shaded the mounts above their notches. Their fingers would slide lower down, would enter the sacred grotto, and then running them in as far as they could, they would commence the titillation, and with the finger of the left hand at the same time they would frig the clitoris, which would soon bring them to that delicious state of annihilation which causes the soul to dissolve itself in a sea of bliss.

At other times they would seize on the languishing Fanny, who yet retained her maidenhead but of which she was very anxious to be rid, and throw her on the sofa or floor, and while Ibzaidu would be squeezing or sucking her breasts, pressing her own lovely titties to her mouth, kissing and sucking her rosy lips, and thrusting her tongue into her mouth, Isabel would be between her thighs, friggng her clitoris with her fingers and with her tongue between the lips, so titillate her cunt as to give her the most delicious pleasure. The dear Fanny would spend, pouring down the liquor of which she possessed a superabundance, amidst sighs, long and deep.

Nor would her hands be idle, for those who were procuring her the pleasure did not forget themselves.

They would force her hands into their own glowing furnace and send down such a flow of liquid as would wet the hands of Fanny all over.

Then would these two try their best to procure for Fanny those pleasures which all around her were continually being received from me but of which I had as yet deprived her. But she was not long to be burdened with that which all maids are anxious to get rid of – her virginity.

Giving myself one day's rest, I lay down in the cabin by myself on a mattress. The girls always made their beds on the floor and we lay together. After I had been

asleep for sometime, I was awakened by feeling someone playing with my private parts. Isabel and Ibzaidu were lying on either side of me, their heads resting on my thighs. Isabel had taken that piece of flesh of which she was so fond in her mouth and was tickling it with her tongue. The other was feeling and playing with the curious bag which hung low down between her thighs, gently rubbing and squeezing the stones.

My machine was proudly erect as a mast, its red head glowing through the darkness.

"Come," said Isabel, "Ibzaidu has lived for five days on the shadow of the substance which the other girls have been so gorged with, and it is but fair that you should recompence her for starving, while others have been living in plenty. Come you, stand! Your prick is in fine condition. You must spend this night with her and me for I have not partaken of the flesh for some time."

I laid Ibzaidu on her back and getting between her legs I entered my prick into her parts. The moment she felt the head within the further recesses of her cunt she spent most plentifully. I worked away in her for some time, holding back my own liquor as long as possible so as to give her as much pleasure as I could, and she spent three times more. Just as she was dissolving her very vitals into sperm, I met her and injected the seed into her womb.

I got off her, lay between the two. Without giving me any time for recruiting, Isabel commenced playing with my staff, which she hugged, pressing it to her breasts, squeezing it between them, pressing it against her cheeks, gently frigging it with her hand, and taking its uncapped head between her lips, softly biting and tickling it with the end of her tongue.

Then stopping till it sank down again, small and shrivelled up, she would take it and thrust the whole of it into her mouth, and by her exquisite palating and sucking and tickling cause it to start into life, proudly erecting its head till her little lips could hardly clasp it.

I laid her down on her belly, placing a pillow under the lower part of her body, and then entered her au derriere, put my left hand under her thighs and inserted my fingers into her cunt, holding them stiff, whilst I worked in her arse-hole.

The motions of her bottom, caused by the fall of my thighs against her backside, made her frig herself on my fingers. Thus did she enjoy a double pleasure.

Nor was Ibzaidu without share in this beautiful scene. She had lain down with her belly to my breast, her bush and slit rubbing against my side, with her right thigh thrown over my head.

Drawing her closer to me I kissed the lips of her cunt. I tickled her clitoris with my tongue, I put it between my lips and titillated her so deliciously with them that she died away in pleasure, at the same time that Isabel was losing her senses from the convulsive transports into which my double frigging had thrown her.

After this performance was over, we lay completely exhausted in each other's arms for about two hours, at the end of which time I began to feel myself somewhat revived.

While we were lying dormant in each other's embraces, Isabel had been describing to Ibzaidu the intense pleasure she had enjoyed when I enlarged her au derriere, and she prevailed on her to make me frig her in the same manner, making her lay her head between my thighs to play with my little thing and make it start into new life.

The beautiful, delicate and voluptuous Ibzaidu took my tickler in her mouth and by the tickling of her tongue and the sucking she gave it she soon made it to stand most beautifully erect, upon which she let it go.

I soon placed her in a convenient position for the attack, which was to ravish her of her second maidenhead, and she was perfectly willing to surrender at once.

I placed her on her right side, partly lying on her back. I then lay down on her left side and prepared to enter her. Isabel had lain herself down in front of Ibzaidu, her cunt touching her face, and her head between the thighs of her companion.

She took the head of my enormous machine into her mouth which she wetted well with spittle and then guided it to its destination. But the place was so small that I made many attempts before I could penetrate.

At last I felt it enter. I shoved slowly and steadily, and at length felt it impossible to reach any further.

Ibzaidu writhed and twisted about so much after I was in her that I could hardly keep myself upon her. Isabel had put the fingers of her right hand into the cunt of the beautiful creature whom I was stroking behind, and the motions of her back as we worked together made her frig herself with them.

At the same time she put her own arms round the buttocks of Isabel, and drawing her slit up to her mouth, she put her tongue into it and friggd her so well in this way that Isabel spent before either of us, wetting the tongue and lips of the beautiful Circassian with the pearly drops.

The crisis now seized me and at the same moment the frigging of Isabel's fingers caused Ibzaidu to spend at the very moment I was squirting a stream of boiling sperm into her very vitals.

"Ah, dear sir, have mercy on me! I feel it here in me! I too – oh, goodness, I am spending! Oh, heavens, what a pleasure. I die – I spend again – again! I am spending!" She relaxed the convulsive grasp she had of Isabel's bottom. Her flesh quivered and danced and she lay convulsed with pleasure such as gods never dreamt of.

In three weeks we reached the coast and harboured in the little creek, I immediately went ashore, taking the women with me and went to the chateau.

Heavens! What a welcome I received. How the lively, rampant, lecherous girls crowded round, and with what embraces did they receive me. I was fairly devoured by the hungry creatures who crowded to embrace me.

And, La Rose d' Amour! Ah, dear Rose, as I pressed you in my arms and received your burning kisses, what a thrill did they not send through my whole body.

And you, beauteous Laura, how your little heart beat as I pressed your bosom to mine; what fire flashed from your languishing black eyes as you put one of my hands on your cunt and your own on my already stiff pego.

Then came Rosalie, the delicate, fair-skinned, blue-eyed Rosalie. With what fierce delight did she spring forward, light as the burning gazelle, and into my arms. What lustful fires sparkled in her half-closed eyes. Her lips meet mine – they are glued together. She forces open her mouth, her tongue meets mine. She rubs the lips of her cunt against my thigh, she clasps her arms tight, her breast rises and fans in quick succession, she wriggles her bottom, her backside convulsively jerks, and she says: "Oh – oh! – God!" and sliding through my arms she sank upon the floor.

There, there at the further end of the room I see Caroline entering. Caroline, that very goddess of voluptuous beauty. She has heard of my arrival. She advances towards me, perfectly naked except for a pink gauze drawn round her waist – I too am naked, for the girls had stripped me on entering the room. My prick is hard and stiff, standing erect against my belly. Caroline sees it, she fixes her eyes on it, and remains perfectly still, fascinated by the charming sight. I fly to her, I take her in my arms, her emotions overpower her, she sinks on the floor on her back, she drags me with her. As she falls, her legs part and I fall between them, and five times did she spend ere she recovered from her fall.

When she rose up what a brilliancy sparkled in her eyes. Her gait was light and elastic as a fawn's.

When I rose up from my fall with the lovely Caroline, I met the gaze of the licentious Nubian, who was advancing to meet me, holding in her hand a glass of wine. She was perfectly naked and twisted and screwed her thighs together. I meet, accept the glass and drain the wine. The moment I drank it I knew that it was mixed with the tincture for exciting and creating amorous propensities.

The lovely creatures I have just been naming gathered round me, they embraced me in every part; some a leg and a thigh; others hung round my neck; some seized on my hands with which they frigged themselves, one seats herself on the floor between my legs and playfully squeezes my stones and strokes my once more rampant prick. The luscious Celeste has her arms clasped round my neck and I am about to impale her with my prick, but Fanny comes forward and urges her claim in favour of her little maidenhead, which is consuming her with a burning fever.

I clasp her in my arms and lay her down, falling upon her. One of the girls hastens to place a cushion under her bottom and then guides the dart to its sheath. I shove and thrust, and one of the girls, giving me a couple of hard slaps over my backside, drove me in up to the hilt and the sweet girl at once sucked in the delicious poison she had been longing for.

The wine which I had drunk contained so much tincture that my pego continued standing.

The Nubian next came in for a good stroking. Three times while I was in her did she spend. Caroline, Laura and Rosalie came in their turns; each received an exquisite frigging.

I then went to bathe, taking with me only four of the girls: Caroline, Celestine, Laura and Rosalie.

Whilst in the bathroom I twice more frigged Rosalie and Laura, and then dismissed them to their apartments, remaining with the other two.

I had luncheon brought into the bath to me, and determining to sacrifice myself to the libidinous desires of my two lovely mistresses, I drank more of the wine containing the tincture. Sufficient to enable me to give the two who were with me as much cock-broth as they could sip through the night.

After remaining in the bath for a couple of hours, we came out and went to the bedchamber.

I led them into the state bedroom, and letting down the hangings, jumped into bed.

The two girls followed me and I was buried to my utmost length in the fiery furnace of Celestine. Four times did this amiable creature let fly her mettle and in such profusion did it come from her that the sheet under her bottom was all wet with it.

In her turn did Caroline take in and gorge her greedy little cunt with my morsel.

Thus did I spend the night, first frigging one and then the other, till they were entirely spent and worn out with the delicious fucking which I had given them.

I now determined to give up searching for any more maidenheads, and gave myself up to the dear girls I already possessed, than whom I could find none more beautiful, more voluptuous or more devoted to my capricious pleasures.

I now live happily surrounded by the sweet creatures, but I hear someone calling me from my private bed. I am in good condition, having abstained for three days. I fly to her, I jump into her arms and drown myself in a sea of bliss, in the arms of La Rose d' Amour.

THE END.

THE BLUE VEIN.
A True Welsh Story.

Ye fun-loving fellows for comical tales,
Match this if you can, truly current in Wales;
The Bible so old, and the Testament new,
Having none more authentic, more faithful or true.
Four frisky maidens, young, handsome and plump,
Who could each crack a flea on their bobbies or rump,
Took it into their heads just to bother the tail
Of Ned Natty, a groom, so they jalap'd his ale.

Now Ned on red herrings that evening did sup,
So he drank every drop of the gripe-giving cup.
Soon his guts 'gan to grumble and shortly Ned found
His bowels give way, and his body unbound;
The buckskin's gay leather, by gallus confin'd,
Could not be cut down till indecently lined;
This made Neddy's Pego, accustomed to sprout,
Shrink into his belly, and turn up his snout.

The time this damn'd jalap in Ned's belly lurked,
No post horse like Neddy was ever so worked.
Three nights and three days he lay squirting in bed.
And neither could hold up his tail nor his head.
The storm at length ceasing, purg'd Ned 'gan to think
On some revenge sweet for this damnable stink;
"For I'm damn'd," exclaimed Ned, "if these bitches shan't find,
That I'm cabbaged before, tho' I'm loosened behind."

'Twas early one mom, exercising his steed,
Ned saw an old gipsy-hag crossing the mead.
Straight he hailed her and said: "Woman, where do you hie?"
She replied: "To tell fortunes of females hard by."
Now these females Ned found were his japlaping friends,
So he thought it the season to make them amends.
Then he brib'd for the cant and the gipsy's old clothes.
Thus equipped, said Ned: "Trick for trick: damn me, here goes!"

First Molly, the cook-maid, he took by the hand,
From her greasy palm told her what fortune had plann'd.
She was soon to be married, each year have a brat.
"Indeed," cried the cooky, "how can you tell that?"

"I'll tell you the number," said Ned, "let me see
The blue vein that's low plac'd 'twixt the navel and knee."
When she pulled up her clothes, Ned exclaimed: "I declare
Your blue vein I can't see, 'tis so cover'd with hair."

Next dairy-maid Dolly, of lechery full,
Swore she was then breeding, for she'd had the bull.
To the gipsy, said Doll: "Can you, old woman, tell,
Whether bull or cow-calf makes my belly so swell?"
When he viewed her blue vein, he said, "Doll by my troth,
You must find out two fathers, for you will have both."
For the squire and the curate, when heated with ale,
Doll Dairy had milk'd in her amorous pail.

Now Kitty the housemaid, so frisky and fair,
Who smelt none the sweeter for carrotty hair,
Presenting her palm to the gipsy so shrewd,
Was candidly told that her nature was lewd.
While feeling the vein near her gold-girded nick,
Kate played the old gipsy a slippery trick,
So that Kate, who had ne'er been consider'd a whore,
Was told she'd miscarried the morning before.

Then came Peggy the prude, who no bawdy could bear,
Yet would tickle the lap-dog while combing his hair.
"Is the butler my sweetheart," said Peggy, "sincere,
And shall we be married, pray, gipsy, this year?"
Quoth the gipsy: "You'll have him for better or worse,
But you'll find that his corkscrew is not worth a curse.
So when you are wed, 'twill be o'er the town talk'd:
There goes Peggy, a bottle, most damnably cork'd."

Now Ned, thus revenged, bid the maidens good-day,
But, curious, they ask'd him a moment to stay.
"For," said Molly the cook-maid, "we all long to see,
If you've a blue vein 'twixt the navel and knee."
Ned pull'd up his clothes, sir, when, to their surprise
They beheld his blue vein of a wonderful size.
The sight, Kate the carrotty, couldn't withstand;
She grasped the blue vein till it burst in her hand.

So alarm'd the prude Peggy fell into strong fits,
Frightened cook and Doll Dairy went out of their wits.
Then carrotty Kitty to gipsy Ned spoke:

"We'll each give a guinea to stifle the joke."
But Ned swore that no money should silence his tongue,
That the tale should be told in a mirth-moving song:
"As a caution," cry'd Ned, "to all Abigails frail
That there's more fun in f – g that jalaping ale."

The story like wildfire o'er Cambria spread,
From the borders of Chester to fam'd Holyhead.
In a vein of good humor, the vein that is blue,
Will long be remembered by me and by you;
Then fill a bright bumper to honour this vein,
A bumper of pleasure to badger all pain;
So hear us, celestials, gay mortals below!
Drink c – t, the blue vein, wherein floods of joy flow.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TALE OR MAY'S ACCOUNT OF HER INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF LOVE.

From an unsophisticated Manuscript found amongst the old lady's papers, after her death, supposed to have been written about A.D. 1797.

Nina got up and said: "And so I did keep close to Jenny and I have watched over her, and I it was who saw Mr. Boatswain's prick slip in and out of her cunt, and I have been watching her while he did it! What could be closer watching than that, Mrs. Murphy?"

"But he has promised to marry me," called out Jenny.

"Yes," said the boatswain, "I swear I will, but she must let me have a fuck every day until we are ashore."

Mrs. Murphy was obliged to give her consent as she saw the mischief was done.

All our love-matters went on in much the same manner, until at last our brig reached London docks, when we wish Jenny and the boatswain good-bye, and with Nina and our luggage, Captain Lemberg took us to the hotel, where he usually put up when he returned from his voyages.

Captain Lemberg was very kind and chose a bedroom for myself and Nina next to his own, and both opened into a parlour intended for our mutual use.

Captain Lemberg decided I should remain a week or two at the hotel with him, to rest after the voyage and to see some of the sights of London, before I went to the school. In fact he told me he did not think I need go to school until he was obliged to return to the brig, which would be a couple of months, and I told him I would prefer to obey my father's wishes. So we decided I was to go to school in a week.

My father had given me a letter to hand to Madame Stewart, the school-mistress, who lived at Hampton Court.

Captain Lemberg took us to the theatres, which pleased me extremely, also to the Tower and Monument and British Museum.

The time passed very rapidly away in seeing the wonders of London by day and the theatres in the evening, and then we had nice suppers at our hotel and Nina and I

retired to our bed, soon to be followed by Captain Lemberg to continue those loving fucking matches like those on the ship.

At last the week ended and Captain Lemberg took me in a coach to Madame Stewart together with Nina, who was to continue to wait on me as lady's-maid.

We had a little fucking in the coach and at last arrived at the school, which was a large house surrounded by ornamental grounds and gardens, enclosed by high walls. The grounds sloped down to the Thames, on the banks of which, of course, there was no wall.

Madame Stewart received the Captain and myself and Nina in a large drawing-room, and I handed her my father's letter and told her Nina was my servant.

She told Nina to retire for the present to the housekeeper's room.

Madame was a fine-looking woman of about fifty, with dark hair and eyes and a fine bust.

After reading the letter she kissed me and said she was acquainted with my father many years before and would try to make me happy, provided I obeyed the rules of her establishment.

Captain Lemberg then paid her £100 for one year's fees in advance and asked for a receipt.

Madame asked him to step into the next room with her as she kept her writing materials there, and she wished to ask him a few questions in private.

So pouring me out a glass of wine and giving me some cake and a book of pictures, they withdrew into the next room and shut the door.

You may be sure my eye was at the keyhole in a moment and I saw that the Captain had pulled out his prick! And I heard him say:

"Madame, I am entitled to the usual commission for bringing you a new pupil and I will take it in dog-fashion."

"Hush!" said Madame, "or the young lady will hear you."

"Nonsense – now get down on all fours so as not to derange your dress."

Madame did so and the Captain tossing up her clothes exposed her bottom, and standing behind her, leant over her back and fucked her in that position.

When this was over they each took a chair and I overheard the following conversation:

MADAME S.— "Is this young lady a virgin?"

CAPT. L.— "Yes, as much as you are!"

MADAME S.— "Shall I read you the letter her father has sent me?"

CAPT. L.— "I shall be delighted to hear it read."

Madame then read the letter aloud, and I heard every word that follows:

My Dear Madame Stewart:

These will be handed to you by my daughter Kate, a fine girl just over twelve years of age. Captain Lemberg has kindly undertaken to see her safely to your house, and I have authorized him to pay you for the first year's expense, one hundred guineas.

My daughter's education has been neglected in such matters as penmanship, grammar, drawing, and music. Be pleased to spare no pains in instructing her in these.

In some other things she is in advance of her years. On account of living all her life on a slave plantation she has always seen boys, girls and women in a state of nakedness, so the difference in sex is familiar to her. She has seen men and women in the act of coition.

You will please pay special regard to her religious duties, and also try to inculcate that modest demeanour which is such a characteristic to your own movements that I shall never forget being struck with on occasion of my last visit to your school some fifteen years ago when I had the felicity of watching you slowly strip naked at noon before a large mirror in your dining-room previous to your honouring my pego with a visit to your fine quim.

Alas! Madam, these remembrances quite overpower me and make me regret the distance that separates us!

I have sent a very fair mulatto-girl named Nina, to wait on my daughter.

From your obedient servant,

Sebastian de Lorme.

P.S.— Nina is not a virgin although she is very tight in her cunny. She may be useful at your conversations. Neither Kate nor Nina have ever been birched."

CAPT. L.— "What a very interesting letter. Do you use the birch still, Madame?"

MADAME.— "Certainly, when my young ladies deserve it."

Capt. Lemberg then insisted on having another fuck, for reading my father's letter of his interview with Madame Stewart had given him a cockstand.

So they had another bout and the Captain said he must leave. So I hastened from the keyhole and was apparently absorbed in my book when Madame and Captain entered the room.

The Captain kissed me as he bade me good-bye and thrust his tongue into my mouth as he did so, bidding me obey Madame in everything and all would be well.

He promised to take me for a day's holiday before the brig sailed if Madame would kindly consent.

I promised to endeavour to please Madame, and with another kiss he departed.

Madame Stewart then had a long talk with me and urged me to be candid and truthful in my answers to her questions. She asked: "Have you ever seen the slave men quite naked?"

"Yes."

"And the slave women?"

"Yes."

"And is it true that neither of them ever have any hair on their private parts?"

"Do you mean their cocks and cunts, Madame?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Then it is not true, because I have seen short curly hair on those places, and in the case of the men, quite as much as was on my dear father's prick."

"Do you mean to say you have seen your father's prick?"

"Yes, Madame, and felt it too!"

So I told her all my history, at which she was delighted and wanted to look at my cunny. I complied and she complimented me on my rich growth of hair.

She told me I must never let a man's prick enter my cunny without her consent being first obtained as she was desirous of shielding me from harm whilst I was under her roof; but she promised I should have all the coition that was good for me at proper times if I was diligent in my lessons.

You may be sure, dearest May, I was pleased with this intelligence and gave the required promise, thinking what a wise and kind schoolmistress she was.

I told her my father had fucked Nina and sent her to be my waiting-maid, and as we were very fond of each other I hoped she would allow us to be together as much as possible. She agreed to this saying she quite understood from my father's letter that it was his wish Nina should be with me. She made me repeat the tale I had told her about my taking Nina's place in the garden with my father and also the scene with him just before the brig sailed.

Nina was then called into the room and I told her that Madame Stewart was a very kindly lady and was willing we should occupy the same room like we did at home.

Poor Nina was profuse in her thanks and asked permission to kiss Madame's feet as a token of her gratitude.

Madame then told us to follow her upstairs, and she took us down a long passage with bedrooms opening from both sides of it. Here she pointed out a room and told us it was ours, but shared with another girl, the daughter of a wealthy baronet, Sir Thomas Moreton.

The room had three narrow beds in it, as Madame said her rule was for each pupil to have a bed of her own.

Madame then kissed me and told me to read the rules, a copy of which was fastened on the wall. As nearly as I can recollect they ran as follows:

Rule I – Every pupil, before retiring to rest, must strip naked and wash her person in every part.

Rule II – No pupil may examine her secret part before the mirror.

Rule III – No pupil must occupy a bed that is not her own.

N.B. – The penalty for breaking either of these rules is one dozen stripes with the birch.

When Nina heard me read these rules she said: "But how will Madame know if we break them?"

I replied: "Perhaps the other girl will tell tales on us! Or, perhaps she will be a nice girl and we can do as we like."

"Hush!" said Nina.

And Madame entered our room with Miss Moreton, saying, "Let me introduce you young ladies, as you will occupy this room together. Miss Moreton has been in this establishment for two years, so she knows all the girls and all the customs. You will soon get acquainted."

Madame withdrew and Miss Moreton asked my age and who my father was and we were soon chatting away glibly.

She said she was sixteen and should leave the school next holidays. Her name was Alice. She asked me if I had ever had a lover. I told her yes – Captain Lemberg – and that my father had sent me in his ship from home to England.

"Oh!" said Alice, "then you had a fine time together, I know! Please tell me all about it."

I said I would someday, but now I wanted to know all about the girls at school as I was never at school before.

Alice was surprised at this but I informed her my mother died when I was young and my father would not part with me, but preferred teaching me himself.

Alice told me Madame was very strict with the new girls until she had the chance to whip them a few times, after which she was very indulgent.

She told me that Saturday evening was punishment time and she had found out that gentlemen were admitted to Madame's room to peep at the girls punished. I enquired how she knew that. She said I had no doubt noticed that the grounds reached the water's edge.

Well, said Alice, one Saturday Madame sent me into the garden to get some fruit the gardener had forgotten and I saw two boats stop at the boat-house. I hid behind some bushes and saw four gentlemen, muffled up in cloaks, walk up the path which leads to the side entrance of the house. They were admitted by Mrs. White, the

housekeeper. My curiosity was excited, so I quickly brought Madame the fruit and ran into her private room, and crept under the sofa to listen, thinking I would be certain to find out something. Nor was I wrong in my conjecture, for in a few minutes Mrs. White ushers in the four gentlemen and two of them sit down on the very sofa I was under. They talked to each other about the superior manner in which Madame's establishment was conducted. Two of them said they had daughters at present in the school and hoped they would have broken some of the rules that week.

This remark astonished me but my surprise was greater when by the voice of the next speaker I recognized my own father, Sir Thomas Moreton! He had visited me that very morning, gave me a supply of pocket money, wished me good-bye and said he was going back home at once; and here he was in the same house!

The other speaker was the rector of the parish church, the Hon. and Rev. Algernon Stanley. I knew his voice, for in the course of the conversation he was addressed as Stanley by my father.

Evidently the party of four were acquaintances, for they all chatted away on good terms.

In a few moments I heard my father's voice:

"Well, gentlemen, I will bet you five pounds that when you see the punishment this evening you will allow my daughter's bottom to be the plumpest and most exciting of any you shall see tonight!"

RECTOR.— "But suppose your daughter is not birched tonight?"

SIR MORETON.— "Then we will let the bet stand over till some other Saturday when she is flogged and we all are here."

Here, dear Kate, was a revelation to me! My father and three other gentlemen evidently were here for the purpose of witnessing the punishments about to be inflicted on the schoolgirls' bottoms! And my father must have seen my bottom on some previous occasion, or how could he make this bet! I knew I was to be punished that evening for my name was on the blacklist.

How should I escape from under the sofa and reach the schoolroom? For my ambition was fired by my father's words of admiration about my plump bottom and I wanted him to win that bet!

Fortunately for my intentions, Madame came into the room and invited the gentlemen to adjourn upstairs.

Directly they were gone I crept from my hiding place and ran up to the schoolroom by the back staircase and seated myself at the piano and commenced practicing my exercises.

In a short time the German governess, Fraulein Hoffman, came to me and said:

"My dear you must prepare for punishment."

"Yes, Fraulein," I answered.

And, according to the custom, I retired to my bedroom, took off my form, skirts and corset and returned to the school-room in chemise, drawers and stockings, which was the regulation dress for punishment.

Three other girls were to be punished; one rebelled from Fraulein's order and had to be dragged to her room and undressed.

At last we heard a bell ring and each of us, the culprits, was escorted by a governess to the room especially used and fitted up for punishment. It was lighted from the roof and had ladders, Berkeley horses and other appliances, such as ropes from the ceiling, rings in the floor and ceiling to which to fasten refractory culprits.

On this occasion we were made to slowly take off our drawers and then kneel on a kind of table with our heads low down and our posteriors sticking well out, with our hands and ankles tied securely.

Next, our offences were read out to us by Madame as follows:

"Margaret Stanley, your offence is as usual peeing in bed. I give you notice that I intend telling the worthy rector, your uncle, of this most disgusting habit of yours.

"Emmeline Chesterfield, your offence is greediness in eating up the cake you brought from home, and not sharing it with your schoolfellows.

"Constance Le Ray, you were discovered viewing your naked person in the glass; such vanity must be checked by the rod."

And then Madame read my name.

"Alice Moreton, your offence is one against decency. It is that of having received a letter from a lover whom you obstinately refuse to name or give any information as to how you have carried on this clandestine correspondence.

"I will read it aloud to you, Miss Alice Moreton, and I hope your cheeks will blush with shame as much as the cheeks of your bottom will blush under the rod, presently. This is the horrid letter:

My Dear Alice:

How I do long for another kiss on the lips of your pussey! The last I had was delicious! I dream of you every night and sometimes fancy I am in one of those high pews at church with your naked bottom sitting in my face, so I can kiss and suck your pussey! At other times in my dreams you catch hold of me by the cock and sing: "I will not let thee go, unless you fuck me!"

You cannot wonder at these dreams, sweetheart, for they are only repetitions of the facts of the day!

Give my love to Madame and asked her to notice the beauty of your cunny!

From your devoted love,

Henry.

Madame having finished the letter told the governesses to commence flogging us, and to strike as she called out, One, Two, Three.

They were stationed close to our heads so they had to strike over our backs to reach our bottoms, which were turned towards the end of the room at which Madame was seated on a dais, raised up six steps above the level of the floor.

I remembered the conversation of the gentlemen and the bet of my dear father, and I had no doubt they were watching us from some secret peep-hole, or were perhaps under the dais. So at every blow of the rod I writhed and twisted my posteriors as much as possible, in order to display all its beauties.

Margaret received fifty stripes, Emmeline sixty, Constance eighty, and I, the greatest offender, received one hundred which caused me to faint away.

What do you think of that, Kate dear?

I told her I thought it was a great shame and asked if the gentlemen ever came again.

Alice said no doubt they did although she had never had an opportunity of proving it; still, on Saturdays occasionally she had slipped into the garden and found

boats moored to the boat-house. "However, my dear Katie, I have told you all I know, perhaps someday we will make more discoveries."

Kate said she warmly thanked Alice for telling her all the circumstances, and they kissed and went to bed.

CHAPTER IV. A LETTER FROM SUSEY.

About this time I received a letter from Susey, who, when the vacation commenced, went to her uncle in Scotland, and I may as well give her adventures in her own words:

My Darling May:

You remember the morning you took leave of me, I had to walk a mile to meet the coach. John Cox, my sister Jane's intended husband, came to start me off, and he carried my box on his shoulder as we walked across the fields and down to the crossroads where the coach takes up passengers. John told me he and Jane were soon to be married, and he said her belly was so big that it looked beautiful. I asked him what made it so big and he laughed as he said: "Why, Susey, because I have made a baby inside of it to be sure, you little goose!"

John also said that he was now obliged to fuck Jane behind, because her belly sticking out quite prevented his approaching the front.

He told me that he had a special message from Jane to me which was to be sure to do my pee just before getting on the coach, as I should have to ride for many hours and it was very painful to be obliged to hold your water.

"So," says John, "you had better squat down at once, and I can see your little cunt at the same time."

So I got close to some bushes and had a good pee and John had a good look at my cunny, and afterwards kissed and sucked it. Just then we heard the guard's horn announcing the near approach of the coach. So I had only time to give John's prick a farewell kiss, and then we hurried to the little ale-house at the crossroads.

The coach was full inside so I had to take an outside seat, and as there was no ladder I climbed up as well as I could. But I felt John's hand on my thigh as he stood beneath me.

When the coach started I looked at my fellow passengers and saw there were two gentlemen – one evidently a clergyman and the other, from remarks made, was his son, apparently about my own age. He asked me how far I was going and I replied, to Scotland.

"Have you never been there before?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"They have some very curious customs in Scotland," he said.

"What are they?" was my enquiry.

"The wearing of the kilt, for instance," said he.

"I do not know what a kilt is," was my reply.

"I will show you a picture of a Scotsman dressed in his kilt," said he, taking a book from his coat-pocket, and turning over the leaves, he showed me the picture of a tall man with naked knees and a short petticoat which he explained was the kilt.

I laughed at the odd figure in the picture and asked: "Do the Scotch girls and women dress like that too? If so, they must be cold."

"I wish they did," said he, "don't you, father?"

"Well, my son, it would have a very delightful effect, no doubt," said the clergyman.

I interposed: "But the poor man must feel very cold here."

"Not at all," said the clergyman. "When I was at college as a young man, I wore that dress once at a fancy ball and found it very comfortable."

"Did you waltz in your kilt?" I asked.

"Yes, certainly, and why not?"

"Because I should think the whirling motion of dancing would cause your kilt to fly up and expose your..." and I stopped suddenly – laughing.

"Bottom, you were going to say, my dear! And where would be the harm in that? Ladies like to get a glimpse at man's bottom sometimes," said he.

"I'm sure they don't," I replied.

"Oh," said the son, "you think the ladies would rather look at him before than behind, eh? Well, what do you say at this picture," and he moved aside the kilt, which was a separate piece of paper, and showed me the Scotsman's prick in full erection.

"That's more in your way, my dear," said he. Then speaking to the clergyman, he said: "Father, this young lady, evidently, from her blushes, thinks a man's prick is more beautiful than his bottom."

"I am very glad to hear it," said he, "for it proves that her education has not been neglected and that she has learnt from her catechism: 'What is the chief end of man?'"

(To be continued)

FLUNKEYANIA; OR BELGRAVIAN MORALS.

BY CHARLES.

CHAPTER III.

That I have not ere this alluded to the Earl of Pomeroy, by whom I was specially engaged and to whom my services were due as well as to the Countess, must be attributed to the fact that almost immediately on my entering upon my duties, as recorded in this veracious narrative, His Lordship had joined a shooting-party at the Duke of Dashwood's, with whom the Earl was particularly intimate. Indeed, common report went so far as to say that His Lordship was still more intimate with the Duchess and that his Grace seemed to be perfectly indifferent on the subject.

Report as a general rule is a sad liar, but I strongly suspect (indeed, I had reason subsequently to know) that in this instance there was a good deal of truth in the rumour. Be that as it may, their Graces, accompanied by their daughter, the Lady Georgiana, were making a return visit to the Earl and Countess of Pomeroy, both of whom (very sensibly, as they might have need of my services) took care to make me acquainted with certain peculiarities of their noble guests.

As the Countess's remarks and suggestions were by far the more concise, I shall take them first in order.

She commenced by saying that she hated them all three. Father, mother and daughter. His Grace she described as a great heavy man, fond of good eating, hard drinking and riding, and that in matters pertaining to women he was a gross sensualist.

People had even been kind enough to couple her name with his, which she need not say was a base fabrication.

"Of course, my Lady," I ventured to interrupt.

She then went on to say that nothing would induce her to have anything to do with such a brute and that she would leave him to his liaisons with chambermaids and housemaids, whom he had the bad taste to prefer and to whom he conducted himself in such a style as to render him a nuisance in any country-house where he happened to be staying.

"On the last occasion when he was here," my Lady continued, "he had the impudence to make improper advances to my maid Justine, but I very soon put a stop to that. Indeed, I think that Justine herself had too much good taste to permit such a thing."

Here I may notice, en passant, that while I cordially subscribed to Justine's good taste as far as I was personally concerned, yet I had my private doubts about that young lady resisting temptation, especially if a heavy bribe were offered.

But I am interrupting the course of the Lady's remarks.

"If his Grace condescends to make paramours about the girls' bedrooms, generally it's no business of mine, as long as the housekeeper does not call my attention to the degrading circumstances. If the girls get into mischief I am sorry for them and they must leave, that is all."

This was all my Lady had to say about his Grace of Dashwood, and pretty much too, you'll say.

The Duchess came next in consideration. She, it appeared, was very handsome, though dark. This was quite true, her Grace presenting a marked contrast in appearance to my mistress, who, as I think I have before noticed, had bright brown hair. The head and front of her offence was, in Lady Pomeroy's opinion, not only that she, the Duchess, kept up a constant and most undisguised improper intimacy with the Earl, but had the effrontery to presume to be on the most affectionate terms with herself, the Countess.

"Just as if," continued that indignant lady, "she could fancy me so stupidly blind as not to perceive what was going on almost under my very nose. Why, the very fact of not concealing it is an insult in itself!"

And I must say that I quite agreed with her there.

As to the Lady Georgiana, my mistress considered her a handsome aristocratic young lady, who had nothing but the accident of her birth to justify her excessive haughtiness and who affected to consider all other people, and the male sex in particular, as so much dirt under her feet.

"That part of the business," continued my Lady, "I am convinced is all sheer nonsense, and in reality she is as sensually inclined, body and soul, as either her father or mother; and that will be found out someday, I feel perfectly certain."

As the Countess emphasized the last remarks, I could not help fancying that she glanced at me in a peculiar way.

Could it be that she had designed me as the instrument for lowering the pride of the haughty Lady Georgiana?

As to the characters of the gentleman's valet and the lady's femme de chambre, she merely promised that they were a trifle worse than usual among persons in their situations. The rest I might find out for myself.

Then reminding me of my pledge of secrecy and the peculiar bond by which she had secured my fidelity, we forgot for a few minutes our relative positions as Lady and servant.

I had been standing respectfully in front of Her Ladyship, but at the conclusion of her explanatory remarks on the virtues and vices of her guests, she motioned me to draw closer as she wished to ascertain for herself if I had been wasting on others that which I ought to keep so as to be always in readiness to minister to her requirements.

Opening my trousers with her own delicate hands, she pulled out my rapidly rising organ of pleasure, and drawing back the foreskin, exclaimed: "Ah! you have been good! I can easily tell if the prepuce is all red that you have been obliging someone else within five hours. But this jewel is pale and I see no traces of recent excitement."

I fell on my knees and offered the devotions of my tongue at her shrine of love, then followed that up by a most salacious sucking, till she was content and graciously dismissed me, in order that I might be in immediate attendance on the Earl, who summoned me, and as his guests had just arrived, I lost no time in waiting on my master.

As of course the new arrivals were at once shown to the apartments destined for them, it afforded a capital opportunity for my Lord to order me to follow him to his dressing- room. The private instructions and directions I there received were, as the reader will see, slightly different to the suggestions thrown out by Lady Pomeroy.

To begin with, His Lordship expressed his strong opinion that the Lady was guilty of infidelity and that the partner of her misdemeanour was no other than his most intimate friend, the Duke of Dashwood.

Of course, I knew better than this, but as I was supposed to know nothing, I said nothing.

I think His Lordship tried hard to persuade himself that the case was such, in order to try and make some small excuse for his conduct with regard to the Duchess. This, indeed, he hardly tried to conceal.

He was far from entertaining the same opinion of Monsieur Duroque and Mademoiselle Juliette, the valet and femme de chambre of the Duke and Duchess, which was held by the Countess. Indeed he represented that couple as the most valuable and trustworthy of their class, especially recommending Juliette to my notice. She and I would, it appeared, be the means of communication between the Duchess and himself in the way of verbal messages, notes or otherwise, and therefore it was highly desirable that I should cultivate the young woman's acquaintance.

"You have my full permission to fuck her, and make yourself as agreeable as possible. Then I can depend upon you both. There's nothing like that to ensure discretion in love matters," he added.

This, from the estimate I formed of her character and judging from her personal appearance, I considered I should not have much difficulty in doing.

My final instructions were not to fail in my attendance on my Lady and to report to him anything worthy of notice, particularly between her and the Duke.

This I faithfully promised to do, feeling pretty confident that I should notice nothing in that quarter, and mentally solving that any other eccentricities of my Lady as developed in respect to myself should not be considered worthy of notice.

So far, so good. And when my services to Her Ladyship were concluded, little did he guess in what some of those services consisted, or with what pleasure they were given.

I was to attend His Lordship in his dressing-room as he would most likely require me.

Upon this I bowed and withdrew, and my Lady having a good deal of company to entertain at dinner, subsequently retired rather fatigued about eleven o'clock. I was at liberty to retire and repaired at once to my Lord's dressing-room. There I waited until nearly twelve when, making his appearance, he demanded if anyone had called there with a note for him.

I was in the very act of replying in the negative when a tap was heard at the door and opening it, entered Juliette.

She hesitated a little on seeing me, but on the holding out of his hand as if expecting something, she placed in it a small note. On reading it, he nodded his head and smiled, saying to the bearer, "Your mistress is retiring, I suppose?"

On receiving an answer in the affirmative he further asked whether his Grace was in bed or making any preparations for going to bed?

To this the clever soubrette replied that she had just seen Duroque, who had informed her that the Duke had taken a good deal of wine and seemed quite disposed for bed and would probably sleep soundly.

Upon receiving this information, my Lord dismissed me, as there was little possibility of my services being required that night in the espionage department, and it is to be presumed that he could manage anything else perfectly well without my assistance.

CHAPTER V.

Tired as I was, I was undressing myself very leisurely but had nearly concluded that operation, when, lo! the door of my room quietly opened.

I never locked it for fear of being suddenly and secretly summoned.

Who the opener might be, of course, I could not tell, but I certainly did not expect to see Mademoiselle Juliette.

Putting her finger to her lips as a sign of silence and secrecy, she informed me that the Duke was up and evidently bound on some nocturnal ramble, and that she, being in the Duchess's room, Lord Pomeroy (it is to be presumed that he was there too) had begged her to awake me, and desire me to look after his Grace as there was every reason to fear that his destination was the apartment of the Countess.

"So don't sit there staring like an owl in the sunshine," exclaimed the impudent black-eyed girl. "Get up and put your breeches on and I'll help you."

Now I beg to assure my kind readers that at this moment I was in that particular costume in which Charles Lever describes his hero, Harry Lorrequer, being discovered when the bell rang to draw up the curtain at some private theatricals: to wit, a shirt and silk stockings.

Nothing more, upon my honour!

And I leave it to any to say whether it was a delicate operation for a modest young man to undergo to be assisted in pulling on his breeches by an impudent black-eyed soubrette.

The chastest Joseph that ever lived must have yielded to the temptation, and the stupidest gawky of a piously brought up lout must guess what followed.

I picked up my trousers from the chair upon which they had been flung as I undressed, and pretending to bungle as I bashfully attempted to hide John Thomas, who at the barest idea of a bit of anything fresh, was in his usual unruly state.

"La!" she exclaimed as her hand touched my projecting shirt, "is it anything that will bite?"

"Yes love, but not anything to hurt a darling like you. Won't you stroke his pretty head? It's a pet with all the ladies," I replied, pulling up my shirt and presenting *Vade mecum* of pleasure to her eyes.

Juliette at once flushed crimson as she covered her face at the sight, ejaculating: "How dare you, sir? I'll tell the Countess!"

"Not before you've enjoyed it, however, and then you can give me a reference for gallantry as well, which may do me a great service. You're in for it, now, Miss Juliette," I said shoving her towards the bed, and in spite of her resistance, I soon had her clothes up and got between as beautiful a pair of thighs as I ever saw (she had no drawers on). It wanted only the electric touch of Mr. Pego to make her surrender all discretion. Ah, what an engagement we had, yard-arm to yard-arm, as Jack Tar would say! In fact I fired into her porthole till she surrendered and went off into a faint of ecstasy.

I shall never forget it, short as the fuck was, it was one of the most enjoyable I remember. Time was precious and she soon kissed and forgave my boldness, for, of course, it was only what the young lady had hoped and expected, and so I trust she was satisfied. But now I had to attend to business.

Finding that the Duke had indeed left his room, I proceeded in search of his Grace, not in the direction suggested by Juliette, but in quite another direction than towards my Lady Pomeroy's apartments, to where the under-servants slept. Comfortable rooms enough they were, too.

Now I was perfectly aware that Sophy and Lucy, the two housemaids, slept in one room. There I thought would be my mark, and there, sure enough, I found his Grace evidently on the most affectionate terms with the two young women, whose charms, though not of the most aristocratic class, were by no means to be despised; for he was paying them very liberally in advance, and so I had to remain and see whether he fell into the snare which sometimes awaits the bad paymasters who pay in advance, or I should make but a poor report to my employers. But, no, I had the gratification of witnessing through the medium of the keyhole (after rather a tedious

observation, however, for were there not two young women?) that "there is honour among housemaids" and that his Grace of Dashwood did not get his money's worth it as not the fault of Sophy and Lucy!

(To be continued)

NURSERY RHYMES.

There was a young bride of Antigua,
Whose husband had said: "Dear me, how big you are!"
Said the girl: "What damn'd rot,
Why, you've often felt my twot,
My legs and my arse and my figua!"

There once was a young man of Bulgaria,
Who once went to piss down an area,
Said Mary to cook:
"Oh, do come and look,
Did you ever see anything hairier?"

A CURIOUS FACT FOR NATURALISTS.

The Editor has received the following from a subscriber:

"One often hears: 'No standing pricks this weather,' or, 'It's a difficult thing to find it, etc., during a severe winter,' but one intensely cold morning, just as we were getting up, my wife looking out of the window, drew my attention to a poor cat which had been out all night, expressing her sympathy for the poor beast. Presently I looked into the back yard for myself, when, lo! there were two cats, the feminine rolling on her back in the most approved fashion of cat-courtship, when the lady is agreeable to the gentleman's attentions. The thermometer at twenty-six degrees below freezing made no difficulty with him. He was on to her and into her in a moment, the only difference being that he, and in fact both of them, were more ready than on a warm summer's night, when we all know to our cost, the long preliminary caterwauling, scratching, etc., necessary to bring Mr. Tom to the point."

N.B.— I suppose scratching with cats has the same effect as birching on human beings.

THE LOVER'S KISS.

"Give me, my love; that billing kiss,
I taught you one delicious night,
When, turning epicures in delight,
We tried inventions of bliss.

Come gently steal my lips along,
And let your lips in murmurs move;
Ah, no – again – that kiss was wrong,
How can you be so dull, my love?"

"Cease, cease," the blushing girl replied,
And in her milky arms she caught me;
"How can you thus your pupil chide?
You know 'twas in the dark you taught me!"

AMENITIES OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

Girl to Ponce:– Go along, you bloody Mary Ann, and tighten your arse-hole with alum.

English Whore to French Woman:– Yah, you foreign bitches can only get a man by promising them a bottom-fuck!

French Woman:– Yes, I do let the English gentlemen have my arse-hole but my cunt I do keep for my husband.

TOASTS.

Gent:– The first four letters of the alphabet – A Big Cunt Daily.

Lady:– In with it, and out with it, and God work his will with it.

THE PEARL,

A Journal of Faceliae and Voluptuous Reading.

No. 17

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Nov, 1880

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TALE OR MAY'S ACCOUNT OF HER INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF LOVE.

From an unsophisticated Manuscript found amongst the old lady's papers, after her death, supposed to have been written about A.D. 1797.

"My dear father," said the young man, "we have the back part of the coach to ourselves and the guard is sitting with the coachman, so we are quite private here. Would it not be a good opportunity for letting this young lady look at your reverend prick?"

"Most certainly, my son," replied the clergyman, unbuttoning his trousers. "I am always ready to please the ladies."

So he pulled out his noble tool, fondly stroking it. "There, Miss, there is something for a man to be proud of, and I am proud to have such a father."

"I hope you may have just such another someday," I said.

"Thank you, my dear," said he, "I will show you what I have at present."

And he exhibited his own prick. I told him it was as big as he had any reason to expect, and he quite agreed with me and then regretted the fact that our being outside the coach would prevent his father and himself from looking at anything I would like to show them. "But," continued he, "the coach will stop to change horses in a few minutes' time, and then the passengers generally get down and go inside the inn for half-an-hour for refreshments. But my father, the rector, is well known to the landlord and we will ask for a private room and take our refreshments there; and then, Miss Susan, you will have the wished-for opportunity."

By the time he had finished speaking we arrived at the Royal George, and the parson and his son helped me down from the coach, and I soon found myself in an upstairs parlour with them. They told me their journey terminated there, as they had to drive in a gig to their home, five miles distant, and they both begged me to lose no time.

I replied: "I am in your hands, gentlemen! Only don't harm me."

They promised they would not, and the father then raised my clothes, called his son's attention to my white thighs and the pouting lips of my cunt.

Both father and son kissed and sucked it for a few minutes and then the father insisted on his son having a fuck before he had one.

By the time each had finished, the horn blew the warning to get ready. So hastily swallowing a glass of wine, I arranged my clothes and bade them good-bye.

They accompanied me to the coach and this time I was able to get inside, there being one place vacant, and the parson kindly paying the difference in fare.

With mutual farewells the coach started again and I looked at my fellow passengers and found one who appeared young, the other two being grey-haired gentlemen.

They all accosted me very politely and hoped we should have a pleasant journey together.

The young man enquired how far I was going and when I replied to Edinburgh, he expressed his pleasure that we should be going to the same city.

"What a fortunate circumstance," said he, "that you were not travelling by this coach last week."

"How so?"

"Because the notorious Dick Turpin and his gang stopped the coach just a little way from here and robbed the passengers, and used the ladies very cruelly."

"Oh! how you frighten me! Do tell me all about it," said I. The elderly gentleman opposite now spoke and said:

"I can give you the correct account, for I was one of the passengers and one of the victims; I may say."

"Oh, do tell me if there is any danger of Dick Turpin coming again today?" I asked.

"Not the slightest, " said the old gentleman, "and that is the reason why I am travelling again so soon. Besides, I am armed with my horse-pistols."

"Oh," said I, "don't show them to me, I am so terribly frightened! But tell me about the villains."

The old gentleman continued: "It was just about three in the afternoon when, as we were bowling along, as we are now, I heard several horsemen ride up on each side of the coach and call to the coachman to stop or he should be shot. And two shots were fired at him, and one wounded him, the other broke the lamp.

"Of course the coach was stopped and the robbers then called: 'Stand out and deliver your money and valuables, or you are all dead men.'

"There must have been ten or twelve men – some on foot, and some on horseback.

"I should mention that the inside of the coach was occupied by some girls going to York to school. There were four besides their mistress and outside there were four more girls – that makes nine ladies, and there were six men passengers besides the coachman and guard.

"I should say that two of the misses were my grandchildren, aged about thirteen and fourteen.

"Well, the villains first looked inside the coach and made the madame give up her gold watch and rings, then they made us men come down and stand in the road while they searched our pockets, one man standing with the muzzle of a pistol pressed close to my forehead while he searched my pockets.

"When this was done, they abused us for giving them so much trouble for so little money and declared they would be revenged on the women for it.

"I begged them to spare my poor grandchildren.

"Point them out,' said one of the villains.

"I did so, thinking that he was going to listen to my requests, but no; to my surprise he tied their hands behind them and then lifted up their clothes and threw them over their heads, exposing their bodies from the waist downwards!

"I rushed forward to replace their clothing when two of the villains caught hold of me and tied my hands behind my back, and then to my indignation, they actually cut open my breeches in front and pulled out my prick."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed.

"Monstrous," said the young man.

"Yes," continued the old man, "and that is not all. There is something more horrible to tell."

"Oh, do tell," said I.

"Pray," said the young man, "continue."

"Well, the villains made me kneel down and kiss the slits of my two granddaughters and made me suck them and push in my tongue! Then they uncovered the poor girls' faces, and tying their clothes tight under their arms, ordered them to suck my cock! In vain they and I protested. A loaded pistol fired off close to our ears was the warning of what our fate should be if we disobeyed. So first one and then the other dear girl went through the task. And the villains made me say the sucking was pleasant!"

"And what did you say?"

"Of course I told the truth, that the sucking gave me pleasure."

"And what became of the other men who were passengers?"

"Oh, they were made to suck the slits of the schoolgirls and to submit to have their pricks sucked in turn."

"And how did the school-madame fare?"

"Oh, the villains grossly insulted her by examining her cunt, and telling her she was too old to allow them to give her any pleasure of that kind, so they cut a bunch of twigs from the bushes and forced her on all fours, bared her backside and gave her a good flogging."

"Do you mean to state that all these outrages took place on the high-turnpike road?"

"Well, yes, that is to say, close to it, for there was a piece of turf or grass-land rather wide at the side of the road at this place. In fact, there were a few trees and bushes growing there."

"Did no person pass in travelling along the road, while this took place, for it must have taken some time?"

"Yes, it took an hour or more, but a farmer with his wife riding behind on a pillion, and one wagon loaded with hay; accompanied by the wagoner, were all that passed by during the time. Part of the hay was unloaded to serve for beds on which to extend the unfortunate lady-passengers and the farmer was compelled to fuck his wife in public."

"Did Dick Turpin take part in these outrages?"

"No, he told his men to fuck any way they took a fancy to, but he kept watch most of the time and gave the necessary directions to his men so that several of them kept watch in turn, while the others committed these outrages on their victims."

"Do you mean to say that the ten schoolgirls were all raped and their maidenheads taken?"

"Certainly; if they had any to lose! They were all fucked before my eyes."

"How did it all end?"

"Oh, after a while Captain Dick said: 'That's enough for this time, boys. Mount and away!' And so they rode off leaving all the victims tied and bound until some passer-by should come and relieve them. Of course we called for help directly after our tormentors had left us and in half-an-hour some foot passengers and also the returning mail-coach came by and released our bonds and we all made the best of our ways to our destinations."

The young man now spoke. "It is all quite true, Miss, I assure you; I was one of the passengers by the down-mail on that occasion and I saw the condition of the ten schoolgirls as described by our friend here. They were all tied to trees with their arms behind them, and their clothing raised and tied close to their shoulders so as to expose their bellies and all below.

"I could not help being delighted with the sight, although of course I pitied the poor things, and I delayed helping to release them in order to have a good view of their naked charms. I was much amused at the remarks of a worthy tradesman and his wife who were also looking at those schoolgirls. The wife spoke sharply: 'Well,

Mr. Jones, I am ashamed of you to stand staring like a stuck pig at those naked shameless young hussies. Why don't they put their dresses down?"

"'Well, my dear,' said her husband, 'they have their hands tied behind their backs and can't help themselves, and as to my looking at them, my excuse is I never saw such a sight before! Why, there are ten naked bellies for me to look at and four have hardly any hair on their slits and the others all have black hair on them, but one, and she...'

"Here his wife angrily interposed: 'You have made good use of your eyes for these few minutes, Mr. Jones; I must say I am astonished at you, a married man and the father of six girls and four boys, so to demean yourself! Why don't you shut your eyes until this disgraceful exhibition is over?'

"'No, Mrs. Jones, I am not going to close my eyes! I may be called as a witness against the villains if ever they are caught, and if I shut my eyes how am I to describe to the jury the cruel state in which the girls are left?'

"'Well,' said his wife, 'had you not better try and catch those villains?'

"'No, my dear, my duty does not lie in that direction.'

"'Nor your inclination either,' retorted his wife, 'for evidently you prefer the safer course of feasting your eyes on these poor girls' nakedness.'

"'Well, my dear, you know I am always delighted to look at yours but you so seldom allow me to do so.'

"'I should think not, indeed,' said Mrs. Jones, 'and that reminds me that last Sunday I saw you take two of our daughters on your knee and I think you had your hands under their clothes!'

"'Nonsense! Mrs. Jones, only a little play and romping, for my girls are very fond of their old father; besides it is a father's duty to see if his girls' underclothes are clean and in the fashion.'

"'Now, Mr. Jones, do be quiet. What right has a man to be troubling himself about his girls' clothing?'

"'Why what I buy and pay for with my own money I have the right to examine, and you know I should never have married you if I had not examined you first!'

"'For shame, Mr. Jones, to speak about that here in the open air where anyone might overhear you!'

"Now Mary Ann, dear, will you untie these poor girls' clothes from their necks and help me undo their hands?"

"So I then offered my assistance to several of the girls and helped to put their clothing down over their bellies, taking care to touch much of their naked bodies in doing so, and getting my hand on each of their bellies in the performance of this duty.

"I ought to mention that the place where these outrages took place was a kind of valley between two hills, and where a house was not in sight for many miles. It was up a lane through this valley that the highway-men came on horseback to do their unlawful work, and when they had completed it they went away down the valley again."

At this moment as the young man finished his account the coach gave a lurch forward, probably from the coachman suddenly whipping up the horses; however, I found myself flung against the elderly man sitting opposite me and he caught me firmly in his arms and kissed me, saying: "God bless me, Miss, don't be frightened, come to my arms, I'll take care of you."

I replied I could not help it and then felt a hand passing up my thighs from behind, and another hand patting my bottom.

I cried out: "Oh, this conduct is most shameful gentlemen, do leave a poor girl alone!"

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" said the young man.

"Nobody is touching you," growled the old gentleman.

"Well, my dear, I am kissing you," said the one on whom I had been thrown.

"I know that," I replied, "but more than that has been done to me."

"Well," said he, "I am a magistrate and my name is Squire Johnson, and if you will sit by my side and make your complaint you shall have justice done to you."

The other elderly-looking gentleman said: "Well, Squire Johnson you have known me for years as the parson of the parish and my name is the Rev. Mr. Scarlett and I expect you to take my oath against any other person's."

The young gentleman now spoke: "Oh, I am a medical student going home from college. My name is Charley Stuart and I am sure to fall in love with every pretty girl I see, especially such an angel as this!" giving me a most loving look.

"Now, then," said Squire Johnson, "if you, Miss, will give us your name we will proceed."

I replied: "My name is Susan Gardiner and I charge Parson Scarlett and Charley Stuart with touching my naked body."

Squire Johnson wrote this down in his pocket-book and then said: "Miss Susan, you say you charge these gentlemen with an indecent assault! Please state the particulars."

I did so, saying the Parson put his hand on my bottom, "when the coach by that sudden jerk threw me into your arms and you kissed me. The other gentleman, called Charley Stuart, put one of his hands between my thighs, very high up, at the same time."

SQUIRE JOHNSON.— "Now Parson, what is your reply to those charges?"

PARSON.— "Oh, I saw the young lady's petticoats disarranged and I tried to replace them."

SQUIRE J.— "And you, Charley Stuart?"

CHARLEY.— "Oh, I plead guilty and promise not to do it again until the next time."

SQUIRE J.— "Gentlemen, from your replies I am quite satisfied that you are both guilty of the offence charged against you; and my sentence is that you each pay Miss Susan immediately the sum of half-a-crown, that you each beg her pardon and that you each offer to show her your pricks. Come, Parson, you first, out of respect of your cloth, as you are in holy orders."

PARSON.— "Never did I hear a more impartial and righteous sentence."

So he paid me the half-crown at once and pulled out his tool; it was short and thick with an enormous red head.

Charley said: "See Miss Susan, I offer you this half-crown for the sweet kisses you gave me. Here, balanced on the head of my prick and it is cheap enough."

And Squire J.— "Now, Miss Susan, I offer you this half-crown, and as it is now four o'clock, before the coach will stop, I propose that you should give us some entertainment – and answer all our questions truthfully."

PARSON.— "Also obey us in all our wishes."

CHARLEY.— "And Miss Susan, if you do, you shall be paid a guinea from me."

SQUIRE.— "And another from me."

PARSON.— "And I will give another, that will make three golden guineas! Think, what a lot of money!"

Dear May, do not blame me for acceding to their wishes. I knew I was completely in their power, and then the presents of the guineas! It seemed riches indeed to me, who had never possessed more than a few shillings at one time in my life.

So I dried my tears and taking up the three half-crowns, said: "Do not harm me, good gentlemen! I will agree to your proposals and trust to your honour, as I am only a girl entirely at your mercy, but I should vastly like three guineas."

"A very sensible good girl," said the Parson.

"You are an angel," said Charley.

PARSON.— "I will ask Miss Susan if she has any hair on her little slit?"

"Yes," I replied.

SQUIRE.— "What colour?"

"Light red."

"Did you ever allow a man to look at your cunt?" said Charley.

"Yes."

PARSON.— "And suck it, I'll be bound?"

CHARLEY. — " And kiss it?"

"Yes."

SQUIRE.— "Then Miss Susan shall be laid across the laps of two of us, and the other shall kiss and suck her pretty cunny."

"Agreed!" they all cried.

And this was done in succession, until all three had had their turn. To do this my petticoats and smock were raised so as to expose to view my thighs and belly. Then each gentleman knelt on the floor of the coach and kissed and sucked my cunny.

The Parson asked: "How much time, Squire, do we have before the coach stops?"

"Three hours."

The Parson then said: "That will be ample time for Miss Susan to strip herself naked, and to let us enjoy looking at her charms in the nude state."

"Yes," said the Squire, "plenty of time."

I replied that I should take cold.

"No, I'll take care of that," said Charley. "I will keep you warm. I will give you brandy from this bottle."

"But I shall be seen by passers-by," again I objected.

But the Parson and Squire agreed to keep the curtain of the coach-windows drawn down, sufficient to prevent all chance of anyone seeing me.

"Now," said Charley, "I will be your lady's-maid and disrobe you."

He then took off my bonnet and shawl, then my frock stays and petticoats. I begged hard to be allowed to retain my smock, but all in vain as the Parson said it would interfere with the full view of my naked body; besides, he said: "Eve was naked in the Garden of Eden, so there's Scripture for you, Miss Susan."

I was praised for the whiteness and firmness of my skin, and my shape was much admired.

Two of them sat on one seat of the coach and one on the other, with their knees as close to one another as possible, and on this broad lap I was laid and rolled over and over, their hands roving over my back, shoulders and bosom, belly and bottom, in succession, one pointing out to the other some attraction that he specially admired.

My mouth and both hands were next occupied with three pricks at once, and I was obliged to change from one to the other, until each had his prick sucked.

Next I was seated between two of them on the edge of the seat. Then they raised my legs higher than my head, and told me to jut my belly well forward. This had the effect of exposing my bottom-hole as well as my cunny. Then one gentleman would fuck me in this position and then the others would change places, until all three had fucked me. But I will say, they all withdrew their pricks before spending and spouted their sperm over my belly, as it was solemnly promised by them all that there should be no risk of getting me with a child.

By the time they managed to get a couple of fucks each, the time came for me to resume my clothing, which I was thankful to do. And I was only decently dressed when the guard's horn warned us the coach was about to stop.

I was glad to learn we had to stop one hour for dinner, but was amused at Charley telling the chambermaid I was his wife, and so accompanying me up to the bedroom where he actually produced the pot from under the bed and made me sit down and do my pee, while he, lying at full length on the floor with his head close to my belly, watched the waterfall, as he called it.

Then he went down the stairs with me to the dinner-table, where we all did justice to the repast and had some good wine.

My companions were all very attentive to my wants and paid my score between them.

We then resumed our places in the coach as before, the coachman telling us we should have another four hours without stopping at all.

I noticed the Parson and Squire soon felt the efforts of their wine and good feeding, for they were soon sound asleep and snoring.

Charley said he was glad of that as now he could have me all to himself. So we first had a mutual prick-and-cunt-sucking match, each trying to hold back the juice of love as long as possible.

Next, sitting in Charley's lap with his tool ensconced in my cunny, I gently rode up and down, till he was compelled to withdraw and spend all over my belly.

We tired ourselves out with our varied loving encounters and at last we both fell asleep and were only aroused by the guard's horn announcing our arrival at our destination in Edinburgh.

My uncle was waiting for me at the inn and after thanking my travelling companions for their polite attentions, I took my uncle's arm and walked with him to his home.

My uncle kept talking all the way and enquired the name of my late companions.

I answered truthfully and he was pleased to think I had been in such good respectable society: "For," said he, "now a-days there are so many villains about that a young girl might be ruined before she knew her danger."

I mentally resolved to act the part of an innocent girl in dear uncle's presence and also I determined to put in practice the instructions of Charley Stuart, who, being a medical student, told me many things about a woman's private parts that I did not know before. One thing he told me was to get a lump of alum and push it up in my cunny and keep it then all night. It would act as an astringent and make it as tight as a virgin's cunny. And he also advised me to use a solution of alum in water with a female syringe as often during the day as was convenient.

Dear May, I advise you to do the same. When you send a messenger to buy the alum you can say it is for a sore throat or to use in dyeing – as it is used for both those purposes. Only, dear May, let me give you a caution – don't let the piece of alum be very large, for I will tell you what a fright I had.

One night I put a lump as large as a hen's egg up my cunny and in the morning I could not get it out! It had caused such a contraction of the inside folds of my cunny that I could barely insert the tip of my finger so you may imagine my dilemma. At last I thought: "Why of course, hot water will dissolve it." So I sat over the bidet for nearly an hour and bathed my poor cunny with warm water and it gradually dissolved some of the alum, and I was none the worse for my fright.

Well, to resume, Uncle and I came at last to his house which was a bookseller's shop with rooms for residence over the shop and a milliner's shop on one side, and a dressmaker's shop on the other, while opposite was an inn called "The Royal Standard," and next door to that was a board-school for young ladies.

I mention these details because Uncle called my attention to them, saying they were all his best customers.

On arriving at Uncle's house he took me upstairs and introduced me to the housekeeper, who was going to leave to get married the following week, and I was to take her place in Uncle's household.

She took me to a comfortable bedroom, and kissing me, praised my good looks and enquired if I would like a bath after my long journey.

I replied it was the one thing I was longing for. So she opened a door leading from my bedroom and showed me the bath, saying she would be back in half-an-hour to help me dress and get ready for dinner.

Oh, May, how I enjoyed that cold bath! I splashed and dashed the water all over my naked body and took the opportunity of removing the alum Charley had considerably slipped into my cunny in the coach, for, said he, who knows how soon you may have to pass for a virgin?

I had just finished my washing and stepped out of the bath and was seated on a stool drying myself when the door opened and in came the housekeeper, Jemima, and rushing up to me, exclaimed: "Oh, Miss Susan, please stand before this pier-glass for a moment!"

I did so and found it was as tall as myself and reflected my figure as large as life.

Jemima now began to rub me with a towel, all the time praising my skin, my back, my belly, and my thighs, in such a loud voice that I began to fancy she intended someone in the next room to hear. However, I kept my thoughts to myself and only said: "Make haste, Jemima, and help me dress for I want my supper so badly."

At last she was obliged to leave off her rubbings and she brought me a clean smock and petticoat which she helped to put on. Then I sat on a low stool and drew on clean white stockings; but Jemima would help put on a new pair of garters, which fastened with a silver clasp. I was so pleased with them that I jumped up and stood before the mirror to admire my garters, and of course had to raise my smock rather high to do so.

"Those garters are a present from your uncle," said Jemima, "you will not forget to thank him presently."

"Of course I shall thank him," I said.

Jemima now put on me a very low-necked blue frock.

"And this also is your uncle's present," said she.

"Oh; what a dear, kind uncle he is! How much I love him already," I replied.

"Well," said Jemima, "now go down to supper and tell him so."

On entering the room downstairs I found supper on the table and Uncle in his dressing-gown and slippers sitting by a bright fire.

(To be continued.)

DRAWING-ROOM PASSE TEMPS.

Gent – Have you tried the new medicated paper for the water-closet?

Lady – It is so dreadfully expensive.

Gent – No, really I know a place where you can buy six packets for ten-and-sixpence.

Lady – It is so deliciously soft, I cannot think how I could have put up with old newspapers.

Gent – May I send you half a dozen?

Lady – Thanks very much.

Gent – What a very disagreeable smell, I think our vis-a-vis must have farted.

Lady – No, it's that conceited thing on your left. I saw her cough behind her hand and pull her dress out.

Gent – You must forgive me but, do you know, I thought at first it was you.

Lady – Oh, you naughty satirical man.

Gent – What a troublesome complaint is piles!

Lady – Yes, poor mama and my sisters have them shockingly.

Gent – And you, come now, confess.

Lady – No, indeed, and indeed.

Gent – Not a little bit?

Lady – No, not a bit.

Gent – Do you find that your bowels act with regularity?

Lady – Quite so, thank you for your kind enquiries, I go punctually every ten days or so.

Gent – Now that is very naughty of you, you ought to go every morning.

Lady – But the seat is so dreadfully cold to sit down on in this nasty weather.

Gent – Might I warm it for you?

Lady – What would mama say?

(Here you see, the conversation is gliding into a flirtation and should be diverted unless you have honourable intentions. If you have, it may continue as follows:)

Gent – Your mama would say we were two cozy dicky birds to bolt ourselves into the water-closet.

Lady – But you would go away after you had warmed the seat, would you not, because I might make a little noise?

Gent – If it played a pretty tune I would love it.

Lady – And would you rumple the paper for me?

Gent – All day long.

Lady – For little me only and for no one else?

Gent – For no one but you would I rumple a particle of paper. Is it not extraordinary that there are no public urinals for ladies?

Lady – You men would be always standing about the doors,

Gent – But you ought to have them built like ours, you know, with the trough projecting a little further.

Lady – Butter-boat fashion, how very nice.

THE BANKRUPT BAWD.

Tune – "Vicar of Bray."

Near Jermyn Street a bawd did trade
In credit, style and splendour,
Well known to every high-bred blade,
And those of doubtful gender.
How nature once, in marring mood,
Her body formed, I'll tell ye,
Upon her back a swelling stood,
To mock her barren belly.

CHORUS:

For some succeed and others fail
That into commerce enter.
So few are chaste and many frail
In this great trading center.

In coney skins her commerce lay,
A charming stock she'd laid in;
She ne'er to smugglers fell a prey,
Her practice was fair trading.
These skins when dressed were red and white,
The fur of each fair creature,
Of different hues, as day and night,
Kept warm man's naked nature.

Chorus: For some succeed, etc.

The trading stock of this old bawd
A vital stab sustain'd, sir,

The news like wild-fire flew abroad,
Each customer complain'd, sir.
Some coney skins lay with a lot
By caution uninspected;
So quarantine, alas, forgot,
Foul plague the whole infected.

Chorus: For some succeed, etc.

Now old and young her shop forsook,
Insolvent was her plight, sir,
When Habeas Corpus catch-pole took
Her body off by night, sir,
From Banco regis civil law,
To liquidate her debt, sir,
Between the sheets this old bawd saw
Of London's fam'd Gazette, sir.

Chorus: For some succeed, etc.

To give each creditor his due,
Three men, the Lord's anointed,
Jack Wilkes, Lord Sandwich and Old Q
Were assignees appointed;
But luckless bawd! the after day
Her stock on fire they found, sir;
So 'twas agreed she could not pay
A condom in the pound, sir.

Chorus: For some succeed, etc.

The skin (her own) this bawd had left,
Each assignee did handle;
'Twas found of all its fur bereft,
By singeing flame of candle;
Same butter'd buns concealed within,
Old Q's keen eye beset, sir;
So Wilkes defin'd this coney skin
A fund for floating debt, sir.

Chorus: For some succeed, etc.

By headlong lust her claimants led,
They seized her mortal treasure;

The furious coney skin was spread,
A dividend past measure.
No wall came in, not one stood out;
The bawd was set at large, sir;
Her coney skin (of worth, no doubt),
Did every man discharge, sir.

Chorus: For some succeed, etc.

FACETIAE.

Cease, foolish painters, Hercules to draw
With wooden club, inspiring man with awe;
A different club that here should adorn,
This god's most powerful weapon is the horn;
No mightier spear than that the champion hurls,
With which one night he fucked three score of girls!
A crowd of grave enquirers made resort,
To where the learned doctors held their court;
And asked them who had been that serpent brute,
Which tempted mother Eve to eat the fruit?
"Ye silly men," the sages did reply,
"Why do you waste your time and ours, oh, why?
Eve's tempting snake was but a long and thick,
Great, knotty, ruddy, massy, mighty prick!"

Always, except on Sabbath days,
Nell with her busy needle plays;
But not the milliner's needle, Miss!
No, 'tis the sailor's needle, dear!
That shows the mariner how to steer
Right through the ocean of her piss.

The Editor of the *Standard* is a good-natured fellow, ever ready to attend the wants of his customers, more especially when they happen to be good-looking members of the fair sex.

The following conversation which recently took place in the office of the *Standard*, fully carries out our assertion:

ENTERS LADY:

Lady – Is the Editor in?

Editor – Yes, Madame, what can I do for you?

Lady – I desire an article inserted and should like you to put it in for me.

Editor – Certainly, with pleasure, if you will first show it to me, so that I may see what it is like.

Lady – I wish a situation as a wet nurse and should like to get a good healthy boy.

(Editor prepares this advertisement and shows it to the Lady, who likes the look of it and wishes it to be put in at once, and asks the price.)

Editor – How often shall you want it put in?

Lady – Well, I cannot tell! That will depend whether it is taken or not; but what will you charge for inserting it three times?

Editor – One dollar for putting it in three times.

Lady – Oh, how dear! You might do it for me for less!

Editor – No, Madame, we have so many ladies to oblige, that is our lowest price for inserting three times such an article as you ask for.

Lady – Well, suppose you do not get me a baby in three times, how much will you charge me for three times more?

Editor – Why Madame, if you can manage to keep the affair standing after that, for one dollar more I will put it in as often as you like, till I get you a child; that is, of course, provided the ink continues to flow.

FLUNKEYANIA; OR BELGRAVIAN MORALS.

BY CHARLES.

CHAPTER VI.

Honour amongst maid-servants, you would have thought so, had you but seen how Sophy and Lucy, after receiving the Duke's retaining fee, worked for his pleasure in hopes of getting a refresher when he retired.

Nor were their labours in vain. Yet, I verily believe he had stimulated himself by a dose of tincture of cantharides, phosphodyne, or something of that sort, for he was a perfect goat.

Lucy in her nightdress was sitting on the edge of the bed with a finger between her thighs, evidently trying to impress upon his Grace the necessity of another bit of flimsy for her bedfellow; and from what I could only partially hear, he made that depend on how they pleased him first.

Although I could not hear all that was said, what I saw will enable me to supply the dialogue.

Lucy now proceeded to business by suddenly throwing the bedclothes off Sophy, whose chemise she turned up, and began to smack her lily-white bum before she could very well help herself.

I could see the red marks flush on her tender skin at every slap. This seemed greatly to please the Duke, who did his best to prevent the helpless girl from getting up.

Sophy struggled desperately, looking both flushed and cross but afraid to call out for fear of making too much noise.

His Grace had gone on his expedition in slippers and dressing-gown. So when this slapping was over; he slipped off his only coverings, and dropping the slippers, had nothing but his stockings on as he jumped on the bed between the two girls, his great affair as stiff and ready as possible.

Sophy was the first to take possession of that red-headed prize. She was evidently excited by the rough usage of her posteriors and begged to be comforted at once.

"So you shall, my dear," said the Duke, "and let your bedfellow straddle over my face, that I can tickle her up with my tongue whilst you ride my cock."

This was a luscious sight and raised all my own lustful feelings quite to burst point, till, as they all seemed to come together, I actually emitted in my breeches.

After this, each of them sucked his prick and balls by turn, till he mounted Lucy and fucked her like a satyr; Sophy all the while kissing and fondling his testicles and working one finger in his arse-hole to excite him to the utmost.

Even this did not exhaust him, for he gamahuched them by turns, and even did the "La Rose" trick of the French women, by frigging their bottoms with his long tongue, which seemed to drive them almost mad. They got his prick in a glorious state again, and at his request, both knelt down on hands and knees, presenting their bottoms to him. What a surprise I had, for he buried that great bursting prick of his in each arse-hole in turn, and then for a change, in their cunts. He made it last awfully long and I could see plainly by their wriggles of delight and the subdued ejaculations of pleasure which I heard, such as: "How nice – lovely – delicious. How you do make me come. Oh, do spend into me," etc., as each girl was also busy frigging herself as well.

At last it was over. I saw him taking the second fiver out of his dressing-gown. So, turning from the keyhole, I retraced my steps. Everyone to his taste, I reflected, as I quickly and cautiously descended the stairs on my homeward journey. And yet again, I thought, a man might do worse; and if I had not been so exceptionally fortunate, as I am, I might be very glad of two such buxom lasses as Sophy and Lucy.

These reflections brought me to the door of the Duchess of Dashwood (quite in another part of the house from that of the Duke) and here I essayed to make my knocking with my knuckles.

But whether Juliette was in the arms of Morpheus or of one of our young footmen, or of M. Duroque, or of all three, I cannot tell; but at any rate, I could not obtain admittance, until I heard the bolt withdrawn and the voice of the Earl, my master, telling me to come in.

I entered accordingly and made a full report of what I had seen, much to the pretended surprise of His Lordship, but not at all to the surprise of the Duchess, who declared with considerable emphasis, "It was just like him!"

She, then totally oblivious of my presence, as it seemed and of her own dishabille, which might be charming but was somewhat remarkable for her own peculiar situation, that is to say, a married woman comfortably in bed with another woman's husband – totally forgetful of all these trifles as it seemed – she began to expatiate upon the enormities perpetrated by his Grace of Dashwood.

Of the valuable impulse he had given to the population in his neighbourhood through the medium of the farmers' daughters and pretty cottage-girls; that she never could keep a decent-looking chamber-maid or housemaid in the castle – that in London he was worse, if possible – that she suspected him of improper conduct with Mademoiselle Juliette, the best soubrette she ever had, and was getting on at a great rate, when the Earl politely reminded her that my presence in the room was no longer required and suggested that I should be allowed to retire, which her Grace cordially agreed to, commenting at the same time upon my manners and general appearance in a style which I may be forgiven for not repeating, but which suggested my having found favour in her eyes.

As the reader may believe, I took particularly good care to report to my Lady on the following morning all that I had seen regarding the Duke and Duchess.

As concerned the proceeding of the former there was no embellishment required; a plain unvarnished statement of facts was all that I dared venture on and it was enough in all conscience.

But where her Grace and my Lady's husbands were concerned, I must plead guilty, I fear, to having thrown in a little colouring, suggested a few natural touches in fact, that brought out (so to speak) the prominent features of the picture into high relief.

The trifling episode about Juliette coming by herself into my room and assisting at my toilet, I thought it judicious to say nothing about whatever.

My report produced, as might be expected, a variety of conflicting emotions in the mind of Lady Pomeroy.

But while she was reflecting, I suppose as to what opinion to express, Justine, like a favoured girl, took the liberty to open the ball with: "Pray, Master Ernest, when you were bound on such an errand why did you not call at my room and take me with you? Two witnesses would have been better than one, you know."

I replied with as much gravity as I could, though I could hardly suppress a laugh, that I could not think of introducing such youthful purity to such a scene of licentious sensuality.

At this remark, notwithstanding her vexation, my Lady Pomeroy fairly smiled, and I think that Justine would have boxed my ears if she had dared.

Then she continued her examination by asking if: "That wretch, Juliette, was in the room when I made my report to the Duchess?"

"No, she was not," I briefly answered.

"And where the dev— (it was nearly out) —was she then?"

"How should I know?" was my reply.

"Rocking somebody to sleep, I presume; Lady Georgiana, or M. Duroque, or somebody else."

"Hush, Justine," said the Countess now laughing, "you are too forward, and as for your report, Ernest, it is all very disgusting of course, but it is very painstaking and faithful on your part, and it is a comfort to know that I shall not be I bothered with the attentions of that brute of a Duke, while he is here; and I'll take care that Justine is not annoyed. As for those two fools of housemaids, I shan't take any notice of their conduct; it would only create a general scandal. Of course I knew that my Lord misbehaved himself grossly with the Duchess but did not know that she abandoned herself so completely when there was a third party, and a handsome young man, in the room. What is your opinion on the subject?"

To this I replied with all becoming indifference that it was a subject on which I hardly felt competent to express an opinion, when in the presence of such a good judge as Her Ladyship, but as far as my own personal feelings were concerned, that her Grace's self-abandonment and forgetfulness of the barriers which modesty might have interposed in the presence of a third party, produced no effect whatever. And that I had lately been taking lessons in an academy of such a very superior grade to that in which it appeared her Grace had taken her degrees, that I consider myself too proficient to require instruction from her in any branch of learning whatever.

Of course this speech was understood precisely as I intended it to be.

Justine laughed and my lovely mistress smiled and coloured and said that I was "a silly, flattering boy," but seemed very much gratified nevertheless.

I was then dismissed for the present, under directions to attend her Grace when she took Lady Georgiana out for a drive in the afternoon.

I could not help laughing in my sleeve, as I wondered whether they would drive in the direction of her Lady's nurse, who lived in a certain obscure street, or if Miss Courtney would be picked up anywhere and make a third inside passenger.

According to the old adage a third makes bad company, but under these circumstances I do not think that either of the ladies would have objected to the addition.

However, I may as well say at once that nothing of any consequence occurred during the drive. That is, nothing at all ostensible to speak about.

If any conversation took place between the ladies that produced some effect on them shortly afterwards, I cannot tell for a certainty, as of course could hear nothing of it. But, judging from the hints thrown out by my Lady Pomeroy to Lady Georgiana and her longing to see her haughtiness and scorn of men brought down to a proper level, and connecting these suggestions with a mysterious adventure which befell me the day after the ladies drove out together, I cannot but think that Her Ladyship had some hand herself in bringing about the fulfillment of her own predictions.

On that day as it happened, or most probably it was selected on purpose, the Duke and Duchess and the Earl had gone to the theatre; the Countess desiring to remain at home and Lady Georgiana stayed to keep her company.

It had become quite late in the evening and as my services were not required, I was sitting by myself, when Juliette came in without knocking, silently and mysteriously, as once before, but not with the same results. She merely came, as she said, to tell me that my presence was required.

"Where?"

Never mind, I was required, that was enough, and very flattering to me!

Moreover it was absolutely requisite that my eyes should be bandaged.

Now, I was no fool and I was pretty certain that no harm could come to me in the Earl's mansion at any rate. Moreover, if my eyes were bandaged, my hands were free; besides, I may as well confess to my readers that my last association with my eyes bandaged, or more nearly proposed to be bandaged, was an extremely agreeable one; so after a faint show of objection I submitted, having a pretty strong notion of the object of the grand adventure.

I was then led by my conductress up one passage and down another, evidently for the purpose of puzzling me, and this was successful, for on being ushered into a

room, I certainly could not make out where I was. That the room was comfortable and with some luxurious articles of furniture in it, there was no doubt. Also that there were two or three females in it, I was persuaded, for I heard low whisperings, some of an argumentative character. Some as if in fun, and some seemed made in allusion to me in connection with some sport or other.

But I was not such a fool as not to make a shrewd guess as to what sort of sport was likely to take place, when a few merry young women have got a handsome young man in a room among them, with his eyes bandaged, and awaited my fate with becoming fortitude.

I had not long to wait.

I heard someone give a whispered persuasion, some more giggling and then violent hands were laid upon me. I don't mean to say that I was hurt or that the hands laid upon me were particularly rough, but at any other time I would have protested against indignities offered to me; under the circumstances I considered it wiser and pleasanter to hold my tongue and submit to my fate.

So I did. So would my reader if he had such a chance. Fancy yourself blindfolded as I was, and fancy several pairs of delicate soft hands pulling off your clothes, till there was no rag on your body except your stockings and the handkerchief over your eyes. How would you like to hear a soft, gentle voice as pleasant as a rippling brook, say: "Look at that beauty, won't you kiss its ruby head?" Then a soft hand takes John Thomas, gently draws back the foreskin and you first feel the warm breath, then the touch of the velvety tongue of some beauty who, you instinctively know, feels her blood at that moment in a boil of voluptuously longing excitement.

You are drawn softly to a couch, laid gently on your back, and some delightful creature splits herself upon your rod, rides it with spirit, till just the ecstatic moment; her lips are glued to yours in long lusciously amorous kisses, as the soul-dissolving emission mixes the male and female semen in one life-giving stream of pleasure.

She rolls aside and another fair creature takes her place before you have time to lose your stiffness. (Fresh cunt, fresh courage.) On you go for a steeple-chase of love again, again you come together! Each time I tasted the heavenly bliss of coition, if possible, in a more delightful degree, for I had four of them, one after another, before they allowed me to get up.

Then the darlings dressed me, but made such a pretended muddle of getting on my trousers, as they laughingly tried to put my limp prick away comfortably in its place, it got so handled and squeezed that I had the horn as ever. So, seizing the first

one I could hold, I bore her to the floor, up with her dress and into her reeking cunny in less time than it takes to write it.

This was a delicious bout, for the others laughed and slapped our bottoms all the while as we wriggled on the carpet. I was so delighted I am sure I made my partner spend three times before I was subdued, and she lay listlessly beneath me in the after lethargy of satisfied desire.

Whilst feeling her beautiful legs my hands came upon a small loose strap which I slyly slipped into my trousers as I put away the limp engine of love, thinking perhaps to make out my antagonist when I examined the colours I had captured on the sly.

I was kissed and sent away in charge of Juliette and soon found myself in my own room again.

It was a most mysterious story, but I had obtained a slight clue, a very slight one certainly, when my conductress advised me to put myself in order as I should probably be required to wait upon my mistress and Lady Georgiana at the supper-table.

But no sooner was her back turned than I inspected the little waif or stray I had secured in my pocket and found, as I expected, that it was neither more nor less than a lady's garter, and one of a colour and make that I had never seen before.

Anyhow, the next morning Mlle. Juliette was making anxious enquiries about one of her Lady's elastics which I at once offered to restore on condition of being allowed to replace it. And if anyone considers this affords a clue to my mysterious adventure they are welcome to it. I have no opinion to offer except that it is time to wind up my story.

The Earl of Pomeroy and the Duchess of Dashwood never visited the theatre on the eventful evening I have just described; the Duke, who could not obtain a divorce, filled his house with such bad company that his daughter, the Lady Georgiana, has obtained permission to live under the protection of her particular friend, the Countess of Pomeroy.

Justine and I, being so comfortably fixed and quite young as yet, think it would be folly to marry at present and so we retain our confidential stations.

THE END.

MEMORANDA FROM MR. P—.

Mr. Reddie used to call me Petro, as a short familiar name; but whilst he lodged with me at my house, Brecknock Crescent, Camden Town (N.B.— This is where I first was introduced to Mr. Reddie), I was continually afraid he would bring himself or both of us into serious trouble.

Once, I remember, we went to Margate for a few weeks at the seaside, and the landlady of the house where we stopped had a very good-looking son, a youth not over fifteen, if quite so old. Mr. Reddie was in love at once, but how to win the boy over was the difficulty.

"Petro," he would say, "I must fuck that boy or go out of my mind from frigging myself as I lie in bed and think of him. How can we manage it, old boy?"

I recommended patience, and an opportunity would be sure to turn up.

"Treat him well, and let's take him out for a bathe or a walk with us whenever he will go," I said.

My advice was taken. Young Frank was soon quite at home in our rooms and evidently pleased at being made such a favourite by the lodgers, who were always treating him to cakes, wine or fruit.

We took several promenades with him as companion, and in a few days he also regularly accompanied us and shared the same machine with us when we bathed.

How we joked him about his little doodle, asked him if it would stand stiff and about boys playing with each other's cocks at school. This was of course done very carefully and gradually, and we began to think him discreet enough as he had often assured us that he told no tales out of school, when we gave him shillings or half-crowns.

His mother was a buxom woman of about eight and thirty, who had been left a widow for some years, her husband having been in the Civil Service, but died after they had been married about ten years.

Now Mrs. Glover was decidedly more to my taste than the boy. So I made assiduous courtship of her on my own account, for Mr. Reddie couldn't even bear for a woman to touch him.

Her bedroom was next to mine, and I had a peephole so that I could watch all her movements as she dressed or undressed, and had often noticed how she sometimes looked at her cunt in the glass and seemed to sigh as if thinking of past joys. One night in particular, before sitting on the chamber-pot as usual before getting into bed, she seated herself on the bedside drawing up her night-chemise to her navel, whilst she at first gently friggd her clitoris with a couple of fingers. I could see the little piece of flesh stand out quite excitedly. Her fingers worked nervously for a moment or two, as her face began to flush, and her bosom to heave with emotion, when all of a sudden, she fell backwards on the bed in the act of spending, her legs wide open, allowing me to see clearly a few pearly drops glistening on her busy fingers.

Now was my chance. I had observed she never locked her door. My prick was rampant for such a glorious fuck, as I believed she would be, and having only my shirt and stockings on, I noiselessly opened my door as well as her own so quietly as to be quite unperceived by my luscious victim, as she lay gasping on the bed, from the effects of her copious emission. I had previously well oiled the locks of both doors on the sly.

Stooping down, so that she would not see my approach and having neither boots nor slippers on my feet, I soon was kneeling between her open legs and gazing my fill at the delicious throbbing cunt of my landlady. She still lay with two fingers right in, but not frigging. The mark was fair and open, so, slowly rising, I brought the nose of my impatient prick within an inch of the spot. It was then very gently touched. There was a kind of spasmodic twitch of sympathy, but she did not otherwise seem to notice it, and I could see her eyes were closed.

Mr. Peaslin went on gently to insinuate himself and fortunately for my game-cock, the spending had oiled her so that I gained an inch or two, and then with a sudden plunge as I clasped her round the hips, I was three-quarters entered in a moment.

What a start she gave, but seemed to have the presence of mind not to scream.

"Oh, Heavens, sir, what are you about? I'm ruined! Leave me, you wicked man, this instant!" she exclaimed, as I could see the tears start to her eyes, and the deep blush of shame overspread her face.

"Not yet, my darling Mrs. Glover! I had a peephole and the sight of you fingering yourself drove me quite mad with desire. Now, won't you forgive me? I couldn't help myself," I replied, as I seized the opportunity to push on to victory, and felt myself buried to the hilt in her throbbing sheath.

I lay on her kissing and imploring for forgiveness, making my prick throb inside of her as I did so, and at last she faintly smiled my pardon. I need not tell you more, how we used to sleep together every night, and that our liaison quite blinded her to our intentions regarding Master Frank.

We soon proceeded to all sorts of indecencies with the youth. Mr. Reddie and myself would compare the immense difference in the size of our pricks before him in the bathing-machine (Reddie's was a very small one, not five inches). We asked him to feel and judge for himself. The very touch of his delicate soft youthful hand made the seed shoot from me, which you may be sure immensely surprise the lad, and made him blush scarlet, so that we were afraid of having gone too far.

Another morning Mr. Reddie gamahuched him till he spent in his mouth and seemed to enjoy the sucking, after which we handled each other's pricks and he amused himself with them, until we emitted our juice, mine spurting all over his belly as he stood in front of me. Then we went into the sea to refresh ourselves and afterwards made him a present of half a sovereign, which his innocent mother, I believe, thought was only a delicate way of pleasing herself.

A day or two after this, Mr. Reddie pretended to be obliged to return to town for two or three days and we easily persuaded Mrs. Glover to allow Frank to go with us, and I promised to show him all the sights, while Mr. Reddie was attending to his business; this she also took as another kindness to herself and we started on our journey.

We took apartments in town at the house of a Mrs. Anderson (an old friend of Mr. Reddie's where he was always safe to do as he pleased). They consisted of a sitting-room and bedroom adjoining, the latter with two beds in it so that Frank had to sleep with either one of us.

Then we showed him a fine collection of coloured plates of boys and girls, boys with boys or men, etc., some of the latter plainly showing they had got their cocks in their partners' bottoms.

"You'll let him do it to you, Petro, won't you?" appealed Mr. Reddie as he whispered in ecstasy: "I shall soon be landed now!"

There was no object on my part; his little cock couldn't hurt me. Besides, I had a great fancy for it at the moment, and told him he must put his arms around my waist and handle my cock and make it come.

Frank was quite pleased to try. His youthful affair was quite stiff and hard at the idea of having a man.

We threw off everything and I knelt down on all fours on the hearth-rug. Then, Mr. Reddie guided Frank's prick to my arse-hole and he soon wriggled it in whilst his hand clasped and friggged my big cock in front. It was so extraordinarily exciting to my ideas that I spent at once, and clasped one of my hands round each of his wrists to make him frig quicker; also to secure him in case he flinched from Reddie's assault.

My friend had already got a finger well greased with cold cream up Frank's fundament which the boy seemed to enjoy rather than not, as I might judge by the increasing activity of his little prick in my arse.

"Now, Frank," said Mr. Reddie, "you will let me try to have you, won't you, you dear boy? It won't hurt."

I had previously taken a looking-glass from the dressing-table and placed it on the floor, so I could see every motion of both of my companions. With one hand Reddie was caressing the cock and balls of the boy, as he fucked my bottom, whilst his right hand presents his prick to the tight little pink arse-hole which kept bobbing towards him.

Frank winced a little at the attack; but Reddie being small, as I have said, had no difficulty in effectually getting into him. How his face flushed and his eyes sparkled with delight as he almost screamed out: "I'm in, oh, delicious! I'm landed at last, Petro, my dear fellow! I'm coming – I can't stop!"

This made me come again and I also felt Frank spend at the same moment. We kept our places and had another splendid bottom-fuck before separating.

My prick was too big to get into either of my companions but I loved to have the boy fuck me, and frig me whilst Reddie had him.

The very thought of that adventure makes my old pego stand at any moment.

The Rev. Kettle of Battersea met on the Rhine-boat a lady who had not seen him for years. "How do you do, Mr. Kettle, I heard you were married. Any family?"

"Yes, Madme, six."

"Six, dear me! how many are boys and how many girls?"

"The number is divided, Madame, there are six little Kettles, three with spouts, three without."

THINGS I DON'T LIKE TO SEE.

I'm a modest young man, I'd have you all know,
And I can't bear to hear or to see anything low;
From a child all my friends could not fail to detect,
That my notions were moral and strictly correct.

Now some of you, doubtless, may think me an ass,
And declare my confession is naught for a farce;
Still, to what I have said I'll religiously stick,
And, to use a low phrase, stand my ground like a brick.

Stop, a few minutes you are able to spare,
A bit of my mind I intend to lay bare;
Tho' with my way of thinking you'll p'raps not agree,
I'll tell you a few things I don't like to see.

I don't like to see vulgar girls in the town
Pull their clothes up, and stand to be goosed for a crown;
Nor a man with light trousers, of decency shorn,
Stop and talk to young ladies while having the horn.

I don't like to see women wear dirty smocks,
Nor a boy of fifteen laid' up with the pox;
And I don't like to see, it's a fact by my life—
A married man grinding another man's wife.

Nor I don't like to see – you'll not doubt it, I beg,
A large linseed poultice slip down a man's leg;
Nor a gray-headed sinner that's fond of a find.
When a girl under twelve he is able to grind.

In church, too, believe me, I don't like to see
A chap grope a girl while she sits on his knee;
Nor a lady whose visage is allover scabs,
Nor a young married lady troubled with crabs.

Nor I don't like to see, through it's really a lark,
A clergyman poking a girl in the park;
Nor a young lady, wishing to be thought discreet,
Looking in print-shops in Holywell Street.

I don't like to see, coming out of Cremorne,
A girl with her muslin much crumpled and torn;
Arm in arm with a fellow who's had the mishap,
To forget, when he shagged her, to button his flap.

Nor I don't like to see, though some think it a treat.
A young woman scratching her thing in the street;
And a boarding-school miss, with no sense in her pate.
Sit and chalk a man's tool on the back of her slate.

I don't like to see, in the bright face of the day,
A man stand and piss in the public highway;
Nor a Newfoundland dog, without any disguise.
Tied fast to a bitch not a quarter his size.

Nor I don't like to see, little sisters and brothers
Get playing at what they call fathers and mothers;
And I don't like to see, though at me you might scoff,
An old woman trying to toss herself off.

I don't like to see – it's a fact that I utter –
That nasty word — written up on a shutter:
And I don't like to see a man, drunk as an Earl.
Getting into a lamp-post thinking it's a girl.

I don't like to see, 'cause my feelings it shocks.
Two girls busy playing with each other's c-;
Nor I don't like to see, though it may be a whim.
A hole like a pit-mouth in place of a q-.

But I fear I'm encroaching too much on your time,
So I'll put an end to my quizzical rhyme;
Though with my way of taste you'll perhaps not agree,
I've told you the things I don't like to see.

A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Put butter in my Donald's brose,
For weel does Donald fa that;
I love my Donald's tartan hose,
His naked prick, and a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
And twice as mickle as a' that:
The lassie get a skelpit gnat,
But wan the day for a' that.

For Donald swore a solemn oath,
By his first hairy gravat,
That he would fight the battle there,
And fuck the lass and a' that.

Chorus: For a' that and a' that, etc.

His hairy cock, both side and wide,
Hung like a beggar's wallet;
His prick stood like a rolling-pin,
She nicker'd when she saw that.

Chorus: For a' that and a' that, etc.

And then she turned up her cunt,
And she bade Donald claw that;
The devil's dizzen Donald drew,
And Donald gave her a' that.

Chorus: For a' that and a' that, etc.

FACETIAE.

Boss returning from the wars,
Wearied out with wounds and jars,
Tells the tale of blood and strife,
Woe and suffering to his wife;
"Never mind, dear Boss," she said,
"Your tool is safe – let's go to bed."

Through my brain strange musings ran,
Deeply pondering: "What is man?"
Still the question I resolve,
Philosophic doubts to solve:
"What is man? I'll tell you true,
He's but a pizzle's dirty spew!"

LINES FOR VALENTINES.

What a fate this poor girl in her lovers befalls,
A prickless old man, and a youth without balls.

Boast not that you have won a rich wife,
Length of tool, not of purse, makes the comfort of life.

Your prick is so useless for love's pleasant game,
Your nose long and hooky and fuck of such muck,
Go, stick then your nose in the cunt of your dame,
And you'll have at one go both a blow and a fuck.

To his bed he went sleepy and drunk, oh, very!
He wanted to piss, felt about for the jerry,
Took up by mischance a big mousetrap instead,
Which snapped off, alas! his old gentleman's head!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

To Be Sold – A Bargain
A MAIDENHEAD
(Slightly Soiled)

*The owner being about to get married is willing to sell the above by auction.
Further particulars will be announced in the next number of THE PEARL.*

TO THE LOVERS OF GOOD THINGS.

Messrs. Rogers, Rosencrantz and Co., Importers of Foreign Females, and other Curiosities, beg to announce the arrival of a cargo per steamship *Orient*, direct from Zululand, of young girls of all ages from 8 to 16 years of age, all genuine virgins which will be offered for selection any time next' week. Terms – C.O.D.

N.B. – As this class of goods is extremely perishable buyers must remove their purchases at their own risk.

Orders from the country per post carefully attended to; and the girls sent sealed with our trade-mark over their cunnies, without which we do not guarantee them.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. Newman Hall will lecture on "The Conduct of Lot and His Daughters," December 20. Illustrated with Dissolving views of the Paternal Pego entering the Daughters' Cunts.

Also January 7: "Solomon In All His Glory," with 700 wives and 300 concubines; being an attempt to elucidate the mystery of how he gave satisfaction to them all.

Rev. J. Spurgeon will Address the Young Woman's Christian Association on the subject of:

CIRCUMCISION.

With practical examples of the advantage of removing the hood or foreskin from the penis.

Admission to women only. No collection.

THE PEARL,

A Journal of Faceliae and Voluptuous Reading.

No. 18

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Dec, 1880

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TALE OR MAY'S ACCOUNT OF HER INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF LOVE.

From an unsophisticated Manuscript found amongst the old lady's papers, after her death, supposed to have been written about A.D. 1797.

SUZIE'S LETTER CONCLUDED.

Uncle got up and came to meet me, saying: "Welcome, Susey, I am glad you have come! How blooming you look! You must want your supper after such a long ride."

I threw my arms around his neck and kissing him, said: "Thank you, dear Uncle, for all your great kindness and especially for this lovely silk dress and the pretty garters you gave me."

"Does the dress fit you, my dear?" he asked, placing his hands on my bosom and squeezing it gently.

"Yes, Uncle dear," I said.

We then had supper, and Uncle insisted on my drinking four glasses of the champagne, which I found warmed up my blood as doubtless Uncle intended it should do.

After supper he said: "Susey, if you love me, show me your garters."

"Oh, Uncle!" I replied blushing, "would that be decent and proper?"

"You are an ungrateful girl to refuse the first trifling request I make," he said.

"Not ungrateful, Uncle," I replied; "see here, please examine my pretty garters," and I stretched out both my legs as I continued sitting in my chair.

Uncle was on his knees between my legs in a moment, and put his hands first on one garter and then on the other, unclasping them and kissing my thighs just above the stockings.

Then he said: "Dear Susey, do you know that your mother was my favourite sister? And that as children we used to sleep together, and were fond of taking off each other's nightdress and of examining the difference in our naked bodies, and making water in the same pot. And now, dear Susey, I want to tell you that your dear mother on her death-bed confided you to my care, and I have paid for your education and maintenance all your life; and now I hope you will love me and be a comfort to me in my declining years."

"Yes, dear Uncle," I said, "you may depend on my doing everything in my power to give you pleasure."

"That's a good girl," said Uncle. "But now you can do something this minute to please me, and that is to show me your cunny!"

I told him he could look at it if he wished. So as I was seated in an easy-chair he lifted one of my legs over an arm of the chair and telling me to hold my clothing and chemise out of the way, he exposed my cunny and bottom-hole to his delighted view, and covered both with kisses, sucking and putting his tongue as far as possible into both places. The end of this, of course, was that I gave down my liquor of love over his tongue and he greedily sucked up every drop, declaring it was most delicious.

After this he pulled out his prick and pretended to me that he had fucked my mother, therefore he had a right to do the same to me!

I laughed at this reasoning and feigning ignorance of his meaning asked him to explain everything.

He then laid me on the sofa before the fire and undressed me and also himself, all the time praising the whiteness of my skin, and then, dearest May, he fucked me, and fancied he was the first that had penetrated my virgin slit, as he fondly called it.

Now I must close this letter, hoping you have had as much pleasure as I have in the way of fucking.

By the way, dear May, why don't you get your father to fuck you? Uncle says you would find it delicious, for he knows your father well and says he remembers that his cock is both long and very thick!

I remain, darling May, your loving friend,

SUSEY.

P.S.— Be sure and keep this letter a secret and don't let your father see it for the world! Write soon and tell me every- thing.

I put this precious letter in my pocket and then remembered that Kate had never told me how she first became acquainted with my father. So I went into the dining-room in search of her and found her and papa sitting on the sofa, with their private parts exposed and each was fondling and touching the other's genitals.

Papa caught sight of me and called out: "Come in May, I want you most particularly."

I went up to him.

He continued: "I want to see if the hair on your cunny is as fine and silky as this on Kate's cunt. Now be a good obedient girl and I will give you a silk dress and you shall choose the colour yourself."

How this promise dazzled me! I had had only one silk dress many years before and now the promise of choosing one myself conjured up visions of beauty to my mind's eye.

I replied quickly: "Yes, dear papa, I will do all you require," and I raised up my clothing as I stood in front of him.

"That is not convenient," he said. "You had better slip off your clothes except the chemise, Kate will help you."

So in a few moments my dress and petticoats were on the ground and I was *en chemise* as I did not wear drawers in those days. In taking my dress over my head my pocket was emptied on the carpet and the letter caught my father's eye.

"Oh, a love letter," he cried, "fine goings on, Miss May! I must read this letter from your favoured lover!" and he picked it up and commenced to read it.

"It is not a love letter," I said, "but one from my school-friend Susey who is in Scotland with her uncle."

"All the same I shall read it aloud," said my father.

And he did so. And Kate whispered to me: "Don't be afraid of anything, May dearest, I will take your part."

My father was delighted with Susey's letter and as his breeches were unbuttoned as he sat on the sofa I could see his pego rise to a fine erection as he came to some of her descriptive passages.

At last he came to the end where she advised me to get my father to fuck me, and then he cried out: "Sensible girl this Susey! I wish she were here now. I must invite her and her uncle, my old friend, on a visit this summer, and we will have glorious times! But at present I am concerned to examine closely my daughter's cunny! And if she consents, willingly will I fuck her for I cannot use force to my own daughter, I love her too well for that! Only if she cheerfully consents to let me have my will, she shall have five guineas in addition to the silk dress and I will take her to the theatre one night each week!"

I exclaimed: "You dear kind papa! How much I love you! Yes, do whatever you like with me and teach me how to give you pleasure. I hope, dear Kate will not be jealous of poor little me?"

"No, no, dearest May," said Kate. "I shall never be jealous of you or any other girl your papa wished to fuck; in fact I should like to see him fuck all the girls in the parish, if he wanted to!"

Papa said: "Generous-hearted Kate, you shall never have cause to regret such unselfish conduct. It was the perfect nobleness and disinterestedness of your character which attracted me to you, and the more I see of your mental superiority the more I bless the hour we first became acquainted with each other! Now May, I am ready to fuck you!"

"And I, dear papa, am ready to be fucked," I replied smiling.

Kate insisted on papa stripping himself perfectly naked and also on removing my smock. She then told papa to lie flat on his back with his prick standing erect; she then made me lie on top of him and she slapped my bottom in time to papa's heaves and thrusts until the crisis came and my womb was deluged with paternal sperm.

I was swimming in delight and could not help calling out: "Thank you a thousand times, dear papa, for this delicious treat!"

"And thank you, my darling child, for giving me such exquisite pleasure," replied papa.

In the next bout our positions were altered and Kate took part in the pastime, placing herself in such a position that papa could see her cunny while he fucked mine.

We changed positions many times until papa said he must rest from his labours of love, and after partaking of refreshments we all three went to papa's bedroom and fell asleep on his bed, one on each side of him.

In the morning I asked papa to tell me how he became acquainted with Kate, and he replied as follows:

"Last Christmas I went up to London for a holiday and at my club I met with several old friends, who had daughters at school with Madame Stewart at Hampton Court. Sir Thomas Moreton, my neighbour, was one of the party, and while drinking our wine, we talked about our experiences in fucking, and afterwards the conversation turned to the subject of schoolmistresses whipping their scholars' bottoms. I argued that it was not done nowadays but might have been done years ago.

"Sir Thomas laid me a £50 bet that I was wrong and offered to take me to Mme. Stewart's to prove it.

"I accepted his wager and on the following Saturday evening accompanied him to Mme. Stewart's to put his wager to the test.

"We were conducted to a room fitted up with all kinds of punishment apparatus and at one end was a raised dais or platform, under which we seated ourselves, and the door being closed we found the front of the platform was pierced with peepholes in all directions so we had a perfect view of the room, which was brilliantly lighted up with wax candles whilst our recess was dark.

"Presently six girls were brought in by the governess and Madame Stewart ascended the dais over our heads and gave orders for the number of stripes and read the list of offences.

"The fair culprits were placed with their bottoms towards the dais so we had a full view of their struggles and wriggings as the rod fell on their thighs and bottoms and we had many a peep at the tender cunny which peeped from between their legs.

"My Kate was one that was punished on that occasion and I was especially attracted by the quivering of the lips of her cunny as the rod fell on her lovely bottom. At last I was sure I could see the dear girl give down the pearly drops in pleasurable emission. Such sensitiveness charmed me, and when the punishment

was over I made an offer to Madame Stewart to take Kate home with me as a fucking-piece, offering her a bribe.

"Madame demurred at first then said the matter should be left to Kate's decision.

"She was called into the room and I told her how I was smitten with the sight of her naked charms and wanted her to come and live with me a few months every year.

"She first looked at my standing prick and then enquired if it would be any advantage to Madame Stewart and that if it would, she would come with me.

"I told her I offered Madame £50.

"Then,' said Kate, 'I will go with you and trust in your honour as to your treatment of me.'

"Such disinterested conduct is most uncommon in this money-loving age and I love and honour Kate for it."

I told my father I was sure he would be generous to both Kate and myself.

He told me he was anxious I should be married to a gentleman of his acquaintance, an elderly rich widower.

I enquired how he knew anything about me and what was his name? To which my father replied his name was Mr. Sinclair and it was his cock I had become acquainted with, that he was over eighty years old, so I should be a rich widow probably in a few years. That the old gent was able to do a fair amount of fucking, but if I wanted more I could easily get a young man for a pound a week to do it for me.

I consented to my father's propositions and we invited Mr. T (the resident tutor at the school mentioned at the beginning of my tale), to come to the wedding. We also invited Susey and her uncle.

They all came and I was married one fine May morning out of compliment to my name. After the ceremony the clergyman asked permission to have the first kiss on my cunny, which I granted him in the vestry.

We went for our wedding tour to the Isle of Wight for a month during which time my husband was satisfied he had got me with a child. He then gave me permission to have as much outside fucking as I wanted. I told him I should wait until we got home as I was longing for a taste of Mr. T's noble tool and also for my dear father's prick.

My husband was pleased with my determination and engaged Mr. T as librarian, and in that capacity he remained until the lamented decease of Mr. Sinclair at the age of ninety, who left me with one daughter nine years old, and all his money.

As soon after his death as was decent I married Mr. S whom I found to be one of the best husbands.

Susey often pays us a visit and brings young girls with her to please Mr. T who has a penchant for the unfledged cunny, and often has a game of blindman's buff with the naked children, and a romp with my little Agnes when she is naked. The little darling is now twelve years old and very proud of being able to make "her new papa's cocky get big," as she says, by rubbing her little cunny against its head.

Mr. T anticipates the pleasure of taking her maidenhead when she is fourteen. I tell him that it is too early and that he ought to wait until she is fifteen, but he is so impatient that I fear he will have his own way.

So good reader, both lady and gentleman, farewell!

And may you never want a fuck,

Nor yet a prick or cunt to suck.

FINIS.

ACROSTIC-MADRIGAL.

C ome love and dwell with me
U nder the greenwood tree,
N o one can happy be,
T han I shall be if bless'd with thee!

P laced near your mossy grot.
R ises a rustic cot.
I would bear thee to that spot.
C ool when the sun is hot;
K ind fair one, linger not!

F lowers bloom their brightest there!
U nknown fragrance fills the air!
C ome, sweet Chloe, grant the prayer.
K neeling I make to thee!

ACROSTIC-THE MARTYR.

F irm as a rock the noble martyr stood,
U nbending as a rod of tempered steel;
C almly he sees the touch ignite the wood,
K nowing the agony he soon must feel.

M ighty the influence which makes the body
Y ield prompt obedience to the power of will!

C onscious of being right, this is the motto,
U pon his banner writ in words of light.
N o other motive can supply the power,
T o cheer the martyr in his dying hour!

D ying because he would maintain the right,
E ver should rule in place of boastful might!
A nd so the martyr's name shall never die,
R ound the whole world the stirring tale shall fly.

P eoples unborn his noble name shall learn,
A nd his example make their bosoms burn;
P atriot shall hail him as a brother true,
A nd write his history for all to view!

THE DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER.

A Yorkshire excursion train the other day contained a rather morose-looking individual, who being offered the newspaper, grumpily replied: "I don't read!"

"Will you take a cigar then?" asked another passenger.

"I don't smoke!"

Presently a third offered him his flask.

"I don't drink!"

This happened in a carriage with open compartments, so a clergyman who had overheard it all and thinking that perhaps a little intellectual conversation would be more to his taste, leaned over the back of the seat and said: "Would you like to step over here with us, there is only myself, wife and daughter?"

"I don't fuck!" was all he got for his kind intention. And we need not say that he was both disgusted and chagrined as the laughter of the others pealed through the carriage.

A QUESTION OF LUNACY.

A lady the other day, wishing to get an imbecile son into an asylum, consulted a doctor about a certificate and he naturally enquired as to the actions of the alleged lunatic.

Lady— I must tell you that lately at Christmas he would get up at night and eat all the mince-pie in the pantry.

Doctor— That is only gluttony.

Lady— There's something awfully shocking to tell: The other day he threw the servant down the stairs and fucked her!

Doctor— Mere depravity, that's all. Now allow me to explain the difference to you, Madame! If you had told me that your son had eaten the servant and fucked the mince-pies there could have been no doubt about the necessity of confining him in an asylum.

THE SULTAN'S REVERIE.

An Extract from the Pleasures of Cruelty.

This brings to my mind, says Lucidora, a tale I have heard of the late Sultan, who, being middle aged and worn out with the amorous exertions in the well-filled seraglio, determines to seek some fresh excitement; everything seems so insipid and blase to him.

At first he is at a loss how to amuse himself, but one day, discussing with his chief eunuch the arrangements and routine of the harem, a circumstance which never gave him a thought before suddenly gives him an idea that he may get both satisfaction and excitement from cunt, viz., that when he came to the throne (he was a nephew of the previous Commander of the Faithful), he left the Sultana Valide unmolested, who in the lifetime of his predecessor had intrigued in every possible manner to set aside his succession in favour of her own son contrary to the usual Osmanif custom. Since which time the baffled Sultana, a beautiful lady of about thirty, had peevishly shown her hatred of him by keeping the strictest seclusion, only walking by herself quite unattended in the most secluded part of the extensive gardens of the seraglio.

The Sultan had heard of the once famous beauty of this proud lady and was assured by the Chief of Eunuchs that she was still surpassingly lovely and was suspected of indulging in every variety of voluptuousness with the ladies of her suite in private.

SULTAN.— "At what hour does she generally take her walk in the garden?"

CHIEF OF EUNUCHS.— "About seven in the morning, your Majesty; she is an early riser and first goes to the Mosque then walks in the garden for an hour or more or sits under the trees reading some exciting French work, but retires as soon as the eunuch gardeners disturb her."

SULTAN.— "Well, good; keep the gardeners from that part of the garden tomorrow. I will have a private interview with her Majesty."

CHIEF OF EUNUCHS.— "Her Majesty would feel insulted to be addressed in the garden even by the Sultan. Consider, Sire, her late position, and what deference would she expect even from your Majesty yourself."

SULTAN.— "By the beard of the prophet! I'll bring her to her senses without even telling her who I am. She has never seen me. It will afford infinite satisfaction to

witness her haughty, proud indignation, at a stranger's intrusion on her privacy. But leave me to consider her dignity, all I want is that you keep out all intruders, and be sure to awaken me early enough in the morning."

Next day, at an early hour, the Sultan is ready for his anticipated excitement. It is a lovely morning in early spring; and he thoroughly enjoys the invigorating, soft sea-breeze which rustles the leaves of the trees over his head.

Seating himself on the grass behind an Oleander thicket, close to a pretty little lake, so as to command a long vista of one of the principal walks, he gives himself up to a reverie of his chibouque. "Ah, to think I never thought of her before, the beautiful haughty. Oh, Allah, what a fine revenge for all she did against me. What a delicious time of day. How curious that although I can scarcely get my poor cock to rise at the prettiest of my odalisques, one always awakes in the morning with a standing pego. What is the cause of it? Perhaps it indicates the proper time of day for voluptuous indulgence. Ah, yes! That must be so for I always notice how I am, especially if I have indulged in too much Frankish brandy overnight. That's our only stimulant. Ah, Allah! why did the prophet forbid us the glorious wine? Spirits were not known then or he would have put a veto on that also. Women, women, nothing but women for good believers! What a man that prophet must have been and after all nothing else for us in heaven! Shall we not be exhausted or cloyed with pleasure there? Ha! Ha! Ha! Of course I'm a true Musselman, but it takes a big faith to believe all that, or about Isa either. Religion is a manufactured article in all countries, a monopoly not to be interfered with lightly; but no one will know the mystery until after death. How true the saying of Solomon: 'That the only real good is to enjoy your life and thank God for it.' There is but one God, whoever is his prophet; we were never intended to make ourselves miserable.

"Ah! Xerxes must have been like myself when he offered such rewards for a new pleasure. He had found himself all used up. 'Vanity of Vanities' said the preacher who had three hundred princesses for wives and seven hundred concubines.

"It was Xerxes who married Esther, Queen Vashti reminds me of the Sultana Valide; how I will humble her and enjoy her humiliated rage as she finds herself helpless in my power.

"Esther, they say, won the king's heart through the voluptuous instruction imparted to her by Mordecai. All the other virgins only just submitted themselves to the Royal Ravisher; but Esther not only did that but when he was spent with his first efforts played with him and sucked his affair, and after all presented her beautiful bottom to his aroused priapus, which so excited him he was obliged to ravish that also, and finally put the crown on her head, not as one of the most beautiful of all virgins but simply to reward the erotic excitement she had raised by her dalliance. Oh; that I had such a nice girl in my harem; they are all duffers. Ha, there she comes

up the walk," catching a glimpse of the beautiful Sultana coming towards him unveiled and book in hand evidently intent on seating herself under a tree close at hand. Watching all her actions, the Sultan continued to enjoy his smoking and after a little while the lady seated herself on a little mound of grass under a shady tree, proceeding to peruse her book, soon being so absorbed in its contents that she did not perceive his stealthy approach from behind, so that he actually stood at her back looking over her shoulder and reading the same page as she was feasting on. The title of the work was *Le Diable au Corps*, a most erotic and sensual book, which seemed so to excite her that she sighed and swayed herself about whilst one hand was quite lost under her clothes, and seemed to the Sultan to be very curiously engaged somewhere. She reads and she sighs, and he sighs, but unnoticed by the beautiful student.

What charms he can see all down her neck and voluptuously rounded bosom, having just under his eyes the dazzling white skin, and blue-black hair streaming down in three long plaits along her back, the lovely delicate hands, and plump rounded arms.

How curious it is that anything improper or forbidden has such an exciting effect on all mankind. Here the Sultan, who could feast unmoved by the delicious charms of hundreds of lovely girls in his harem, is strongly excited by the charms of one so unwittingly exposed to view.

His manly weapon rises in all its forgotten vigour. The Sultana has thrown back the light shawl which covered her shoulders, so as to leave her neck quite exposed. He frigs himself over his unsuspecting victim when she suddenly drops backwards at full length, her eyes closed, her sensuous smile of enjoyment on the lips, rather apart, with one knee bent upwards and the hitherto unseen hand evidently working something under her clothes. As she sighs and almost sobs with pleasure, her beautiful legs are quite exposed with nothing on them, but delicate slippers on the feet. Drawers are quite wanting in the royal apparel.

Sultans are mortal, and however he might have wished to prolong and enjoy the sight, it was impossible for him to restrain his own emotions. The ecstatic moment had arrived, he directs his swollen excited member downwards and showers a good stream of sperm all over her face, neck, and bosom, laughing: "Ha! Ha! Ha! by the prophet you are a wanton woman. What the devil have you got under your clothes?"

Thunderstruck, crimsoning with shame, the Sultana's eyes start open. Then she hides her face in her shawl, shrieking: "Ah! Ah! Help! A man! A man!"

The Sultan gave her a vigorous kick: "You may scream but who's to help you? Do you want to expose your own shame, or do you really want a man?"

She springs to her feet and attempts to fly but he dexterously catches the tail of her dress and in the endeavours to effect her escape pulls her clothes over her head so that she is quite uncovered, her arms helpless, whilst every part of her beautiful body from the waist downwards is fully exposed.

What a sight meets his gaze! A splendid swelling mount an covered with long, black, curly hair, extending far over her beautiful belly, and some inches down on the inside of her thighs, most extraordinary large rounded buttocks, quite out of proportion to her size, but so exciting to behold and replete with voluptuous pleasure.

SULTANA, shrieking.— "Ah! Ah! How shameful! Oh! Oh! Let me go, or your life win pay the forfeit!"

SULTAN.— "Ha, ha! Will you, indeed, spare my life, lady?" whilst still keeping her head and hands in a helpless condition. He inflicts a furious kick on her bottom, which he repeats again and again, as she begs and cries for mercy, promising everything she can think of to be released; her bottom bruised all over and slightly bleeding in places.

SULTANA.— "Oh! Oh! Allah! Have mercy. Deliver me from this demon!"

SULTAN.— "Ha, ha! Cry away to Allah. You ought to be one of the Peris in the Prophet's Paradise. A wanton woman like you would be properly employed there. What's that instrument I see lying in the grass dropped from you just now? Tell me this instant what it is or I will murder you."

SULTANA.— "Oh, oh, mercy! It's only a French godemiche!"

SULTAN.— "A godemiche? What's that for? Speak up" (giving another furious kick).

SULTANA.— "Oh! Oh! We ladies use it to excite ourselves. Oh, if you only knew who I am!"

SULTAN.— "Indeed Madame. Tell me, pray, perhaps I may show you some respect."

SULTANA, hopefully.— "You little think, for I'm the Sultana Valide, it will be fearful for you if anyone should come and catch you."

SULTAN.— "Ha! Ha! You wish me to believe that, you wanton! Now tell me true, are you not one of the lower women of the palace?" (Kicking again, this time her belly, almost making her faint with the shock.)

SULTANA, shrieking.— "Oh! Oh! Mercy! I am indeed the Sultana. Oh! Mercy! Oh!" (as kicks follow in quick succession).

SULTAN.— "So you are really the Sultana and you wish me to believe that, do you?" (Taking advantage of her ceasing to struggle to tie her to a tree with her clothes still over her head, helpless as before.) "Now, you lying woman, I'll teach you to pass yourself off as the Sultana. Here," (placing the godemiche in her cunny) "I'll give you pleasure; tell me how you feel, if I do it nicely or not, or I'll murder you on the spot. Wait a little. I've got a better idea; you must do it yourself; feel my knife," said he again, pricking her bottom and making the blood to run freely. "Resist and I'll kill you; turn around!"

So he alters the fastening till she is extended full length on her back, still secured to the little tree. Then with his knife he cuts a hole through her clothes. She can just put in one hand and use the godemiche.

"That will do; work away at once! I'm going to make a nice little switch from this prickly shrub to keep you up to your work."

The poor Sultana, nearly dead with fright, does her best to obey. His rod of prickly shrubs cuts and scratches her hips and thighs, and sometimes the mount, drawing drops of blood at every stroke. She frantically works her instrument, presenting to his view, as he kneels close in front of her, a most luscious and voluptuous sight, for she is one of those rare women who are splendidly furnished with an enlarged clitoris and prominent pouting lips to her cunny, which are now plainly seen as they draw out and recede, clinging lasciviously to the working godemiche. Dropping the switch he amuses himself by pinching and nipping her clitoris and all around the gaping luscious mouth of her vermilion gap.

His touch seems to electrify her. She screams with delight: "Oh, oh, oh! You make me come! How hot I am! Good heavens! Allah! Allah!" and she spends with such profusion that it shoots all over his fingers as the godemiche is still worked by her nervous hands.

SULTAN.— "Now, withdraw that nasty thing and let me inspect your wanton crack; you're never a modest woman to have behaved as you have. Give me that godemiche, I'll put it in my pocket."

SULTANA.— "Oh, pity me! Let me go now. Do have mercy!"

SULTAN.— "You bitch of a dog, who are you? Now confess or you shall be more and more punished."

SULTANA.— "Oh! Oh! Mercy! I am indeed the Valide! If this was found out nothing would save me, for the Sultan is my enemy!"

SULTAN, laughing ironically.— "Ha! Ha! Ha! You think he would have you thrown into the Bosphorus in a sack, do you not? How many poor girls have you served so in your times?"

SULTANA.— "Oh, none! I was never cruel or jealous like some of the favourites."

SULTAN.— "Such lies convince me you are not what you pretend to be; now speak the truth will you? I might as well tell you I am the Padishah himself! Did he never have you? They say he's been a regular goat in the harem."

SULTANA.— "You won't believe me; oh, mercy! mercy! I've been a chaste woman all my life."

SULTAN, beginning to flog her again with the prickly twigs.— "Chaste, chaste, chaste — I should think so after what I have seen—" (giving scratching switches at every word).

The poor woman kicks about and writhes in agony. Her flesh is soon covered with blood which only seems to excite his fury the more. She screams wildly for mercy, sobbing for mercy: "Oh! Ah! Allah! Allah! Mercy, holy prophet! I shall die! Oh, finish me!"

His excitement is now at its highest. He throws himself upon her, exclaiming: "Holy Prophet, holy Prophet, that puts me in mind of your bottom-hole!" Throwing her legs over his shoulders, he first plunges his bursting instrument into her cunny, well to lubricate it, then presents the head to her dark brown fundus; he thrusts furiously and soon gains a partial insertion. "Oh! Oh! You'll split me!" she screams; "not there, not there, I never would allow the Sultan to do that. Oh, oh! Never. What shame! What filthiness!" she sighs as he pushes on and on, to complete possession, and he rests a little after his exertions, but the nervous nippings and contractions of the fundamental canal are too exciting. He spends a stream of his essence into her bowels which she involuntary meets with a slight heave of her bottom. Both of them exhausted, they remain quite still for some few minutes, affording him infinite pleasure, as he causes his dilated instrument to respond to the contracting pulsations of her anus.

SULTAN.— "Are you finished now, you wanton?" withdrawing from her body with a noise something like the drawing of a cork so tightly is the muscle of her bottom contracted around his still inflamed affair. "Ah, ha! how tightly you hold! Haven't you had enough? Ha! Ha! I'll take a love token from you, just to remember your pussey when I look at it." So saying, he cut off a good lock of the fine, long,

black curly hair of her cunny. "I must have enough to make a bracelet for my wife, she will little think where it came from," he said, hacking away again and again, causing excruciating pain.

"Oh! Ah! Ah! help! Oh, do have mercy! My God!" she sobs. "I shall never be able to take a bath; my assistants will see, it's all gone! Oh, oh, pity me!" she screams, but he cuts on, enjoying her screams and sobbings till the mouth of her crack looks like a chin unshaved for a fortnight.

"You lying woman, I've made a nice Sultana of your pussey for you, and now I'll really finish you off and let you go."

"Holy Prophet! be merciful! Oh, what more misery can you inflict?" sobbing and screaming.

SULTAN, stuffing a tuft of grass up her fundus.— "That will keep out the cold! Be a pity for a Sultana to catch cold!"

Her legs are wide open showing the red lips and clitoris of her pussey all smeared as they are with blood and sperm; then gathering several tufts of grass with the earth clinging to the roots he proceeds to pelt her cunny with them until one fairly sticks in the entrance. The poor woman is almost unconscious, moaning and sighing, incapable of any efforts to save herself.

With a brutal laugh he shoves his toe into her crack, saying: "Now the cold will keep out of there, too!" Then unloosening her clothes and allowing her to uncover her face he enjoys the spectacle of her tearful, pitiable looks as she sobs and moans in her exhausted state. "Ha, ha! a little water will revive you, you wanton Sultana. You'd better pick yourself up and go back to your apartment," said he, making water all over her and even into her gaping mouth.

She chokes, gasps and falls back in a lifeless swoon. This last indignity had finished her.

So having her to recover as best she could he retires from the scene.

A few days afterwards the Sultan requests an audience of the Sultana Valide, as he hears she has been indisposed, and when; ushered into her apartment she receives him unveiled in consequence of his exalted rank as her sovereign.

THE SULTAN, refusing to be seated.— "Madame, hearing you were ill I have brought you a present which I hope may restore your animation a little; especially if you use it vigorously as I have seen you do." And he places in her hands a casket of Morocco leather, ornamented with gold, which contains her godemiche. "If your

Imperial Highness will look, you will see how I have improved it." (He had put a quantity of her own hair on the india-rubber to make the instrument look more natural.) "I have still enough left to make myself a keepsake," said he, inclining his head as he withdrew from her apartment. "Au revoir, I have repaid you for all your former kindnesses to me."

You may imagine the angry, furious looks of indignant hate which she cast at him as he looked steadily at her, enjoying her shame and confusion whilst giving his present.

HOW HE LOST HIS WHISKERS.

An Episode in the Life of Steve Broad.

You didn't know Steve Broad? More's the pity! A jollier, better-heard and manlier fellow never pissed against a wall.

He was my constant chum from the time we occupied some diggings in Camden Town. Till he went to Australia we were together.

The Siamese Twins, Castor and Pollux, were not more inseparable.

Old Jack Falstaff and Prince Henry and Poins loved each other because "their legs were both of a bigness."

Shall I whisper the secret or one of the secrets of our attachment? Our pricks were both of a length and our arse-holes the same gauge. Don't infer too much from that admission. It was not often that we fucked. There, I will tell you a story that will show you the sort of fellow he was.

Steve had a pal, Alf Nugent, and he and Alf had lived together as chums. Alf occasionally receiving a visit in his lodging from a pretty sister, Lettice, as they called her from Letty Nugent, a charming little blonde with oh! such shoulders; a mouth humid and peachlike and a pair of eyes that would entice the bark off a tree.

It was not long before Steve and Letty struck up an acquaintance. Steve could make love like a Romeo.

Letty was "willing" as Barkis, and the brother Alf was not one to spoil sport, so the three got on charmingly together, Alf often gave a pleasant little party. I was invited. Steve had made my acquaintance in the city, and took me there. I introduced a young girl Kitty Marshall, and Alf brought his inamorata, Nellie Grover. So that the six of us formed a pleasant little gathering and rare fun we had.

Let me sketch for you one of our social meetings after a recherche supper, prepared by the nimble hands of Letty Nugent, who turned out every article as palatable as Ruth Pinch's Steakpie.

The table was cleared of all but wines and fruits, the couches were drawn up to the fire and the six of us would go in for a little fun.

Steve would warble in his rich manly voice a polly song, such as:

There's a thing that bears a well-known name,
Though it is but a little spot;
Its smell sets my heart and my brain in a flame,
And its touch makes my prick grow hot,
'Tis the sweetest thing this world can show,
To praise it can't be wrong;
'Twill set your blood in a fervid glow,
Make your prick grow stiff and long.
'Tis a woman's cunt. Her glorious fan,
Oh, a cunt is the pride of an Englishman.

That cunt will not be treated with shame,
But calls for proper respect;
And though mostly fit for a fucking game,
Yet it sometimes in mourning is decked.
Then beware how you go with the darling then,
Or perhaps sorely punished you'll be;
For cunt won't be the sport of men,
When it wants its privacy.
For caprice is part of cunt's own plan
To enhance its joys to an Englishman.

But when cunt is ready, I give you the tip,
No half-hearted play can it stand;
It likes to be fondled with tongue and with lip,
And shuns not the touch of your hand.
But the glorious Prick sets Miss Cunt in a thrill,
She loves a prick, long, thick, and firm.
And she'll wriggle and pant till you madly fill
Her bang full of glowing sperm.
You may frig and gamahuche and try every plan,
But fair fucking's the pride of an Englishman.

Of course a song like this was well received and quickly followed by a practical illustration.

My little lady, Kitty Marshall, warmly defended gamahuching and so did I; for laying Kitty down on the couch and parting her beautiful legs I displayed to the others a cleft that an angel would think it a new joy to suck. Soon the whole six of us were engaged in an amorous orgy, and Steve, who certainly could boast the most magnificent priapus that ever adorned a man, took pretty little Letty in his arms and gave her what you may call an "Exhibition Fuck." His balls knocked against the entrance of her lovely quim and at last when she wriggled and panted and hugged

him into a spend he poured such a libation into her that we could see it overflow and they mutually lay entranced until we revived them with some glorious wine.

Then we would go in for a game of blindman's buff, all being stripped naked and armed with birch; we would scamper about the room, cutting right and left, and endeavouring to land some smart blows on each other's glowing posteriors, until thoroughly exhausted; we would sit down on our smarting arses for a good story or song.

Apropos of our game of blindman's buff, Alf told us a good story.

A respectable-looking old buck was brought before Mr. Norton, the magistrate, charged with dog stealing or rather enticing ladies' dogs to follow him with the intention of stealing them.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Norton, "what have you to say to this charge?"

"If your honour will allow me to explain it in my own way and give you a little bit of my history I think I can prove it is all a mistake."

"Well," said the magistrate, "go on."

"Well, your honour, a year or two ago I had a little money and wishing to see life I took a walk late at night in the neighbourhood of Haymarket, and got into the company of one of those girls."

"One of what girls?" said Norton.

"A whore."

"Well, sir, your expression is far from elegant, but I understand you."

"Well, your honour, this girl enticed me home and there I found a lot of her companions and a nice little spree we had. At last we proposed a game of blindman's buff, and as I was the only male present it was proposed that we should all strip and then the ladies should be blindfolded and a prize given to the lady that caught me. Oh, it was jolly fun to see the girls running about naked and catching hold of each other and their slipping their hands down to the proper place to feel if it was the man they held; but they kept giving me such jolly slaps on my bottom that I tried to run out of the door when one of the girls picked up my umbrella which stood in the corner and made a lunge at me (the devil must have looked). Oh, the tip of the umbrella entered my fundament as it was turned to her and as she withdrew it the ferule was left behind, and there it is now, and every time I sigh—"

"Every time you what?" asked Mr. Norton.

"Well, every time I fart, if you like, the ferule whistles and the dogs follow me and I can't help it."

Mr. Norton laughed heartily at this explanation, told him not to diet windily, and let him go.

But, however, to return to Steve. He soon got to be really in love with Letty, proposed marriage to her and had the full consent of her brother Alf, and the promised consent of her father; and it was arranged that on the return of Alf and his sister to their country home, Steve should come on a visit and get the old boy's consent.

The old gentleman invited him to get a look at him.

The time came. Alf and Letty went home and Steve was soon to follow.

At last the day arrived and he went.

After picking up his traps, bidding his landlady good-bye, and giving the slavey a farewell grind on the kitchen-dresser, he took himself down to the station, booked for Fairbanks, and was soon seated alone in a first-class carriage.

Alone! Yes, all but a delightful companion – the last number of *The Pearl* with which and his favourite meerschaum Steve whiled away the time as the stations flew past.

It was a beautiful day but he heeded not the aspect of the country, so thoroughly was he absorbed in the doings of Lady Pokingham and Miss Coote, etc.

All this excited his imagination until he got in a most furious state, not knowing how to ease his torment, and only wishing that he had a companion on the journey, whether male or female, he would have heeded not. He was in such a pitch of excitement that he would have got into a kangaroo, when—

The train stopped at Bellevue, and—

A young lady got on board carrying a rather large bundle which she placed under the seat and then sat down.

Steve's heart bounded as he noticed her light flowing hair, her airy step, and her little figure. But she was closely veiled and as yet he could not see her face, but the

lovely swell of her bosom, the creamy whiteness of the little bit of her throat that was visible convinced him that she was young and lovely.

The train sped on. Modestly the young lady kept her veil down and Steve thrust *The Pearl* in his pocket and was soon deep in the *Times*.

Oh, how that veiled face piqued him! Again, again and again he cast his eyes to it over the *Times* but the veil was still down.

"Does the draught annoy you?" said Steve, pointing to the partly opened window.

"Not at all, thank you," replied a sweet voice behind the veil.

Something in the voice thrilled Steve through. He had heard it before he felt sure, and he was more anxious than ever to see the face it belonged to.

At last as they passed a certain station with a sigh of relief she threw up her veil and turned her face to her hero.

"Good heavens, Kate, is it you?"

"Why, Mr. Broad, who would have thought of seeing you. Oh, I am so glad. You know that odious old lawyer, that wanted to marry me? Well I am positively flying from him and until I passed this station I felt they would pursue me. That is why I kept myself veiled but now I am quite out of my trouble, I think; for I have got a disguise which I shall put on. I tried all I could to get into an empty carriage but the guard assured me there was not one, but now you can help and not hinder me."

Let me tell you now, that Steve and the lady were old friends. They had met the first time at some private theatricals. Steve made love to her in the character of a French Count on the stage, and in his character of an English lover *off* the stage, he managed to make a first appearance in Kate's delicious cunny. In fact he took her maidenhead and many a delightful love-fuck they had, until Kate went abroad. And now they had met again under such strange circumstances.

"Let me tell you quickly," said Kate, "I am engaged to Paul Jellocombe, you remember him. Well, love, you won't be jealous when I tell you we are going to be married as soon as ever I am of age. I have escaped from home and mean to stay with Paul's folks until a few weeks elapse when I shall be my own mistress. And now for my plan: I have eluded them so far, but for fear they should dispatch a message to the telegraph station and stop me I have brought a disguise, and now, help me on with it, quick. You shall be my lady's-maid."

Before Steve had time to get his breath the charming, volatile girl took off bonnet and cloak, undid her dress, whipped it off around her feet, exposing a lovely pair of white shoulders and two glowing breasts, small for her size, but round, polished as marble.

If Steve's priapus had before been excited it was now delirious.

Jumping from his seat he helped her take off her petticoats, etc., until she came to her drawers.

"Stop sir, that will do," said Kate, "I don't want any further undressing. No! No! Don't be foolish. I can allow no liberties. Quick, I know this line well, you have only just time to turn me into a middy before we get to the next station."

Stooping as she spoke she undid the bundle at her feet and quick as her nimble fingers could move and with Steve's assistance, she was soon dressed as a middy. Her light hair was tucked cleverly up, a short crisp wig assumed. Her cap stuck jauntily on her head. She looked as smart and trim a middy as ever saluted the quarter-deck.

The transformation was no sooner completed than the train stopped at a station, and they both jumped out for refreshments.

The rollicking girl, her walk, her gait, showed her well fitted to play her part. She was indeed no mean actress.

As soon as they were back in the carriage, which Steve adroitly secured for themselves by puffing a tremendous cloud of smoke in the eyes of an old lady who would have entered, Steve took the middy on his knee.

"Well, Kate, love, this is quite an adventure and I tell you, it is a long way to the next station, and as it has been one of the great ambitions of my life to fuck a midshipman this is too good an opportunity to let it pass."

Kate offered no resistance. Thrusting his hand into the bosom of her jacket he first felt her round and polished breasts, pinched her nipples and fired her with his wanton touches and the hot burning kisses he printed on her lips. Then unbuttoning his trousers he allowed his splendid staff d'amour to display itself before her.

"Oh, Steve, how it has grown since I saw it last," said Kate mischievously as she took it in her hand.

"Yes," said Steve, who could not resist a pun, "I have heard him groan for a taste of your darling cunny. Come, let me feel how it is getting on?"

As he spoke he slid his hand into her trousers and felt her cunt, moist and mossy, tickled her clitoris, and roused all her warming passions.

As the train sped on they abandoned themselves to all that their impassioned natures could suggest.

Steve knelt down on the floor of the carriage and opening wide Kate's legs he pressed his hot lips to her creamy cunt, and gamahuched her, until she spent in delirious pleasure.

And then when all his feelings were working up to such a pitch of excitement that he could no longer contain himself, he laid her supple form over the seat and getting into her from behind he thrust his prick to the very hilt in her reeking cunt. One, two, three thrusts and as he clasped her to him with a convulsive thrill he poured out his manly balm in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

"Hi, hi! Stop that you infernal scoundrels! Oh, you dirty rascals!"

In a sudden bewildered start of alarm they looked round to see a red, round, indignant face, ornamented with a bristly white moustache and surmounted by a tuft of white hair that made the upper part of the head look like an infuriated cockatoo.

His face was peeping on them through a window in their compartment, which being concealed by a curtain the same colour as the carriage they had not noticed.

The passenger in the next compartment, reaching something from the back over his head, was prompted to draw the curtain and his restless, listless curiosity was rewarded by seeing Steve ram his hungry prick into Kate's writhing cunt, but as the old boy thought, into the arse.

In a minute Steve and Kate arranged their costume, and were sitting down whilst the passenger continued to glare at them muttering subdued imprecations and swearing he would charge them at the next station.

Without turning his head Steve whispered to Kate to get out at the next station, to bolt through for the highroad and leave him to detain the old boy until he could join her.

Quick as thought, as they neared the station, Steve bolted out, using a railway key he always carried. He locked the compartment in which the old man was alone and he and Kate dashed through the station before the fat old duffer could cause them to be stopped.

Quickly as they could they made for the country and had a parting rural fuck which they thoroughly enjoyed.

There is really something delightful in rural out of doors, al fresco fuck, the music of the birds, the babbling of the nearby stream, the fresh air fanning your face, and invigorating your frame, seem to me to always give great zest and vigour to the performance. I know for myself the thrusts I give are more vigorous, the sperm I spend is more copious and the thrill always more delightful when I have a glorious country-fuck in the open air.

"Good-bye, I am sure it will not be long before I see you again," said Kate. "And married or not, remember, there is always a loving, dear, affectionate little cunny to welcome you whenever you see me."

"Farewell," said Steve, "and be sure my prick will always stand your true friend."

So they parted.

A hearty welcome awaited Steve at the hands of Alf Nugent and his charming sister Letty.

They were alone in the house, their father being expected shortly, so they made him quite free.

After a jolly meal for which his long walk had given him an appetite, Alf said: "Now let me show you our private boudoir."

Following him, Steve soon found himself in a most tastefully furnished little room. A pianoforte stood in one corner, other musical instruments were about the room, splendid pictures of voluptuous scenes adorned the walls and a glorious couch that seemed fit for a seraph to recline on stood the chief object of attention.

"And now," said Alf, "before my father comes home, and he will not be long, he has only some slight business in the town, let us see if you are in good form. Letty is dying for a fuck and I shall have great pleasure in seeing you operate."

Steve was quite reinvigorated. It took but a little time for them to undress the lovely girl and lay her at full length on the soft spring-couch.

In a few moments Steve was on her, and his prick buried to the hilt in her luscious cunt.

"Go to it, Steve," said Alf. "Give it to her. The young hussey has some good stuff to spend, I know, for she sucked my prick three times yesterday. There now, you are getting slow but I'll warm you up, I warrant," and suiting the action to the word, Alf seized a birch from a corner and laid it smartly across Steve's arse.

This quickened his strokes and soon a shiver shook their bodies and Letty and he melted in a glorious spend.

"Oh, poor Alf, look at his prick," said Letty.

And turning around as he slid off her, Steve certainly noticed the stiffness of Alf's prick and it was in a most painful state of excitement.

Whilst Steve readjusted his clothes, Letty dropped quietly to her knees, and taking Alf's prick between her ruby lips, soon sucked it into a state of quiescence whilst Steve looked on highly amused at the look of gratified pleasure which soon spread over Alf's countenance.

"Hark!" said Alf, "what is that! A carriage, as sure as I live, it must be father. Look, Steve, from the window, who is it?"

Steve looked out.

"It is an old gentleman coming up the garden walk, Alf. Is that your father?" Alf peered out.

"Yes."

"Then for heaven's sake don't let him see me, I must disguise myself. I cannot stop now to tell you how, but something must be done to destroy my identity or I am done for. Quick, Letty, you go down and meet your father; Alf and I will join you presently!"

Letty soon disappeared, though burning with curiosity. She was docile and did as she was bidden.

"Now, Alf," said Steve, "your guv'nor saw me in the railway carriage fucking a lovely girl, but as I was having her backwards and she was disguised as a sailor – a tale hangs to it but I can't tell you now – I expect he thought I was doing a bit of backdoor work and as he may be a particular old boy he must not know me again."

Steve was a young man of decision. Although it cost him a sigh, his beautiful whiskers were, soon sacrificed. His tact and skill soon changed his whole appearance and when he descended to join Letty and Mr. Nugent, but for a sign from

Alf, Letty would not have known him. Much less did Mr. Nugent recognize the bold fucker of the railway.

That's how Steve lost his whiskers.

A curious sequel hangs to the story.

After dinner, when the gentlemen were alone, the old gentleman began:

"A very curious circumstance happened to me this morning when in a railway-train. I happened accidentally to look through the window of the compartment and saw a young man actually in the act of indecency with a midshipman; the rascals escaped by locking me in the carriage. However, in the carriage he had left, the young villain dropped a book. I took charge of it; as I had no spectacles I did not look close at it but as it doubtless contains some clue to the rascal, look at it for me."

Steve saw in a moment it was *The Pearl*; but knowing no clue to his identity was in it, he just glanced at it, handed it back, advising old Nugent to look at it more closely in the privacy of his chamber.

The old chap retired presently for his afternoon nap, taking the book with him, and soon after they heard peals of laughter from his room. Then he was heard walking up and down and soon his voice was heard calling Patty, his favourite servant.

Alf and Steve peeped through the keyhole after she had entered the room and saw him reading passages from the book. Then taking her in his arms he laid her on the bed, and raising his shirt-tail, he displayed his prick, stalwart and strong. In a few moments it was lodged in her creamy cunt. And both Steve and Alf were convinced that the old boy knew the way there.

In the evening old Nugent called Letty and Steve, joined their hands and said: "Bless you my children! A delightful little work I have been reading today has put fucking in such a beautiful light that I at once give you my consent to commence it as soon as possible. I have quite altered my opinion about that young fellow I saw and am convinced that to give his prick a treat is the first duty of every man at all times. I propose now that your nuptials shall be celebrated by a glorious fucking tournament."

This was done. Happiness was the lot of them all that evening.

Old Nugent never found out Steve's escapade. He died soon after and left them a heap of money, and so amorous was the old boy to the last that they had to send for the servant to toss him off, before they could get the lid on the coffin.

Kate married and is quite happy and I long to see Steve and have another laugh with him over: "How he lost his whiskers."

The ladies in America have taken to dabbling on the Stock Exchange.

The following telegrams passed between two lady friends and rather puzzled the telegraph officials.

"Dear Louise, a bull here has a large concern for which he is anxious to find an opening. Can you accommodate him?"

The reply was:

"I cannot at present as my monthly settlements are on, but if the bull can keep it standing for a week, I have no doubt I can find a vacancy for it."

Q.— When is a newly married lady like the Victory at Trafalgar?

A.— When her cock-pit is full of bloody semen.

THE NOVICE.

A pretty little novice in her convent woke at dawn,
And looking from her lattice she spied upon the lawn,
 A handsome shepherd quite intent
On playing with his instrument, his instrument so long!

She raised the window softly and watched him for a while,
Delighted with his movements, then asked him with a smile:
 "Oh shepherd, pray, my wish consent,
And say what is that instrument, that instrument so long?"

You play with it so nicely, it gives me joy to see,
So dear, I implore you, to teach the same to me;
 Oh, kind young shepherd, pray consent,
I'll finger well your instrument, your instrument so long!"

He looked up to her lattice with pleasure in his eye,
And cried: "Come down, fair maiden, for there you are too high,
 Far, far too high for the extent,
That I can stretch my instrument, my instrument so long."

She tarried not a moment, but swiftly rushed below,
And with the handsome shepherd she learned her lesson so
 That soon she played most excellent
Fantasies on his instrument, his instrument so long!

The first sweet lesson over for her too fast, she then
In winning tones addressed him: "I'd like to play again.
 Once more her fingers to work went,
Which made him use his instrument, his instrument so long!"

But strangers seemed approaching, the fair girl bid him fly,
And cried: "Oh, don't forget me, whene'er you travel by,
 Oft, oft, come back, and we'll invent
Fresh tunes for that dear instrument, that instrument so long!"

A GENTLEMAN'S WIG.

Tune – "Derry-Down."

I sing not of despots, or slaves who submit,
Not of farmer George, Jenky, Dundas, Fox or Pitt!
My ballad's the bantling of laughter and gig,
'Tis of an old cock in a c-tified wig.

'Gainst the poll tax of Pitt this old codger did rave,
Like a felon transported, it forc'd him to shave.
"Tho' tried for my life," said th' old buck, "I'll rob
The tail of some Dolly to build a brown bob."

Near Somerset House he fell in with a tit,
And he thought for his purpose the c-tling was fit;
But when he examin'd her parts; d'ye see,
All the hair of her c-t wouldn't make a toupee.

The same night he picked up a merry-ars'd wench,
The hair-quantum stuff of the wise-wig'd bench;
Whilst on her back, sleeping as fast as a top,
He with keen cutting scissors her c-t made a crop.

Away went the thief, and the barber received,
The booty, for which a final caul he had weav'd;
But strange! whilst old razor the wig had in hand,
The pole in his breeches did constantly stand.

Well pleas'd with his plight, Razor laid by his work,
And lather'd the beard of his wife like a Turk.
"Keep the wig," said she, "love, don't expose it for sale.
'Tis bob for your head and a bob for my tail."

The wig frizz'd and curl'd, closely shav'd Codger's nob;
Away went the barber to try on the bob;
But the box waxing warm, Codger's passions did rise,
Which brought tears in his breeches instead of his eyes.

In rampant condition he flew to a fair,
And perchance met the Dolly he'd robb'd of her hair;
She whipp'd off the wig, cloth'd his parts with the caul,
So in went his dry bob, and wet bob, and all.

Now we know to be true what anatomists state,
That the fountain of love is supplied from the pate;
'Twas the jasey provoking, sirs, mark what I say,
Made his fountain of love's bason to play.

Then take my advice, ye old cocks of the game,
Whenever you find your wild passions grown tame,
Get a wig made of hair from the spot ye all prize,
And in spite of your prudence your pego will rise.

ACROSTIC.

Come father dear! now lay your body down
Upon your daughter's naked belly white,
Now raptures soon shall our embraces crown;
This is the only road to true delight!
I know the lessons I have learnt from you,
Sweet lessons in the flowery paths of love!
Sure I'll remember all I ought to do,
When I am under and you are above!
Enter at once, dear father, to my bower,
Each movement of your prick will give me bliss!
'Tis joy to me to know I have the power,
With you to share sweet rapture such as this!
How often you have praised my cunt's tight grip!
Each time you fuck 'tis better than the last!
Now from my cunt your prick will never slip!
Your legs and mine entwined shall keep it fast!
Only a father's love such joy can give,
United thus, forever I could live!
Nor envy those who boast a husband's love.
Give me always this prick, I ne'er will rove,
And never wish for any other man.
No prick with this, I'm certain, can compare!
Does it not take both of my hands to span?
Then what a wealth he has of curly hair!
Each morn upon my cunt his burning kisses fall,
Night after night his tongue enters my quim so small.
Do it again, papa, I can't forbear to call,
Even my mother laughs and says: "My husband dear,
Ram in your prick at once, and end this wild career."

THE WEDDING NIGHT.

When John and Sue had tied the nuptial bands,
Like ardent lovers, join'd their hearts and hands,
Hymen prepared his torch to bless the two
And in them centered his peculiar care.
The blissful hour arriv'd, Sue to his bed
By buxom damsels joyfully was led;

One with officious hands her stays unlac'd,
While standers-by extoll'd her lessening waist;
Her garters some with eagerness untied,
And all by turns were variously employ'd.
Susan, with bashful modesty array'd,
Like to a prudent and virtuous maid,
Now plac'd in bed, these dubious thoughts arose:
"I fear this night I'll have no repose;
To bed with man; methinks is vastly odd,
Tho' matrimony was ordain'd by God.
Oh, how my virgin frame will shake with fear,
When am'rous John in glowing hopes draws near;
If my fair front to his I shall incline,
And all my blooming charms at once resign,
He'll say I'm bold and turn his head aside,
And think he's purchas'd a lascivious bride.
To him, my parts posterior if I turn,
He'll charge me with indecency and scorn—
But here he comes:— Oh, how shall I behave,
To show myself his true and faithful slave?
A medium I'll observe, fall which way it will;
Of his fair Susan John won't take it ill,
And that I no apology may lack.
I'm e'en resolved to lie upon my back."

GOD SAVE QUEEN CUNT.

God save our great Cunt! our Queen!
For ever may she reign,
Supreme o'er all!

Her praises we will sound,
True bliss in her is found,
She long ago was crowned,
Queen of the world!

Adam in Eden's bowers,
With choicest fruits and flowers,
Felt all alone!

Only his prick to frig,
When it was hard and big,
Till he felt with fatigue
Weary and worn!

Our Queen saw his distress,
And swift to his redress
From heaven she came.

Told him her name was Eve,
And asked him to believe
That she would relieve
Prick's burning flame!

Adam at once replied:
"For something I have sighed,
I knew not what!"

This cunt you show to me,
New strength puts into me.
And yet it seems to me,
My prick's more hot!"

Great Cunt, our Queen, then said:
"On this bank in the shade
I will lay down.

Put your prick in the slit,
Never fear the tight fit,
Push, and it will admit,
Your cock so brown!

Up and down move your bum,
In which I'll put my thumb,
To keep good time!

Shove your cock in and out,
Until from his blunt snout
The sperm shall madly spout,
'Tis bliss divine!"

Can I describe our Queen?
Her beauties must be seen
To be well known.

Lips that are lecherous,
Perfect and amorous,
And odoriferous!

 This is her crown!

You will find her great chink,
Lined with skin quite pink,

 God bless Queen Cunt!

Never in man or beast,
Will you find such a feast,
If with your tongue you taste
 Her juicy cunt!

Emp'rors and kings bow down
To her power and renown,
 Queen Cunt they love!

Their pricks with joy they push
Into her hairy bush,
And with a furious rush
 With joy they shove!

The Pope of Rome, I know,
Cunt's claims cannot forgo,
 But owns her sway!

Cardinal, monk and priest,
From greatest to the least,
All love her luscious feast,
 Both night and day!

Mankind of every race,
Where'er the dwelling place,
 Get the stiff prick.

Chinese or Negromen,
Zulus or Englishmen,
Irish or American,
 Love Cunt's sweet nick!

Ever since Adam's day
Cunt has maintained her sway
Over the world!

Never by piety,
Or any dignity,
From her authority
Has she been hurled!

Cunt's greatest foe has been,
One that is quite obscene:
A tight arse-hole!

Conquered now is this foe,
Perfect his overthrow!
In sight he dares not show,
To save his soul!

God save great Cunt, our Queen,
Let her throne be between
Sweet woman's thighs!

And may the curling hair,
Gracefully clustering there,
Man's pego still ensnare,
Until he dies!
